STORYES
MORALIZED.
Being a
SECOND PART
OF THE
Fables of ÆSOP,
And other
Eminent Mythologists, &c.

By Sir *Roger L'Estrange*, Kt.

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ERRATA.

Page 21, read Fab. 21. Fab 55, r. St. Arriguo. p. 85. r. Fab. 80. p. 93, r. Fab. 86. p. 140, r. Fab. 140. p. 184, Fab. 184, for Good r. God. p. 186, r. Fab. 186. p. 194, r. Fab. 96. Fab. 201, for *Kings* r. *Rings*. p. 243, Fab. 250, for Ague Arigue.

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TO THE READER.

THE Man that puts Pen to Paper on the Wrong ſide of *Fourſcore*, might every jot with as good a Grace, ſet up for a *Beau*, as for an *Author*. But it is with ſome *Writers*, and *Readers*, as it is with *Indians*, and their *Idols*; the People *Wroſhip* the *Devil*, they ſay, for fear he ſhould hurt them. Under This Awe, I am now to tell the *Gentle Reader*, that a Phancy took me in the Head ſome Years ſince, to write a kind of a *Paraphraſe* upon *Æſop*; under the Title of [*Fables* of *Æſop*, and *Other Eminent Mythologiſts*, with *Morals*, and *Reflexions*:] which amounted to little more then the Turning of an *Old School-Book* into a *New* one, by caſting out ſome *Nauſeous*, and *Pedantick Fopperyes* that had been Foiſted into't, and putting the Whole into ſomewhat a more *Faſhionable Air*, and *Dreſs*.

This I propounded to digeſt into a *Compendious Abſtract* of *Inſtructive Precepts* and *Councels*, to be ſtill ready at hand, for the Uſe and Edification of *Children*: which I look'd upon as a Work highly Neceſſary for a *Common Good*, and not more *Wanted* neither then *Deſir'd*. For as the *Foundations* of a *Virtuous* and a *Happy Life*, are all laid in the very Arms of our *Nurſes*, ſo 'tis but *Natural*, and *Reaſonable*, that our *Cares*, and *Applications* toward the Forming, and Cultivating of our *Manners*, ſhould *Begin* There too. And in Order to Thoſe Ends, I thought I could not do better, then to Advance that Service under the Veyle of *Emblem*, and *Figure*, after the *Practice*, and *Methods* of the *Antients*.

But it will be a Hard Matter however yet, for a *Sober Man* that undertakes this Province, to *Carry his Point*, and at the ſame time to Preſerve his *Credit*: For *Children* muſt be Ply'd with *Idle Tales*, and *Twittle-Twattles*; and betwixt *Jeſt* and *Earneſt*, *Flatter'd*, and *Cajol'd*, into a *Senſe*, and *Love* of their *Duty*. A *Childs Leſſon*, muſt be fitted to a *Childs Talent* and *Hu-*

mour; and there are ſo many *Little Arts*, and *Mimical Fooleries*, that fall in by the way, toward the Diſcharging of *This Function*, that a Man of *Worth* and *Character*, will hardly come off a *Saver* by the *Office*: For he muſt *Act One Part* under the *Maſque* of *Another*, to acquit himſelf. But I have ſpoken at Large to Theſe Heads already elſewhere, and particularly in my *Preface* to the *Former Volume*; to which I refer my ſelf.

Upon the turning of Theſe Things over and over in my Thought, the Matter ſwell'd inſenſibly under my Hand, and inſtead of a *Pocket-Manual*, according to my *Firſt Project*, it came in the end to a *Folio*, of *more then double that Bulk*. But This *miſreckoning* was no Diſappointment to my *Deſign*: Nay, on the Contrary; it anſwer'd all the *Parts*, and *Pretences*, of the *Undertaking*, as well *Publique*, as *Private*: That is to ſay; It did the Part of a *School-Book*, with a reſpect to the *Training up of Children*, and the Office of a *Political* Diſcourſe, with a Regard to the *Government of Life*, Both in One. Now within the Compaſs of This Diviſion, may be comprehended *all Practical Duties whatſoever*: whether the Perſons concern'd be *Noble*, or *Ignoble*; *Men*, *Women*, or *Children*, it Matters not; for *Princes Themſelves are made of the ſame Clay with Other Men, and Subjected, by Providence to the Ordinary Rules and Meaſures of* Mankind.

I am now to tell the *Reader* once again, that, in purſuance of my Firſt Propoſal, I have here follow'd it with [*a Second Part*] of *Select Fables*, and *Stories*, to the very ſame Purpoſe and Intent with the *Other*. Let me be underſtood, as to the *Manner* of the *Operation* and the *Drift* of *Applying* it: wherein I have conſulted the *Beſt Authorities* I could meet withal, in the *Choyce* of the *Collection*, without Streyning any Thing all This while, beyond the Strickteſt *Equity* of of a *Fair*, and an *Innocent Meaning*; or making a Spiteful Uſe of *Wire-drawn Inferences*, and *Intimations*, to the *Wrong*, or *Scandal* of my Neighbour, which would be much the ſame

ſame Thing with Turning one of the moſt *Uſeful Duties* of a *Sociable* Life, into the Worſt of *Libels*. But there's a Great Difference, betwixt carrying the *Image* to the *Man*, and bringing the *Man* to the *Image*; Or I might as well have ſaid, betwixt Pointing at the *Vice*, or at the *Perſon*.

Now as it has been my Care in the Firſt place to ſuit my *Materials* to my *Buſineſs*: ſo have I really made a *Scruple* of keeping cloſe to my Text, without Laſhing out into any *Extravagant Exceſſes*, of what ſort ſoever, either *Perſonal*, or *Publick*. And as I have not taken upon me to *Amplify*, or *Expatiate* upon the Subject of any *Immoral Liberties* that fell in my Way, to the Prejudice of *Candor*, and *Good Faith*; ſo neither have I *Encourag'd* any, by Forcing the *Figure* beyond the Plain Senſe and Reaſon of the *Thing*. But ſtill, after the doing of a Common Juſtice to the Nature and Quality of the *Caſe*, and *Occaſion*, I have a Word or Two yet more to ſay upon the *Firſt Motive* that led me to *This Undertaking*: provided only, by way of Precaution, that the *Reader* is not to expect *Order* out of Confuſion; or that ſuch a *Rhapſody* as This is, of *Independent Tales*, and *Whimſies*; *Broken Thoughts*, and *Scatter'd Fragments*, ſhould be *of a Piece*: neither is it *Neceſſary*, or *Expedient* that they *ſhould* be ſo, if in This *Diverſity* of *Proſpect*, every *Part* does but Agree with it *Self*. Wherefore let it Suffice, *Method*, and *Connexion* appart, that there is nothing wanting yet toward the Perfecting of the Work, according to the *Scheme* of the *Firſt Model*: for there is not a Caſe perhaps in Nature, that does not ſome way or other fall within the Reach of Theſe *Innuendos*, and ſerve to Inſtruct us abundantly, in all the Offices of *Piety*, and *Good Manners*, by drawing *Good* out of *every* Thing, even out of *Evil it ſelf*.

After the *Settling* of This Proviſion, and carrying That Point as far as it would go; the Thing was as yet but *half-done*, methought, without a Further Regulation, in Matter of *Speech*, for the purpoſe, *Ornament*, and the like, as well as in *Manners*: by which Word,

[MANNERS,] may be underſtood, *the Command of our* Paſſions, *under the Direction of a* Conſummated Virtue. This Conſideration brought me back again to my *Firſt General Propoſition*, toward the Inſtiution of *Youth:* and *That Thought* Prompted me as naturally *forward*, to a *further Enquiry*, by what Means I might beſt Advance my Deſign. Upon the Agitation of *This Queſtion*, I came, in fine, to *This Reſult within my Self*, that *nothing ſpoils Young People, like Ill Example*; and that the very *Sufferance* of it, within the Reach of *Their Ken*, or *Imitation*, is but a more Artificial way of *Teaching* them to do *Amiſs:* So that there remains little more to be done upon *This Article*, then to keep a *Guard* upon my *Words*, and *Thoughts*, and to Diſtinguiſh *Good* from *Evil*; eſpecially, where the Doctrine, indifferently ſpeaking, may be either *Nouriſhment*, or *Poyſon*. Now *This Medly*, (ſuch as it is) of *Salutary Hints*, and *Councels*, being Dedicated to the *Uſe*, and *Benefit* of *Children*, the *Innocence* of it muſt be preſerv'd *Sacred* too, without the leaſt Mixture of any Thing that's *Profane*, *Looſe*, or *Scurrilous*, or but ſo much as *Bordering* That way. This is the *Caution* I have preſcrib'd to my Self, as the *Rule* I am to *Walk* by: and I am in hope that the Courſe I have taken in the Conduct of *This Affair*, will ſtand the *Teſt:* or however, that the *Good Will* may ſerve at worſt, to *Attone* for the *Failings:* to ſay nothing of a *Final Appeal to the Regiſter of the Pariſh where I was Born:* which will bring me off at laſt.

Having now ſpoken more then enough, to the *Morality*, and *Uſefulneſs* of *This Tract*, (if I have not *ſpoil'd* it in the *Making*,) I am once more to *tell the Reader*, before we part, that *I* have now Conſulted the *Virtue*, and the *Conſcience* of the *Office I* have here taken upon me, as *I* ought to do. Over and above that *I* have render'd the *Figures* as *Clear*, and *Inſtructive*, as *I* could; in *Eaſy Words*, and *Plain Honeſt Engliſh*, And, to wrap up all in a Little; *I* have ſo order'd it, that *Children*, *I* hope, will be the *Better* for't, and *Men* never the *Worſe:* which will be but *Fair Quarter betwixt Man an Man, to all Intents and Purpoſes.*

A Gene-

A General Alphabetical Table.

A.

Fab.

1 ARchidamus *Fin'd for Marrying a Little Woman.*
3 Alexander *to his Father.*
14 *An* Ape *and a* Goat.
18 Auguſtus Cæſar & Virgil.
21 Alexander *and* Phryne.
22 Alexander & Ariſtobulus.
23 Alexander *to a* Pirate.
30 Alexander & Aneximenes.
32 Amaſis *Conſults the Oracles.*
38 *The* Aſſes *made Juſtices.*
45 *Two Antiquaries.*
55 *St.* Arriguo *and* Martellino.
115 *Ambs Ace.*
138 *An* Ape *and* Cupid.
139 *The Alchymiſt.*
156 Agathocles *the Son of a Potter.*
157 Amaſis *an* Ægyptian *Prince.*
161 *An* Ant *and a* Lyon.
162 *An* Ant *and a* Mouſe.
164 *The Old Man's Almanack.*
144 *An* Aſs *and a Little Boat.*
179 *An* Athenian *and a* Spartan.
198 Aſſes *to* Jupiter.
215 P. Æmilius *and a King of* Perſia.
216 Alexander *and* Xenocrates.
241 *A Wonderful Antipathy.*

B.

42 A *Biſhop and a General.*
49 *A Boy leading a* Calf.
58 *A Butcher and his* Dog.
113 *A Burgher and a Pear-Tear.*
114 *A Blind-Man that would not be Cur'd.*
116 *A Battle betwixt the Birds and Beaſts.*

Fab.

159 *The Treacherous Box-Tree.*
165 *One had a Mind to ſee* Bedlam.
191 *Books Sold by the Foot.*
204 *Of Births and Buryals,*
252 *Two Brothers ſent for a Surgeon and a Midwife.*

C.

11 A *Generous Inſtance o' Continence in a Young Man.*
24 *The* Cock *and the* Cobler.
25 *A Note upon the* Athenian *Counſels.*
29 *The Churches are Full.*
34 *A Cavalier, & a Court-Lady.*
37 *Coblers and Colonels.*
39 *An Old Sinner and a New Convert.*
43 *A Motion for a Commonwealth.*
50 *The Caſe is alter'd.*
54 *The Contented Cuckold.*
59 *A Plea for Cowardice.*
66 *The Love of* Conſtance *and* Martuccio.
81 *A Cenſorious Scribler.*
100 *The* Chineſes *Immortality.*
101 *A Country-man ſo* Jupiter.
102 *A Courtier & a Flock of Sheep.*
108 *A Courtier to* Simonides.
109 Cambyſes & Praxaſpes.
110 Columbus's *Diſcovery.*
112 *A Countryman and Bees.*
117 *Two* Chimæras.
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119 *A* Cock *Boaſting of his Services.*

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132 *A Discourse upon Charity.*
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158 *Extreme Justice in* Charonda.
180 *A New Convert.*
188 Crates's *Will.*
202 *A* Christian *and a* Jew.
238 *A* Cobler *and a* Parrot.
250 *A* Crow *and an* Augur.
257 *A* Cavalier *and an* Ape.
267 *A* Cavalier *at the relief of* Pontefract.
270 *A Currier is the best Trade.*

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44 Demades *a Coffin-maker.*
60 A Dog *that was afraid of Rain.*
65 Dionysius *and* Philoxenus.
79 *Two Old Dogs and Two Young.*
107 Dionysius *Rob'd a Temple.*
120 A *Dog Trepann'd.*
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160 *Drones and Bees.*
176 Daphitas *and the Oracle.*
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187 A *Dog and a* Crocodile.
196 *Contempt of Death.*
197 *The Church Complains of the Church Doors.*
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242 A *Doctor and a Quartan Ague.*

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151 A Young Eagle *and a* Faulconer.
267 *An Embassy from the* Wolves *to the* Sheep.
206 *An* Eagle *and other Birds.*
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254 *An* Elephant *and a* Rhinoceros.

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15 A *Hue-and-Cry after Fidelity.*
19 Foxes *and* Rabbets.
35 A *Woman Hangs her self upon a Fig-Tree.*
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194 A Fox *and a* Lyon.
214 *Fire and an Earthen-Pot.*
218 A *Fig-Tree and Thunder.*
228 A Fox *and a* Mole.
234 A *Silly* Fop.
240 *The Fool makes the Musick.*
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258 A *Blessing that* Frogs *have no Teeth.*
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104 A *Contest betwixt Gold and Iron.*
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174 *One quitted the World upon reading the Fifth of* Genesis.
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27 A *King and a Shepherd.*
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L.

2 LYcurgus's *Two Whelps.*
8 Hero's *Lamp.*
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20 A Lyon *and an Old Dog.*
47 A *Lyon in a Sheep-skin.*
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67 An *Old Lyon and a Young.*
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247 A *Lamb & his Companions.*
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89 *Partridges & a Setting-Dog.*
93 A *Publique Life & a Private.*
94 A *Pike and Little Fiſhes.*
99 Pythes *an Avaritious Prince.*
121 A *Penitent hard put to't*
128 A *Sovereign Antidote to prevent the Pox.*
134 *Tame Pigeons & wild-Birds.*
137 A Perſian *Law.*
140 More Phyſicians *then of any other Profeſſion.*
154 A *Paynter and a Hare.*
155 A Pyramid *would change Top for Bottom.*
168 A Peacock & *a* Swan.
175 A *Penitent that gave his Confeſſion in Writing.*
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259 A *Plot to make a* Cow *Calve.*
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103 Two Ramms fighting.

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193 *A Rat retires into a Holland Cheese.*
201 *Three Rings in Alluſion to three Religions*
212 *The Great Rogues hang up the Little ones*
235 *A Tub of Rats*
253 Rome *taken by a ſtrange Accident.*
260 A *ſhort Rule of Life*

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17 *A Man Quarrelling with his Shadow.*
41 *A* Shepherd, *a* Wolfe, *and a* Fox
48 *Shifting and Shuffling makes matters worſe*
56 *An Ignorant Statuary.*
63 *Slaves to be Lett.*
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84 *Sounder Sleep in a Cottage then in a Palace.*
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190 *A Seaman well provided for.*
192 A *Sexton and a* Spider.
225 A Sheep, *a* Goat, *& a* Pig.
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233 A Sheep *and a Shearer.*
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237 A Sumpter-Horſe *and a* Spaniſh Jennet
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245 A *Scolding Wife.*
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97 *No Fence againſt the Wit and Will of a Woman*
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149 A *Warm Wife for a Cold One.*
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184 *Water a greater God then Fire.*
208 A Wolfe *and* Hail-ſhot.
226 *An Old Woman & a Flagon.*
265 *A Good Woman Rob'd*
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277 *A Woman that cou'd not keep a Secret.*

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210 Xerxes's *way of Humbling the* Babylonians.

Z.

133 A *Memorable Exployt of* Zopyrus.

Fables

Fables and Stories MORALIZED.

1. Archidamus Fin'd for Marrying a Little Woman.

THE *Lacedemonians* were ſo Nice in the choice of their Wives, that they had an Eye to the very *Size* and *Stature* of them, as well as to the *Family*, and *Virtue*: inſomuch that they put their King *Archidamus* to a Conſiderable *Fine*, upon Marrying a *Little Woman*, for fear of ſpoiling the *Breed*.

The MORAL.

THIS gives us to underſtand, that there cannot be too much Care taken for the Eſtabliſhing of Princes in the Love and Reverence of their People. Now without all Diſpute, the Graciouſneſs and Dignity of the *Perſon*, does as naturally attract a Veneration, and *Eſteem* one way, as the Contrary expoſes us to *Obloquy* and *Reproach*, the other. Nay and the ſame Reaſon holds, more or leſs, in a *Private State*, as well as in a *Publique*: And when we are once over This Difficulty, there's the *Foundation* laid, of a *Sociable Life*, and of a *Hopeful Poſterity*.

2. Lycurgus's Two Whelps.

Lycurgus had *Two Whelps* of the *ſame Litter*; One was Train'd-up with *Care* and *Application*; and the Other left to *himſelf* to take his Courſe. As the *Romans* were once in a Full Aſſembly, he call'd for a *Live-Hare*, and a *Diſh of Soup*, to be brought him, and ſo let the Dogs Looſe in the Sight of the Court; the One ſcowring away after the *Hare*, and the Other to the *Platter*: Now this Conceit was a *Myſtery* to the *Lacedemonians*, till *Lycurgus* expounded it.

The MORAL.

THERE is little more in This Moral, then to ſhew the Force of *Education*. *Children* have *naturally* the *Faculty of Reaſon*, but it is *Experience* that brings us by Degrees, to the *Proof*, and *Practice* of it; and then it muſt be *Precept* that *Perfects* it. A *Prudent*, and a *Virtuous Inſtitution*, layes the *Groundwork* of our *Well-being*, *Here*, and *Hereafter*; as a *Licentious*, and a *Perverſe* Way of Nurture, does the contrary. *Children Talk*, and *Live*, according to the *Copy* they ſee *before* them; and therefore we are to charge their *Memories* with nothing but what is *Good* in its kind, and *Uſeful*. The very Example, of an *Agreeable*, or an Uncouth Manner, or Faſhion, of *Speaking*, or *Doing*, is more then a *Leſſon* in a *School*; for *Pedantique Doctors*, and *Twatling Nurſes*, do but create in a Child the Love of Vanity, and Folly. *Inſtructions* is like *Seed* to our *Grounds*, ſuch as we *Sow*, ſuch we may expect to *Reap*; Only let a Child be taught *Early*, what is he to *Learn*, what to *Shun*, and what to *Practiſe*. And This, in ſhort, is the Province of Humane Life.

3. Alexander to his Father.

Alexander the Great, brought into the World with him a Singular Felicity of Conſtitution, both of *Body* and *Mind*. His *Genius* led him to Feats of *Arms*, and to the Love of all *Military*, and *Manly Exerciſes*: inſomuch, that while he was yet a *Boy*, his Father would be at him ſeveral times to try a Courſe in the *Olympiques*, [*With all my Heart Sir*, ſays *Alexander*, *if I may but have a King to run with me.*] The Anſwer was Short, and Generous; and a Great deal ſaid in a Little.

The MORAL.

IT is a moſt Providential Mercy, and Bleſſing, when a Splendid Fortune falls under the Direction and Government of a Great Mind; that is to ſay, when *Nature* does the Office of *Inſtitution*, and *Diſcipline*, and *Prompts* us to the doing of what we *Ought* to do. It was no want of Reverence in *Alexander*, to his *Father*, to intimate a *Conditional Obedience*, in a Point

Point where his *Honour*, and *Dignity*, were both at Stake; and where it was the *Common Caſe* of all *Crowned Heads*, over and above: for there is no ſurer Mark of a *Mean Soul*, then the Love, and Liking of Mean People: ſo that the keeping of This Guard upon himſelf, was both Inſtructive, and Neceſſary. It is certainly True, according to the Old Saying, that *Like will to Like*, and that a Man is beſt known by his *Company:* that is to ſay, where Choice and Inclination go along with it.

IV. A Prince and a Philoſopher.

AN *Imperial Prince* committed the Care of his only Son and Heir, to the Tuition of a *Great Philoſopher*; where he was Train'd up in a *School-Courſe* of Studies, and became an *Excellent Diſputant*, though but a *Sorry Governor*. The *Father* laid the Blame upon the *Tutor*, but the *Tutor* turn'd it again upon the *Father*, for ſending a *Prince* to learn *Politicks* of a *School-Man*.

The MORAL.

CHILDREN are to be Inſtructed in the Proper *Buſineſs* they are deſign'd for, as well as in their *Duty*; and the ſame Thing may happen to be well, to one Purpoſe, that's either Ill, or Idle, to Another. The Profeſſion of Arms requires quite another Spirit, then That of *Letters:* beſide that the *Byaſs* or *Inclination*, is to be conſider'd over and above. There muſt a Particular Regard be had alſo, to the *Station*, and the *Offices* we are born to: As One Man was cut out for a *Lawyer*, Another for a *Divine*; but the Application of a Youth, in ſhort, to the Province he was made for, is *all in all*. What has a *Sovereign Prince* to do in the Juriſdiction of a *Critick*, or a *Pedant? Government* is a Poſt of *Policy*, not *Syntax*; ſo that according to *Boccalini*, *Great Commanders*, *Wiſe Books*, and *Councellours*, are the only Competent Inſtructors, to qualifie a *Prince* for the Exerciſe of an *Imperial Character* and *Power*.

V. Socrates, of Marrying.

THE Queſtion was put to *Socrates* by a Friend of his, Whether he ſhould *Marry*, or *not?* The *Philoſopher*, having a *Shrew* to his *Wife*, excus'd himſelf, as no Competent Judge in the Caſe. Well, well! ſays t'other, but tell me however, as a *Wiſe Man*, and as a *Friend*, abſtracted from the Prepoſſeſſions of an *Unfortunate Husband*; what would you adviſe me to do now? Why then, ſays *Socrates*, to deal freely with you, if you *Marry*, you'll *Repent*. Perhaps I may, ſays t'other, but what if I do *not Marry? Why then*, ſays *Socrates*, *you'll Repent That way too.*

The MORAL.

THIS was a Queſtion well becoming one Wiſe Man and Friend to another, and it was likewiſe as Pertinent a Reſolution; and not in the Point of *Marriage* alone, but indifferently in the *Common Occurrences* of Life. The *Moral* will be This, in ſhort; We ſpend our Days in Doing and Undoing, betwixt Vain Hopes, and Unprofitable Repentances: which, upon the whole Matter, amounts to no more then a Reſtleſs Queſt after ſomewhat that is not to be had, in This World: And it ſtrikes alſo at the Uneaſy State of a Sort of People, that are *neither well as we ſay, Full, nor Faſting.* And the True Reaſon of it is This; they are perpetually in Pain for want of ſomewhat or other ſtill, and they do not know at laſt yet, what it is they would be at.

6. A Fortune-Tellers Advice about Marrying.

A Fellow that had a Wambling towards Matrimony, conſulted a Man of Art in *Moor-Fields*, whether he ſhould *Marry* or not? The *Cunning Man* put on his Conſidering Cap, and gave him This Short Anſwer. Pray have a Care how you *Marry hand-over-head*, ſays he, as People too frequently do; for you are a Loſt Man if you go That way to work. But if you can have the Heart to forbear your Spouſe's Company, for Three

Three Days and Nights well Told, after you Two are Man and Wife; I will be bound to Burn my Books if you do not find the Comfort of it. The *Man* took the *Virgin* to his *Wedded Wife*, and kept his Diſtance accordingly: while the Woman, in the mean time, *took Pet*, and parted Beds upon't; and ſo the *Wizzard* ſav'd his *Credit*.

The MORAL.

THE bringing of People together in the way of *Matrimony*, is ſo Nice a Province, that here's a *Philoſopher*, and a *Conjurer*, Both at their Wits end, how to govern themſelves upon the Queſtion: and it is, effectually, ſo Invidious an Office, that over and above the Odds of a Miſcarriage, the Mediator makes himſelf in ſome meaſure anſwerable for the Ill Conſequences of the Match. As there was a Famous Dealer in This Way, that durſt not ſo much as ſhew his Head in *London*, for fear of the People he had drawn into the Nooſe. Theſe Things conſider'd, it was prettily ſaid of an Innocent Girl, that was put to't by her Sweet-heart, to Diſpatch, and Marry: *Alas!* ſays ſhe, *we love one another well enough* now, *why ſhould we Marry?* intimating that the *Woing time* is the Bleſſed Seaſon for *Lovers*, and that *too much of one Thing is good for nothing*.

7. A New marry'd Couple upon the Shift.

A *New Marry'd Couple* had a Toy took them in their Heads, ſo ſoon as ever the Office was over, to Shrift one another before they came together; that they might know what they had to truſt to: and ſo by Conſent they put themſelves to the Scrutiny by Turns; and upon caſting-up the Account, the *Woman*, it ſeems, had been *Five Times* to blame, and the *Man*, *Fifteen*. *Well my Dear!* ſays the Husband, *This is all gone and paſt, and we are now to begin the World again upon a New-ſcore*. Nay my Heart, ſays the Bride, That would be a little too hard. *Prethee let us be Even firſt*.

THIS ſort of Curioſity has ſomewhat in it of Sir *Francis Bacon*'s Conceit, of a Man at the *Neceſſary Houſe*, in the Dark: *he feels* (ſays he) *for what he would be loath to Find.* And, for That Reaſon, People ſhould have a Care of Preſſing too narrowly upon *Conjugal Confeſſions*; for fear of diſcovering more than a Body would be willing to know.

8. Hero's Lamp.

EVery Body has heard of *Hero* and *Leander*, and of That *Unfortunate Amour*. The *Woman* liv'd at *Seſtos*, and the *Man* at *Abydos*, with the *Helleſpont* (a ſmall Arm of the Sea) betwixt them. The Hiſtory ſays, that they were paſſionately in Love, and no coming together, but by *Leander's* ſwiming over to her in the Night, by the Benefit of a *Lamp* that his Miſtreſs ſet-up for his *Guide*. This way of Intercourſe ſerv'd them well enough for a while, but in the Concluſion, the Wind blew out the Light, and the Poor Youth was drown'd in the Storm. When *Hero* came next Morning to ſee the Body Hulling over to the other Shore, ſhe was too Generous to Outlive her Gallant, and ſo caſt her ſelf down from the Turret into the Sea to bear him Company.

The *Lamp*, upon This Miſcarriage, was dedicated to *Anteros*, the Patron of Injur'd Lovers; and recommended to Poſterity with *This Inſcription* upon it.

[*Let That Happy Couple, which, upon Seven Years Tryal of a Marry'd State, ſhall declare upon their Conſciences, that they never repented their Bargain; Light-up This* Lamp again.] This is a Declaration now of *Two Thouſand-Years-ſtanding*, and yet from That Time to This, no Mortal ever ſo much as offer'd at the Rekindling of This *Lamp*.

The MORAL.

THIS Fable has ſomewhat in it of the Drift and Humour of the Former, in an Alluſion to the Intemperance of an Ungovern'd Appetite; and the Calamities that attend it: But the main ſtreſs at laſt lyes upon This; that all Marriages whatſoever, are follow'd, at ſome time or other, with Repentance, more or leſs.

9. Socrates

9. Socrates and Caliſto.

THere happen'd a Diſpute betwixt *Socrates* and *Caliſto*: the *One*, a Famous *Philoſopher*, and the *Other*, as Famous a *Proſtitute*. The Queſtion was only This; which of the Two Profeſſions had the greater Influence upon Mankind. *Caliſto* appeals to Matter of *Fact*, and *Experiment*: for *Socrates*, ſays ſhe, *I have Proſelyted Ten times as many of Your People, as ever you did of Mine*, Right, ſays *Socrates*; for *Your Proſelytes*, as you call them, follow their Inclinations, whereas Mine are forc'd to work againſt the Grain. Well well! ſays *Lais* (Another of the ſame Trade,) the *Doctors may talk their Pleaſure, of the force of* Virtue *and* Wiſdom; *but I never found any Difference yet, in all my Practice, betwixt the Fleſh and Bloud of a* Fornicator, *and That of a* Philoſopher; *and the One Knocks at my Door every jot as often as the Other.*

The MORAL.

IF the *Greater* Part of Mankind were the *Better* Part, and the Preference to be determin'd by moſt Voices, the *Wenches* would undoubtedly carry it from the *Sages:* but *Number* is not the *Meaſure*, either of *Honeſty*, or of *Truth*; and it is a hard Matter to reconcile the Motions of *Virtue*, to Thoſe of *Carnal Appetites*. 'Tis one Thing, what we *Are*, and another Thing what we *Ought* to be: and there is a Great Difference again, betwixt the *Underſtanding* of our Duty, and the *Doing* of it. In one Word; the Moral terminates in This; that more People are Govern'd by *ſenſual Affections*, then by *Reaſon:* or in fine, that there are more Men of *Pleaſure* in the World, then Men of *Morality*, and *Reſignation*.

10. Xenocrates and Phryne.

PEople were talking of *Xenocrates*, one of *Plato*'s Diſciples, what a Command he had over his Paſſions; and of his Invincible Virtue. Well, well! ſays *Phryne* (the Celebrated Beauty and Miſtreſs of Thoſe

Times) you may talk of your Gravity, and your Virtue, till your Hearts ake: but for my own Part, I never met with the Man ſince I was born yet, that was proof againſt the Charms of a Handſome Woman: and if I had but *Xenocrates* to my ſelf a little, I'd forfeit all I have in This World, if I did not make him as good Company as the reſt of his Neighbours. The Diſpute came in the end to a Tryal of Skill, and a Wager: But when *Phryne* ſaw ſhe could do no good on't, ſhe ſhuffled it off as well as ſhe could, that the Mony was laid, upon a *Man*, and not upon a *Statue*.

The MORAL.

THIS Inſtance of *Xenocrates*, may paſs for an Exception to a General Rule. And then it may ſerve alſo at the ſame time, for a Precaution againſt the Snare of the Temptation, and likewiſe for an Encouragement to the Practice, and Imitation, of ſo Exemplary a Virtue. The Merit, 'tis true, would have been more Glorious, if the Intereſt of the *Wager* had not made it look a little Mercenary: whereas the Conſcience of well-doing is its own Reward.

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11. A Generous Inſtance of Continence in a Young Man.

THere was one *Luckinus Vivaldus*, that fell deſperately in Love with a Lady of *Genoa*; a Woman well-Born, and of a moſt Exquiſite *Beauty:* but yet more Illuſtrious ſtill, for her *Modeſty*, and *Virtue*. It ſo fell out, that the Husband of This Lady was taken at Sea by *Pirates*, with his whole Fortune a-board, and carry'd away into Slavery: while the Poor Miſerable Woman was left Helpleſs behind, with ſeveral ſmall Children upon her Hands, and not one Penny to maintain them. In the Depth of This Dreadful Diſtreſs, ſhe went privately to *Luckinus*, and caſting her ſelf at his Feet, ſhe diſcharg'd her very Soul to him in a Rueful Lamentation to This Effect.

Luckinus, ſays ſhe, *I was once in hope to have gone untainted to my Grave, Body and Soul; but my Croſs Stars,*

I perceive, will have it otherwiſe: for I am brought into ſo Deſperate a State, that (with what Horrour and Reluctancy ſo ever) I muſt either Sacrifice my Honour; or my Children: and the Tenderneſs of a Mother, I find, has overcome the Conſciencious Nicety of the Scruple. My Preſent Bus'neſs with your ſelf, is only to tell you, that I am now ready to entertain the Conditions you once offer'd me, upon your own Terms; and Entirely to deliver-up my Perſon, and Fame, to your Generoſity, and Mercy. This was managed with ſo Divine, and moving a Grace, that it made the Young Man Forty Thouſand times more in Love with her then ever he was. There appear'd alſo ſuch a Dignity in the *Manner* of it, that, at the ſame time, it both enflam'd his Paſſion, and kept it in a Reverential Awe too, by the Veneration it gave him for ſo Innocent a Goodneſs.

Upon This Change of Mind, *Luckinus*, with Tears in his Eyes, and his Hands lifted up to Heaven, brake forth into This Pious Ejaculation.

[*The Divine Purity forbid*, ſays he, *that ever I ſhould be ſo great a Villain, as to think of Corrupting ſo Heavenly a Creature, by making an Advantage of her Deplorable Neceſſities, to her Everlaſting Ruin. No, no, ſays* Luckinus; *no ſuch Thing ſhall ever be ſaid of me; and for your own Part, Madam, whatever I have formerly offer'd you for the Bleſſing of your Embrace, ſhall be now doubled, out of the Reverence I have for your Virtue.*

With Theſe words in his Mouth, away he went to his Wife, whom he made, both his *Confident* and his *Agent*, in the *Intrigue*. Nay, and to ſilence, even Calumny it ſelf too; whatever he did for the Unhappy Mother, and her Poor Children, paſt through the Hands of his own Lady.

The MORAL.

HERE'S a Dangerous Temptation, and a Hard Choice, and yet a Caſe that often occurs, betwixt Conſcience, and Fleſh and Bloud; betwixt the Tenderneſs of a Parent, and the Inſtinct of Honour and Virtue. She had no way to preſerve her Children, but by Undoing her ſelf, and no way to bring

bring her ſelf off neither, but by ſuch a Propoſition to a Good and a Generous Man, as in Honeſty he could not entertain, and as ſhe hop'd, and Promis'd her ſelf he would not. There are a great many Niceties to be conſider'd in the doing of a Good Thing: as a Right *Motive*, a True *Principle*; a Fair *Intention*; and without *By ends:* beſide that the Ways and Means of doing it, muſt be Free, and without Conſtraint.

And now after all theſe Precautions, there is required alſo a Certain *Grace* in the doing of it, that Crowns the Work: *Luckinus* acquitted himſelf here to all purpoſes, as a *Chriſtian*, a *Cavalier*, and a Man of Senſe; and when he had maſter'd all the Difficulties in view, he made his Wife a Party to the Obligation, which was the Critical Point of the whole Caſe.

12. Conjugal Modeſty.

THE Ancients had ſo great a Veneration for *Modeſty*, in a Married State, that *Epicharmus*, a *Sicilian Poet*, had a Fine ſet upon his Head, only for bolting out a Wanton Word in the hearing of his Wife. Nay, and we read of a *Roman Senator*, that was no leſs then Degraded, barely for kiſſing his Wife in the Preſence of his Daughter.

The MORAL.

THERE are many marry'd People, when they are once got Free of *the Family of Love*, with a Countenance of *Law*, and *Cuſtom* on their ſide, that take a Liberty to extend the Privileges of their Condition, beyond the Bounds of Sobriety, and Good Manners: Now This gives us to underſtand, that *Modeſty* is the duty of a *Wife*, as well as of a *Virgin*; and that it is no longer a *Virtue*, than while it continues all of a Piece; in *Thought*, *Word*, and *Deed*. The *Sicilian* Poet was undoubtedly to blame too, even toward his own *Wife:* for Looſe Words lead naturally to Looſe Actions, and the very Provocation to Lewdneſs, is within one Degree of the Thing it ſelf. And the ſame Reaſon holds good ſtill, in the Caſe of the *Senator*'s Kiſſing his *Wife* before his *Daughter: for who knows but the very Example might ſet the Young Wench agog to be Kiſſing too?*

13. A Lady and a Looking glaſs.

THere was a Certain Hard-Favour'd Lady, that Pickt a Quarrel with all ſorts of *Looking-glaſſes*, from the very Bed-chamber to the Dairy: And there was no getting the Freak out of her Head, but that the whole Brother-hood of the *Glaſs-Makers* were in a Plot to make her Ridiculous. This Phancy made her ſo Sick of the World, that ſhe utterly quitted it, and betook her ſelf to the *Groves*, and the *Rivers*, for Relief. But ſtill ſo long as ſhe carry'd the ſame Face about with her, though it were but to the *Springs*, and the *Fountains*, ſhe was ſure to be ſtill haunted by the ſame Image: which honeſtly convinc'd her, in the Concluſion, of what ſhe would give no Credit to before.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing in This World that a *Hard favour'd Old Woman* Dreads more then a *Plain-dealing Looking-glaſs*, and the *Regiſter* of the Pariſh where ſhe was born. And what is it now that gives Countenance to This Unnatural Pretence of an *Everlaſting Youth*, and *Beauty*; but *Pride*, and *Vanity*, on the one hand, and *Flattery*, on the other. In This Uneaſineſs, ſhe makes her appeal, to the *Brooks*, and the *Rivers*; which gave her plainly to underſtand, that the Fault was in the *Face*, not in the *Mirrour*. This way of Reaſoning brought her in the end to a Courſe of Sobriety, and Virtue: which was no more, upon the whole Matter, then the doing of the *ſame good Thing*, upon *Differing Inducements*. Now this paſſes for *Vanity*, in *ſome* Caſes, and for *Philoſophy*, in *Others*: But it is the Intent that Qualifies the Action.

14. An Ape and a Goat.

THere paſs'd a Dialogue one Day, betwixt an *Ape*, and a *Goat*. *Brother, ſays the* Ape, *if you'd be rul'd by me, get you gone immediately to the* Bagnio, *with That Beaſtly Hide of yours, and get your ſelf ſoundly Scrubb'd, and Curry'd: go your ways, I ſay, and Waſh, Powder,*

Powder, and Perfume your ſelf the Firſt Thing you do; for you have gotten ſo Naſty a Beard there, and ſo Abominable a Whiff, that there's no enduring of you. As for my own Part, I was never brought up to the Trade of a Barber, *but my Talent you know lies in* Imitation, *and if you have a mind to be Sweet and Clean, I could make a ſhift, I phancy, to do you the Good Office my ſelf.* The *Goat* took the Proffer very kindly, but yet, ſays he, for the matter of parting with my *Beard, Two Words to a Bargain.* Upon This, away goes the *Goat* to Court for Councel, to a Sort of *Animals*, that Stile themſelves *Reaſonable:* and ſet-up for the only Competent Judges of the Caſe. And what ſhould he find There, but *Beaux* up and down in every Corner, with *Scizzers, Raſors, Pincers,* and other Little Inſtruments, to make themſelves Soft and Smooth, and Eaſier Company for the Ladies.

The Authority of This Whimſy, ſet the *Goat* ſo deſperately agog upon following That Example, that nothing would ſerve, but he himſelf muſt be dreſs'd up too in the ſame Cut. To make ſhort, the *Goat* puts himſelf in Poſture for the Work, and no ſooner was the Cloth about his Neck, the Balls, and the Trimming-Tew in Readyneſs; but, juſt when the *Ape*, with his Inſtrument in his Hand, was upon the very Point of doing Execution, up comes a Sour Supercilious Troup of *Fathers of the Church*, and *Doctors of the Faculties*, giving to underſtand, by their Long Buſhy Beards, and no other Token in Nature, that they were People of Gravity, and Wiſdom. This Diverſity of Thoughts, and Faces, in Bodies of the ſame Make, and Kind, was ſo Surprizing a Spectacle, that the *Goat* preſently ſtarted up, and cry'd out in a Tranſport to his Companion. *Hark ye, Camarade*, ſays he, *how comes This Creature, MAN, to Lord it over Us! A Wretch that's made up of Contradictions, without any certain Rule or Method of Conduct. Here's* Long Hair *ſet up againſt* No Hair at all; *and Both Extremes pleading Reaſon, in the very State of the Oppoſition. Prethee tell me now, which of Theſe Two is the* Fool, *and which the* Philoſopher:

ſopher: *for the Pretence, either way, lies as fair for the one, as for the other. In troth,* ſays the Ape, *'tis hard to ſay which is which. Why then,* ſays the Goat *again, what have we more to do then to quit Theſe* Blind Guides, *and commit our ſelves to the Light and Direction of* Nature, *which we are ſure will never deceive us?* With that Word, the *Goat* tore the *Trimming-Cloth* in a Rage; threw the *Balls* one way and the *Raſors* another, Capt his Little Officer with his own *Baſon*, and ſo departed.

The MORAL.

REASON is, effectually, little more then *Imagination emprov'd. So many Men, ſo many Minds*, and That Diverſity of Thought can never be reduced to an Agreement in one Point. That which is *Folly*, to *One* Man, is *Wiſdom*, to *Another*; *Cuſtom*, in one Place, paſſes in Another for *Caprice: Long Beards* are the Faſhion in the *Schools*, and *no Beards at all* at *Court*: ſo that at This rate, *Phancy, Uſage*, and *Opinion*, are made the Rule of *Reaſon*, and the Meaſure of *Good and Evil.* But to diſtinguiſh, and to Moderate upon the Matter, where the Queſtion carrys nothing along with it that is Evil in it ſelf, it is a Point of *Honour*, and *Good Manners*, to do as the *Moſt* do, and to live in a Conformity to *Common Practice*; without taking upon us to be Wiſer then the reſt of the World, and to Preſcribe to Mankind.

15. A Hue-and-Cry after Fidelity.

BOccalini tells a Story of a *Hue-and-Cry* after *Fidelity*, and Proclamations iſſu'd out, and diſpatch'd through all the Camps, Courts and Governments, upon the Face of the Earth, to find her out. They met with *Impoſtors*, and *Counterfeits of Good Faith*, every where in Abundance, but not one Word of the Original, till after a Tedious Search every where elſe, to no Manner of purpoſe, This Illuſtrious Princeſs was found at laſt in a *Dog-Kennel.*

The

The MORAL.

HUMANE *Society* is undoubtedly erected, and ſupported, upon the Foundations of *Common Faith*, and *Juſtice*; though it is yet practically evident, that *Double-dealing*, and *Self-Intereſt* Governs it; but under the Maſque, all This while, of *Sincerity*, and *Truth*. Candor, and Simplicity of Manners, paſs only for want of Wit, and Addreſs; and the Art of *Jugling*, and *Falſe-Play*, is the only *Philoſophy*, and *Virtue* in *Vogue:* Now in ſo general a Defection from the Dictates, and Principles, of Humanity, and Honour, what could this Divine Lady *Fidelity* do better, then to abandon the Treacherous Race of Mankind, and take up a Retreat among Creatures that are True to their *Friends*, and to their *Maſters*?

16. Two Dogs and a Wolfe.

IN the Heat of the *Civil Wars* of *Rome*, the Neighbouring Nations were ſo intent upon That Opportunity of breaking in upon the *Romans*, that their Governours had the moſt to do in the world to keep them in order, and within the Bounds of their Duty. But when they found that nothing was to be done by Fair Reaſoning, they had recourſe to Invention, and Embleme; and the Phancy was This.

They took a Couple of Hardy great *Dogs*, and ſet them together by the Ears, as a *Spectacle* to the People; and then in the Height of their Rage, and Fury, while they were Tearing and Worrying one another, they order'd a *Wolfe* to be turn'd looſe upon them; the *Two Dogs* were immediately *reconcil'd*, and by conſent fell upon the *Common Enemy*.

The MORAL.

THIS is no more than daily Practice and Experience. Quarrels Abroad, keep People Quiet at Home: eſpecially where Liberty, or Ambition, is the Queſtion; ſo that a *Forreign War* many times diverts a *Civil*. This was effectually the Caſe of *Charles the Firſt*, the *King* was made the *Common Enemy*, and all the Popular Factions united againſt him under

That

That Notion; but ſo ſoon as ever the *Royal Party* was run down, up ſtarted *Another Common Enemy*, and the *Republican Confederates* fell to work one upon another.

When a Family is divided, in, and againſt it ſelf, That's the Time for a Common Enemy to make their Advantage; and no ſuch way to make them Friends again, as the Dread of That Oppoſition; but we are directed how to behave our ſelves, both by Policy, and by Nature; or I might have ſaid, by Prudence and Neceſſity.

17. A Man Quarrelling with his Shadow.

A Peeviſh Fellow, for want of other Matter to work upon, pickt a Quarrel with his Own Shadow, for doging him up and down wherever he went. He *Kick'd*, *Cuff'd*, and *Struck* at it, and the Shadow *Kick'd*, *Cuff'd*, and *Struck* again. This Freak turn'd his Brain to ſuch a Degree, that he durſt not ſo much as ſtir abroad with the Sun on his Face, for fear of the *Shadow*, at the Back of him; which, in a kind of Mimical Mockery, did the ſame Thing too. This put the Man to his Wits end, and ſo they enter'd into an Expoſtulation upon the Bus'neſs. *You and I*, ſays the *Shadow are Inſeparable Companions*; *and Providence it ſelf hath predetermined us to Live and Dye Together.*

The MORAL.

ALL the Wrangles and Controverſies of This World, are but Morals of This Fable; whether it be Wealth, Dominion, or whatever elſe we contend for; and the Thing is not only Trivial but in a Great Meaſure Phantaſtical: that is to ſay; we Quarrel for ſomewhat that is not to be had; and we are diſpleas'd with Things that cannot be otherwiſe then they are. We are, in fine, for Parting Things Inſeparable, and for Joyning Things Incompatible, and ſo unreaſonably Croſs, as if Nature her ſelf were to go out of her Courſe to gratify our Humours.

18. Auguſtus Ceſar and Virgil.

IT was an Odd Queſtion that of *Auguſtus Cæſar* to *Virgil*. *Pray'e tell me truly*, ſays he, *was* Octavius *my Father or no, do you think? for the World I find is divided about it.* Great Prince, ſays *Virgil*, I can ſay little to *Octavius*, but to ſpeak freely, I am much miſtaken if you are not the Son of a *Baker:* for I was never ſo Happy, as to ſay, or do, any Thing that pleas'd you, but I had my Reward in *Bread* for't. *Well!* ſays Auguſtus, *but from This time forward you ſhall find me a Prince, not Baker.*

The MORAL.

A Pleaſant Word in Seaſon is the making of many a Man's Fortune; but it muſt be Cleverly, and Diſcreetly managed then, with a Punctual Regard to the Humour and Condition of the Perſon, and adapted to all the Circumſtances of Time, Matter, and Occaſion. There goes a Story of a Certain Prince that gave all manner of Liberty and Encouragement, to the Exerciſe of a *Buffoon-wit*, though never ſo Rude, and Sawcy; and he had a Shrewd Faculty that way himſelf too. This Prince pinch'd a little hard once upon one of his *Court-Drolls*, and it was a kind of an Unlucky Hit. The Spark immediately turn'd the *Frolicque* upon his *Maſter*, with This Scoff. *By my Soul*, ſays the Fellow, *He that made thee King, ſpoil'd the Beſt Fool in Chriſtendom.* The Conceit atton'd for the Affront, and the Man was prefer'd upon't: But this way of Fooling would never have paſs'd upon *Tiberius*, if a Body may judge of him by a Story we have in *Pontanus*.

As they were carrying a Dead Body, ſays he, over the Market-place to be Bury'd, and a Huge Crowd of People got together to ſee the Funeral; one of the By-ſtanders ſtept over to the Corps out of the Throng, and whiſper'd ſomewhat in the Dead Man's Ear: and ſo came back again. At his Return, ſome body ask'd him what it was he whiſper'd? *Why*, ſays he, *I bad the Man tell* Auguſtus, *in the other World, that the People had not receiv'd the* Donatives *yet*, that were order'd them. This Phancy was carry'd preſently to *Tiberius*, who charged the Enformer to be gone immediately, and Cut the Man's Throat the firſt Thing he did; and then bid him be ſure, ſays he, to deliver the Meſſage himſelf. That

That which we commonly call *Raillery*, or *Banter*, is one of the Pieviſheſt Provinces in the Courſe of an Eaſy, Sociable Life. It is not only Critical, but Hazardous, and a Man ventures his Neck it may be for his Conceit: for it falls out many Times, that one Man is *Advanc'd*, and Another *Gibbetted* for the ſame Expreſſion: beſide the Difficulty of Diſtinguiſhing betwixt the one and the other.

19. Foxes and Rabbets.

THE *Foxes* and the *Rabbets* had been a long time at Variance, but coming at laſt to a Better Diſpoſition, they appointed Commiſſioners to adviſe upon ſome middle Expedient toward an Accommodation, that might pleaſe Both Parties. There were ſeveral Propoſals ſet a-foot, but they were ſtill, either too Large, or too Narrow, till at length they call'd a great Councel of *Conys* to manage the Debate: It was there mov'd by a Grave Member of That Body, that an Application might be made to the *Foxes*, to accept of ſome Reaſonable Compoſition; if it were but a matter of *Ten Rabbets a Quarter*, for the purpoſe, and the *Publique Faith* engag'd for the Performance of *Covenants*. The Project was highly approv'd, but when they were juſt upon the Point of naming a Committee to draw up the Addreſs, up riſes a Pert young Blade. and throws a Blunder in the way that ſpoil'd the Jeſt. Mr. *Chair-man*, ſays he, *I am very well pleas'd with This Motion*; *and provided the worthy Member that firſt ſtarted it*, *will make One of the Ten*, *himſelf*, *I'll make Another*: The Propoſer had not one word more to ſay, and ſo the Queſtion fell to the Ground.

The MORAL.

THIS Fable of the *Rabbets* and the *Foxes*, has much in it of That of the *Mice*, and the *Bell* that was to be ty'd about the *Cat's Neck*; There was a Thing to be done, and no body at laſt to do it. This Phancy has ſome Affinity alſo with That of the *Ape's* drawing the *Cheſtnuts* out of the Fire with the *Cat's-*

Foot. But the World, generally ſpeaking, is made up of *Fools* and *Knaves*, and the One works for the Other. *The* Fool *Burns his Fingers, and the* Knave *Eats the Nut*: the one runs the Hazzard, and the other reaps the Benefit.

20. A Lyon and an Old Dog.

THere was a *Lyon*, that, having gotten a great Reputation in the World, by the Prudence, Juſtice, and Clemency of his Government, was in time quite worn out with the Cares and Fatigues of his Office. This *Lyon*, I ſay, finding himſelf declining, both in his Underſtanding, and in his Health, made it his Bus'neſs, in his own Life time, to provide for his Poſterity; and accordingly he diſcours'd the Matter to his next Heir.

Son, ſays he, *before I leave this World, I do here charge you upon my Bleſſing, and as you tender your own Life, and the Quiet of your States, that you treaſure up Two Councels I am now about to give you, and bear them conſtantly in your mind. Be ſure, in the Firſt place, that you never attempt any thing that is very Conſiderable, ſo long as your Mother lives, without her Advice. Secondly, I here adjure you over again, to ſtand firm to your Father's Old Friends and Servants; and Thoſe eſpecially, that have given Proof of their Affection, and Fidelity, through all Fortunes and Trials.*

The *Young Lyon* had no ſooner receiv'd This Leſſon, but up comes immediately, a *Bear*, a *Tyger*, and a *Fox*, Three Mortal Enemies of an *Old Dog* he had, that guarded the Mouth of his Cave. Pray'e, by your Favour, ſays one of them, what are you the better for an *Old-Weather-beaten Cur* here, for your Security, that has not Strength enough, either to deal with a Thief, or to Defend his Maſter? He has neither Heels, Teeth, nor Noſe left him, and an Arrant Cripple over and above. He has not ſo much as one ſingle Inch upon the whole Body of him, that is not Hackt and mangled; and 'tis to be fear'd, This Livery was never

never given him for his Good Manners: beſide that he is *Mop'd*, as well as *Impotent*; for you ſhall have him Wag his Tayle to a Raſcal, and at the ſame time leap at the Throat of a Man of Honour, for want of Eyes, and Faculties, to diſtinguiſh. So that it is not either for your Credit, or your Safety, to entertain ſuch an Officer in your Service. The *Lyon* was not a little ſtagger'd at the Diſcourſe, but inſiſted particularly upon the Old Servant's Approv'd Loyalty to his Late Maſter. Nay Sir, quoth the *Fox*, as to his Faith and Honeſty, your Majeſty may certainly depend upon him; but we ſpeak of his Unfitneſs for ſuch a Poſt, and with a Singular Regard to the Merits of his paſt Service. Heaven forbid, but he ſhould be well Provided for, and with your Majeſty's Leave, it ſhall be our Care to make him as Eaſy ſome other way. The young Prince was juſt upon the Point of recalling his *Patent*, but in That very Inſtant, his *Conſcience*, and his *Good Genius*, minded him of the *Oath* he took, upon the laſt Bleſſing of his Dying Father, and ſo away he went, in That very Moment, to adviſe with his *Mother*, how to behave himſelf upon That Occaſion.

Son, ſays ſhe, *whoever moves you to part with a* True, *and a* Try'd Friend, *has a Deſign, moſt certainly, to make way for a* Treacherous Enemy, *that will be your Ruine. Where your* Old Dog Fawns, *you may depend upon it that the Men are* Honeſt, *and whenever he* Barks, *or* Growles *at any Man, you may be aſſur'd of the Contrary. As for his Maims, and Scarrs, ſo far are they from being Marks of Reproche, that they are Evident Proofs, and Tokens of his Zeal; and Affection for his Maſter. None in fine, but a Bold and a Malicious Miniſter, will ever pretend to give you the Councel you tell me of, and none but a Careleſs, a Weak, and an Eaſy Prince, will ever ſubmit to take it.*

This ſeaſonable Application brought the *Lyon* to his Right Wits again, and to a Firm Reſolution never to hearken any more to the Advice of *Bears*, *Tygers*, and *Foxes*, to the Prejudice of *Antient*, *Watchful*, and *Truſty Servants*.

The MORAL.

WHAT better Leſſon or Councel could a Dying Father give to a Son, then to preſcribe him Reverence, and Obedience to a Mother; Honour to the Memory of a Parent; and a ſteady Affection, to the Dutiful Friends and Servants of his Dead Father.

In the *Bear*, the *Tyger*, and the *Fox*, we may read the Common Practice of ſo many *Court-Paraſites*, drawn as near the Life, as if they had ſet for the Picture. This is their way of Debauching Young Princes into a Neglect and Contempt of Duty, Common Faith, and Juſtice, in Contradiction to all the Rules and Lights of Reaſonable Nature: and all This is brought about, by covering the Baſeſt of *Calumnyes*, under a Cloak of *Good Will*, and *Reſpect*.

The *Lyon's* wavering upon ſo Tender, and Artificial an Inſinuation, ſhews us how hard a matter it is to ſtand our Ground againſt the Amuſements of *Paradox*, and *Fair Words*. Now a Good, and a Provident Man, as well as a Brave Prince, will take Care, according to This Copy, as well for Poſterity, as for the Preſent Age, both in one. This *Lyon*, in fine, holds forth a Doctrinal Inſtruction to Princes, that they provide for their People, as well Dead, as Living. Nay when their Bodyes are worn out, and their Underſtandings Broken, their Conſciences are ſtill at work.

We are told further, that Youth *Needs* Advice, and that it is many times too Capricious to *Take* it; wherefore here's a Charge given, upon a Father's Bleſſing, to hearken to the Voice and Counſel of a Parent; and not only to *Obey*, but in Caſes of Moment, ſtill to *conſult* our Superiours.

Here is likewiſe Another Leſſon, that ſettles the Eſtabliſhing of a Throne upon the Foundations of Wiſdom, Honour, and Juſtice. *Your Father's Friends*, ſays the *Mother*, *will be yours too, and whoever goes about to Perſwade you otherwiſe, is your Deadly Enemy.*

The *Lyon* was no Stranger neither, to the Arts of *Flatterers*, and *Hangers on*, but well underſtood that the Bare Sufferance of Calumny, is the Encouragement of it. We are taught in This Figure alſo, the Art, and Addreſs, of ſupplanting, and that when *downright Slander*, and *Reproche*, will not do the work, it muſt be brought about with *Buts* and *Innuendos*: which is only a way by it ſelf, of Cutting a Man's Throat under a Colour of Kindneſs.

Alexander and Phryne.

IT was a Generous, and a ſpiteful kind of a Propoſal, that was made by *Phryne*, a *Common Proſtitute*, to *Alexander the Great*; and the Story was This.

Alexander had Ruin'd the City of *Thebes*, and *Phryne* offer'd to Rebuild it: upon Condition only, that ſhe might have a Monument erected for a Memorial of the Exploit, with *This Inſcription* upon't: [*Alexander Deſtroy'd the City of Thebes, and Phryne Repair'd it.*]

The MORAL.

HERE'S a Phantaſtical Caſe ſtarted, betwixt a Woman of Pleaſure and an Imperial Prince; and not without a Spice of Vanity, and Ambition, on both hands. *Alexander* values himſelf upon his Violences, and Oppreſſion, in the *Undoing* of the World; and *Phryne* ſets up (ſo far as in her lyes at leaſt) for the *Repairing* of it; and in the ſame Action, attones, in ſome Meaſure, for the Senſualities of a Looſe Life, over and above.

Now This is as much as to tell us, that there is nothing under the Sun, either ſo *Brave*, or ſo *Mean*, as not to admit ſome Mixture of the *Contrary Extreme*; and that at This rate, of confronting the one with the Other, the *Strumpet* makes a better Figure in the Story, and appears more Illuſtrious then the *Conquerour*.

22. Alexander and Ariſtobulus.

AS *Alexander* was taking the Air once upon the *Hydaſpes*, *Ariſtobulus* entertain'd him with a Relation he had written of his Victory over *Porus*. But it was ſo Nauſeous a Piece of Flattery, that he ſnatch'd the Book out of his Hand as he was reading, and threw it into the River; and it was Ten to one, the Author himſelf had follow'd it. [*What*, (ſays *Alexander*, in a Rage) *were you ſo hard put to't, that you could not find any Thing to commend me for that was* True?

The MORAL.

THERE'S nothing turns the Stomach of a Sober Man like a High-flown Panegyrick; and a Fullſom, Dawbing Dedication; which is certainly the moſt Scandalous of Libels. It does not only call a Man Fool to his Face, but publiſhes him for a Coxcomb to the World too, and He himſelf ſigns and ſeals the *Certificate*, in the very *Sufferance* of it.

23. Alexander to a Pirate.

Alexander demanded of a *Corſaire* that he had taken Priſoner, how he durſt preſume to Scoure the Seas at That Inſolent rate? *Why truly*, ſays he, *I Scoure the Seas for my Profit and my Pleaſure, juſt as you Scoure the World: only I am to be a Rogue for doing it with one* Galley, *and you muſt be a mighty Prince forſooth, for doing the ſame Thing with an* Army. *Alexander* was ſo pleas'd with the Bravery of the Man, that he immediately gave him his Liberty.

The MORAL.

POWER is no *Privilege* for *Violence*; it may create ſome ſort of *Security* in the *Execution*, but it gives no manner of *Right* to the *Committing* of it; for *Oppreſſion*, and *Injuſtice*, are the very ſame thing in an *Emperour*, that they are in a *Pirate*. This was Bravely *ſaid* of the *Corſaire*, and it was as Bravely *done* of *Alexander*: but whether it wrought upon the King's *Conſcience*, or his *Honour*, may be a Queſtion: that is to ſay, whether he was more mov'd with the *Reaſon* of the *Thing*, or with the *Courage* of the *Man:* but it looks well however either way, for *Alexander* not only forgave the Affront of being made the greater Thief of the Two, but gave the Poor Fellow his Freedom over and above. And we have likewiſe This Document left us for our Inſtruction; that in all Fortunes, and Extremes, a Great Soul will never want Matter to work upon.

24. The Cock and the Cobler.

A *Cobler* dreamt he was a Great *Prince*, and in the Full Exerciſe of his Royal State and Dignity; with his Train, and his Guards, and all the Servile Miniſters of his Luſts and Pleaſures, about him. In this Phantaſtical Inſtant, the *Cock Crows*, and *wakes* him; and in the ſame Moment depoſes him from his Imperial Pomp and Glory.

The MORAL.

ALL the Delights and Satisfactions of this World, whether Jeſt, or Earneſt, are in effect, little more then a *Dream*; that is to ſay, either a *Waking*, or a *Sleeping Dream*. For what's the Difference? Only we *See*, and *Feel* the Vanity in the *one*, and we do but *Phancy* it in the *Other*. As for Example. Which is the Happier of the Two, a *Prince* that *dreams* he is a *Beggar* or a *Beggar* that *dreams* he is a *Prince*? There is no more, in ſhort, then This in't. The *One* is a *Beggar* in his *Sleep*, and a *Prince Waking*, and the *Other* is a *Beggar Waking*, and a *Prince Aſleep*.

25. A Note upon the Athenian Counſels.

IT was a Sharp, and a ſevere Remark that *Miſon* paſs'd upon the *Athenian Counſels*. [*Wiſe Men*, ſays he, *Propound*, and *Fools Determine*.]

The MORAL.

IF it be true that there are more *Fools* in the World then *Wiſe Men*, and more *Knaves*, then *Honeſt* Men, one Majority will undoubtedly carry it for another of the ſame Stamp; where *Number* is the *Teſt*; and chuſe ſuch as themſelves are: So that in Popular Debates, the Queſtion is not ſo much the *Reaſon*, or the *Juſtice* of the Matter, as the *Plurality* of Thoſe that are For it, or Againſt it. Now the Greater Part, at this rate, being ſtill the Stronger, it ſhall certainly give Laws to the reſt. Thus it is, and thus it muſt be, ſo long as *Counſels* are govern'd by *Tale*, not by *Weight*.

26. Nothing to be done without a Text.

Montluck has a World of Phantaſtical Stories of the *French Huguenots* that fell within his Walk; and particularly of a Party among them ſo nicely Scrupulous, that they made a *Conſcience* of paying their *Landlords* their *Rent*, unleſs they could ſhew a *Text* for't.

The MORAL.

THAT which many People call *Conſcience*, is little more in truth then a Fit of the *Spleen*; or in Other Terms, a kind of an *Enthuſiaſtical Impulſe*, without either *Senſe*, or *Reaſon*. It is, in a Great Meaſure, mere Phancy, and Humour; and furniſhes one ſhort Anſwer to all Queſtions, that is to ſay, *This or That*, whatever it is, *goes againſt my Conſcience:* which Conſcience ſhall Rob a Church, to Build an Hoſpital, and keep the Decalogue it ſelf upon the Behaviour, with a *Quam diu ſe bene geſſerit*. It turns all Morality out of Doors, and leaves no ſuch Thing in Nature as Liberty and Property, unleſs you can ſhew *Chapter and Verſe* for't. [*Leave That to Providence*, My Lord,] *ſays the* Coachman *to his* Maſter, *for crying* Rub *to his* Bowle. This Pretence, in fine, that paſſes in the World too frequently for Conſcience, makes no Difficulty of doing the *Worſt* of Things, and yet at the ſame time *Scruples* the moſt *Neceſſary Offices of a Chriſtian Life*.

27. A King and a Shepherd.

A Certain great Prince, that was quite tir'd out with Publique Cares and Buſineſs, took up a Reſolution to give the World, and the Vanities of it, the Slip for a while; and ſo away he ſteals into the Country, *Incognito*; partly for Breath and Liberty, and partly to entertain himſelf with the Bleſſings of a Private Life. In the Courſe of This Adventure, nothing pleas'd him better then the Encounter of a *Shepherd* at the Head of his *Flock*, with his *Dogs* and his *Guards* about him; his *Sheep* in Excellent Caſe and Order,

Order, and not a *Fox* or a *Wolfe* to be heard of near That Quarter: over and above a yearly Income upon the main to a Conſiderable Value.

This Prince, aſcribing all Theſe Advantages to the Fidelity, the Diligence, and the Conduct of the *Paſtor*. When he had ſtay'd as long upon This Innocent Diverſion as the Preſſing Neceſſities of his Government could well ſpare him, return'd to his Palace; where the Firſt Thing he did, was to ſend for the *Shepherd* up to Court; and upon his Arrival, his Majeſty very graciouſly bad him Welcom, and ſpake to him as follows.

Friend, ſays he, *you have diſcharg'd your Paſtoral Care with ſo much Prudence, Faith, and Credit, that inſtead of a Governour of Beaſts, you are from This Time forward, to be a Governour of Men, and your Patent is now a drawing to make you one of my Chief Juſtices.* This unthought of Advance from the Sheep-hook to the Palace, muſt needs be a ſtrange Surprize to a Man that had never ſeen more of the World then his Dogs and his Muttons, and a Little *Hermit* there in the Neighbourhood where he kept his Sheep. But the Thing however is done, and the Man muſt now enter upon his Commiſſion. This News flew like Lightning, and brought the *Hermit* Himſelf out of his Cell, to reaſon the Matter with his Old Acquaintance the *Shepherd*, upon what he had heard.

Ha k ye my good Friend: ſays the ſevere Religious, *Is it a* Dream, *or is it really* True, *that you are now ſent for up to be made a Great Man, and a Favourite? Why certainly you underſtand Kings and Courts better, then to venture your Life and Soul on ſo Slippery a Bottom; and to hazzard the Purchaſe of a Late, and perhaps an Unprofitable Repentance, at ſo dear a rate. Remember what I tell you now beforehand; You will not ſtand your Ground long, and your Fall will make as much Noiſe in the World, as ever your Riſe did.* The *Shepherd* ſmil'd, but the *Hermit* went on ſtill with his Forebodings, and he was not much out neither in the Concluſion.

The

The New Judge was ſcarce Warm in his Seat, but there were Factions preſently at work to undermine him, giving it out in general Terms, that he had neither Law in him, nor *Honeſty:* ſo that what with private Cabals, Subornations, Remonſtrances, and Glamorous Petitions exhibited againſt him, for *Oppreſſion*, and *Arbitrary Proceedings*, the King was at laſt wrought upon to deliver him up to Publique Juſtice: eſpecially conſidering the Prodigious Treaſure which he had hoarded-up, they ſaid, in Mony and Jewels, and the Innumerable Bribes that were laid to his Charge. Upon This Importunity, he was taken into Cuſtody; his Houſe, Papers, and Accounts, ſtrictly ſearch'd, and examin'd; but nothing of Moment made out againſt him, till they came at laſt to a Huge Cheſt, with the Lord knows how many Locks and Bolts upon't, and *There it was*, they cry'd, *that he had depoſited the Maſs of his Ineſtimable Wealth.* Upon the Opening of this Trunk, what ſhould they find there, but the *Shepherd's Weeds* he was taken up in; an Old Tatter'd Frock or Two; ſeveral Bundles of Raggs, Odd Mittins, and Stockings; a Leathern Pouche, a Broken Bag-pipe, and Twenty little Things belonging to his Calling.

When they had now carry'd the Malice as far as it would go, to the confounding even of Calumny it ſelf, his Accuſers were ready to burſt with Rage and Envy at the Diſappointment. But the Good Man, being now *Rectus in Curia* once again, had his Belly full by This time of Court-Commiſſions, and the whole Earth could not prevail upon him ever to embark again in That Bottom. The very Sight of his miſerable Ragged Wardrope, minded him of the Bleſſings both of Body and Soul, that he enjoy'd in the Simplicity of That Dreſs: ſo that he ſtript himſelf of his Court-Robes, put on his *Shepherd's Clothes* again, and returned to his Old Charge.

The

The MORAL.

THIS Fable gives us to underſtand the *Cares* and *Anxietyes* of a *Crown*, with the *Temptations*, the *Snares*, and the *Hazzards* of a *Court-Life:* the *Bleſſings*, and the *Security*, of a *Private* State, together with the *Danger* of depending upon Great Men's *Promiſes*, and *Favours*.

We are likewiſe to take Notice, that Innocence is no Protection againſt Envy, and Defamation; that is to ſay, when the Ears of Princes are open to *Pick-Thanks*, and *Tale-bearers:* not but that Honeſty and Virtue, at the long run, will ſtand all Teſts; as the Shepherd here takes his Miſcarriage for a Warning, lays down his Commiſſion, quits his Poſt of Politicks, and ſo to his Sheep again.

The Prince, in This Progreſs, and Diſguiſe, meets with, not only a Diverting, but an Edifying Variety, under the *Embleme* of a well order'd Government, in a *Sheep-coat:* where he phancies to himſelf That Quiet in a Hutt, which he could not find in a Palace. And here we have a *Shepherd* alſo, on the other hand, exchanging a Peaceable, orderly Command in a Cottage over his Dogs, and his Sheep, for the more Splendid Slavery of a Court-Dependance; but upon Second Thoughts he comes to his Wits again.

Now after all Theſe Turns of State, and Humour, it is morally impoſſible for an Ambitious Man ever to be Happy. He that Covets more, is plainly Sick of what he has already, and conſequently enjoys nothing at all: for ſo long as our Hearts are ſet upon what we have *Not*, we can never be ſatisfy'd with what we *Have*. So that the very Courſe of our Life is but a Reſtleſs Purſuit of one Thing after another. We are Sick of *Poverty*, Sick of *Plenty*, Sick of the *Cares* of Government, and Sick of the *Yoke* of it; Sick of *Solitude*, and Sick of *Company*. We are Sick, in fine, of every Thing we have *try'd*, and find no Relief in *ſhifting* neither, till, in the End, Providence and Second Thoughts brings all *to-right*.

28. A Great Saying of Veſpaſian.

IT was a memorable Practice of *Veſpaſian*, throughout the Courſe of his whole Life. He call'd himſelf to an account *every Night*, for the Actions of the *Paſt Day*,

Day, and ſo often, as he found he had ſlipt any one Day, without doing ſome Publique Good, he enter'd upon his *Diary* This *Memorial*. [*Diem perdidi*] *I have loſt a Day*.

The MORAL.

IT is juſt ſo much Time *Loſt*, as is *idly ſpent*; and That which we call [*Paſſing away our Time*] is a Profuſion never to be recover'd. But we keep a better account of our *Monies*, then we do of our *Hours*; aad while we are over-ſollicitous for the Emprovement of the One, we are as Looſe, and Careleſs, in Squandring away the Other: without ever conſidering, That we run the Extreme Hazard of *Eternity it ſelf*, for the Vain Pleaſure of a *Moment*, while we put off the Main Buſineſs of our *Lives* to the very Article of *Death*.

29. The Churches are Full.

AS People were talking together of the Hardneſs of the Times, why truly, ſays one of the Company, *the Times are pretty Difficult, but, the Lord be praiſed for it, the Churches are Full ſtill*. Now This Spark was a Common *Pick-pocket*, that, for Brevity ſake, ſaid his Prayers, and follow'd his Trade, both under one.

The MORAL.

THERE is not that Roguery in Nature that has not a Maſk of Honeſty and Religion to Cover it; and the ſame Pretence holds good from the Prime *Miniſter* to the *Mountebank*; and from the *Sharper* here in the *Gallery*, to the more Notorious *Pick-pockets* that we have ſeen, in the very Pulpits Themſelves. This is an Impious and an Execrable Impoſture, 'tis true, but it will do well to Qualify the Cenſure however, with a Great deal of Charitable Caution, for fear of taking the *Saint* for the *Hypocrite*, inſtead of the *Hypocrite* for the *Saint*; and ſo to *ſet the Saddle*, as we ſay, *upon the Right Horſe*.

30. Alexander and Anaximenes.

ANaximenes of *Lampſacus*, was *Alexander*'s *Tutor*, and highly in his Favour. This *Anaximenes*, having heard that *Alexander* had bound himſelf by a Deſperate Vow, to deſtroy all the *Lampſacians*, for joyning with *Darius* againſt him; he went his way immediately to find him out, and to try if he could divert him from that Deadly Reſolution. *Alexander*, hearing that he was coming toward him, and not without ſome inkling of his Bus'neſs, ſwore over again in the hearing of his Chief Officers, that whatever *Anaximenes* ſhould deſire of him, he would do the clear Contrary. The Word was no ſooner out of his Mouth, but up comes *Anaximenes*. The King treated him after his uſual Manner of Grace and Reſpect, and ask'd him, as by the By, what brought him thither? I am come, ſays he, with a Requeſt to the moſt Invincible *Alexander*, to beg of him, that he *put Lampſacus* to *Fire and Sword*, and Raze it to the Ground, without ſparing either Age, Sex, or Quality: nay not excepting the very Temples, Altars, and Holy Places Themſelves. *Alexander* was exceedingly pleas'd, to find himſelf ſo artificially Diſcharg'd of ſo Raſh and Bloudy an Oath, and pardon'd both *City* and *People*.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE ſhould have a Care of Raſh and Inconſiderate Vows; ſuch I mean, as cannot in Honour, Honeſty, or Conſcience, be either *Made*, *Kept*, or, in ſome ſort, *Broken*. But no Man can lay himſelf under an Obligation, to do an Ill Thing. When *Alexander* had Hamper'd himſelf here in *One Vow*, his *Tutor Anaximenes* found a way to Diſengage him by *Another*; and at the ſame time convinc'd his Pupil of his Errour, by a Trick; wherein he acquitted himſelf to all Purpoſes, both as a Prudent Councellour, and as a Faithful Friend.

31. Pyrrhus and Cineas.

WHen *Pyrrhus* was preparing to make War againſt the *Romans*, *Cineas* the Philoſopher took the Freedom to Reaſon the Matter with him, upon That Occaſion. *Put the Caſe*, ſays *Cineas*, *that you ſhould beat the* Romans *now: what would you be the better for't?* Why, ſays *Pyrrhus*, it would make us Maſters of all *Italy*, Right, ſays *Cineas*; *and where will you be next then!* Why for That, ſays *Pyrrhus*, we'll have a Blow at *Sicily*, that lyes hard by there you know. Well! ſays *Cineas* again, *and when you have got* Sicily, *there's an* End *of the War.* Nay, ſoft you for That, ſays *Pyrrhus*, for this is only to open a way to more Glorious Adventures: as who knows but we may overcome *Lybia*, and *Carthage? Like enough*, ſays *Cineas*; *and now, upon the Word of a Prince, and a Man of Honour; if you had the whole World at your Feet, where would you take up at laſt? Pyrrhus* found by this time what it was the Philoſopher pointed at, and with a kind of Conſciencious Smile, gave him This Anſwer. If I were once Maſter, ſays he, of the Univerſe, we would e'en live Eaſily, and make Merry. *And what hinders you*, ſays the Other, *I beſeech you, from living as eaſily, and as merrily now, as you could do then? Nothing in This World, but the* Ravenous Appetite *of an* Inſatiable Ambition.

The MORAL.

THE Ambitious Man does no ſo much as Know what he ſhould be at; but preſſes forward at a venture, from one Thing to another, without any ſort of Regard, either to Juſtice, Honour, or Conſcience; till he finds himſelf more to ſeek at Laſt, then he was when he began. Now this is only for want of making a True Judgment of Things, upon a Right Eſtimate of the Proportion betwixt the *Means*, and the *End*. When I have gain'd this or that Point, where ſhall I be next? And when I ſhall have compaſs'd Twenty and Twenty Points more, it will be but the ſame Queſtion *in Infinitum*, over and over again; and ſtill the further I go, the more I am to ſeek.

32. Amaſis conſults the Oracles.

WE ſhall have occaſion elſewhere to make Mention of *Amaſis* the *Ægyptian*, and of his being advanc'd from a *Private State* to *Sovereign Power*. The Story ſays further of him, that he was a Man of Liberty and Pleaſure, to the Higheſt Degree; and one that minded nothing in the World, but *Jolly Company*, *Wine*, and *Women*; and how to get Mony to anſwer his Expences. In ſhort; when he had run himſelf out, both of Caſh, and Credit, he made a ſhift yet to pick up a Sorry Living upon the Rook; and not by *Sharping* alone, but now and then by *downright Stealing*: and whenever he happen'd to be charg'd with a *Pilfery*, his way was ſtill to deny the Fact, and then appeal to the *Oracle* of the Place for his Juſtification. This was his Courſe; and one while they found him *Guilty*, otherwhiles *Innocent*; thereafter as it happen'd.

This was in his *Private Condition*; but upon his coming afterwards to the Adminiſtration of the Government, he carry'd it in his Mind, which Oracles had been *For* him, and which *Againſt* him; and accordingly ſet a Mark of Infamy upon Thoſe that unjuſtly Abſolv'd him; paying at the ſame time as great a Veneration to the other. After This Note of Diſtinction upon their Worſhip, and their Temples, he paſs'd a Law, over and above, for all People upon Pain of Death to give the Governour of every Province, an Account, once a Year, how they liv'd. This Edict was ſo well approv'd, that it was tranſlated afterwards by *Solon* to *Athens*.

The MORAL.

NO ſuch Cheats in Nature, as under the Vizor of *Piety*, and *Religion*. And what's the Difference at laſt, betwixt the *Antient Downright Pagan*, and our *Modern Chriſtian Impoſtors*, but, according to *the Cant in Mode*, the One *Conſults the Oracle*, and the other *ſeeks the Lord*: ſo that *Their Enthuſiaſts* and *Ours*, are

are but the ſelf-ſame Thing under ſeveral Appellations; and there is nothing ſo Execrable, and Flagitious, but it ſtands conſecrated under This Cover.

We are to take Notice likewiſe, that *Hypocriſy* does not ſo Blind the Judgment, as either to confound the Notions of Good and Evil, or to ſtifle the Reluctances of a Scrupulous Conſcience. For we have in us, at the ſame time, a Secret Abhorrence for the One, and as Tender a Reverence for the Other: and the Firſt fair Opportunity of applying it to our Advantage, does in ſome Meaſure ſet us Right again. This holds, both in the Caſe of *Amaſis*, and in the Ordinary Practice of the World: But yet we cannot call any good Office or Action a Conſummated Virtue, that's wrought rather by an Impulſe of Intereſt, then out of a Senſe of Duty.

33. Wolves Baniſh'd England.

WHen the *Wolves* were to be Baniſh'd *England*, they Petition'd, only for *one Dog*, and *one Bitch*, to be left behind: upon Good Security, never to ſtir out of the Woods and Mountains; and neither to Howle, nor Bite, nor to give any Sort of Offence either to Man or Beaſt. The Number was ſo Small, and the Condition ſo Reaſonable, that a great many People were for a Toleration: but others objected, that though they were but Few at preſent, they would quickly Multiply; for all the Wolves in the World came Originally out of one Male and one Female: beſide that an *Indulgence*, would be a Step to a *Petition of Right*; and when they were once In, it would be hard getting them Out again. Upon theſe Conſiderations the Project fell to the Ground.

The MORAL.

SOME *Opinions* are no more to be truſted in a *Commonwealth*, then *Wolves* in a *Sheepfold*. *Antimagiſtratical Doctrines*, are a kind of *Specifique Poyſon*; let but any One Part be Tainted, and the Malignity Diffuſes it ſelf inſenſibly through the Whole Body. *Innovations* are commonly uſher'd in with *Scruples*; and ſo they Advance by Degrees, to *Expoſtulations*, *Complaints*;

Complaints, *Schiſms*, *Aſſociations*, and then to *Fire and Sword*, in the concluſion. And whence comes all This now, but from the want of diſtinguiſhing betwixt a Perſonal Softneſs, and a Publique Duty. There muſt be no Gratifying of Parties, or Paſſions, ſo as to Endanger the Whole. It was a Great Saying of one of the Antients, that *It is a hard Matter to be* Tender *and* Wiſe. Over-much Eaſineſs is the Weak ſide of a Prince; for nothing ſupports a Government like an Impartial, and an Inexorable Juſtice; in Proportion to the Reaſon of the Caſe, and the Quality of the Crime.

34. A Cavalier and a Court-Lady.

A *Cavalier*, that had a very Fine Woman in his Eye, could not forbear telling her, that ſhe was *wonderful Pretty*. *Sir*, ſays the Lady, *I thank you for your Good Opinion, and I wiſh with all my Heart I could ſay as much of you too*. Why ſo you might, Madam, ſays the Gentleman, if you made no more Conſcience of a Lye then I do.

The MORAL.

THERE'S nothing Seaſons Converſation like a Ready Preſence of Mind, and a Pleaſant Turn of Wit; provided that there be no *Bitterneſs*, *Levity*, or *Affectation* in it; and that it be kept alſo within the Bounds of Sobriety and Good Manners; and the Converſation made all of a Piece. Now the Skill of ordering This Province aright, is a Maſter-piece. and the Niceties that occur in the Exerciſe of it are innumerable: beſide that there is ſomewhat ſo Particular, in the Quickneſs, and Liberty, of a Good-natur'd Gaiety of Thought, that it is more obliging then the *ſtark-Love-and-Kindneſs it ſelf*. It carries a Generous, and an Airy Frankneſs along with it, that ſets-off the Freedom with a Better Grace.

35. A Woman Hang'd her ſelf upon a Fig-tree.

AN Honeſt, Good-natur'd Husband, was quite at his Wits End for the Loſs of his Poor Wife, that had newly Hang'd her ſelf upon a *Fig-Tree* in his Gar-

den. A Conceited Neighbour of his, inſtead of *Condoling* with him for the *Loſs*, made him a Solemn Viſit to *Joy* him of his *Deliverance*. The Firſt Ceremony of the Greeting was no ſooner over, but he made a Suit to the Widower for *a Graft or Two of the ſame Plant: for who knows*, ſays he, *but it may bear the ſame Fruit in my Garden, that it did in yours!*

The MORAL.

IT is the Part of a Wiſe Man to make the Beſt of a Bad Game; but it is the Part of a Wiſer Man, ſo to order his Affairs, as to have no Bad Game at all. Now This is to be the Work, only of Grace, and Wiſdom: Not but that he that has a Shrew to his Wife, may be allow'd a little Sport for his Mony.

It was much ſuch another Conceit, That of a Man upon a *Grey Mare* with a *Woman* behind him. *This is the Fourth Wife*, ſays he, *that This Mare has brought me home to my Houſe now.* Well! ſays a Merry Companion, at his Elbow, what would I give for a Fole of the ſame Breed. But this way of Fooling may go too far, if it be not managed with Diſcretion: for *every Thing is*, we ſay, *as 'tis taken.*

36. Plaintiff and Defendent draw Cuts.

THere happen'd ſo Intricate a Caſe once upon a Tryal at Bar, that the Court was at a Stand whether to give it for the *Plaintiff*, or for the *Defendent*. Some were for the Old way of adjourning the Tryal for a Hundred Years: but in the Concluſion, the Judges order'd the Parties to *draw Cuts*; The Counſel oppos'd That way of Proceeding, as a Thing without a *Preſident*. Well, well! ſays the Bench, *Preſident* or *no Preſident*, 'tis all a Caſe to Us, that ſtand up only for the Reaſon, and the Juſtice, of the Matter: beſide that for One Sentence that is better grounded you ſhall find Twenty Worſe.

This Story minds me of a Certain *Quack-Philoſopher*, that took upon him in his Bills to Cure all *Curable Diſeaſes*, and Patients came flocking to him from all Quarters, far and near. Now his way was This. He had Receits of all ſorts roll'd up like *Valentines*; all of a Size,

Size, and put promiſcuouſly together in a Great Bag. As any Man came to him for a Remedy, he dipt at a venture, and ſaid a Short Prayer for a Bleſſing upon the *Lot:* now that which came firſt to hand was his *Infallible Cure.*

The MORAL.

HERE'S *Chance-Law*, and *Chance-Phyſick*, and as fair-Play for *Life*, *Liberty*, and *Eſtate*, generally ſpeaking, as Heart could wiſh: for here's *Providence*, on the *one* hand, in Favour of the *Right*, againſt the Hazzards of *Fraud*, *Ignorance*, and *Corruption*, on the *other.*

37. Coblers and Colonels.

IN Old Time, when the Corruption of a *Cobler* was the Generation of a *Colonel*, a certain Officer that had ſerv'd the State in Both Capacities, had the Hap to be quarter'd in the Houſe of a Woman of Quality in *Ireland.* It was bitterly Cold, and as the poor Lady was warming her Feet at the Fire, the Colonel took Notice that her Shoes were out at the Toes, and ask'd her why ſhe went no better *Shod? Why truly*, Sir, ſays ſhe, *the* Coblers *are all made* Colonels, *and I can get no body to Mend my Shoes.*

The MORAL.

WHEN the Order of Government is once ſubverted, there follows naturally a Confuſion of Qualities and Degrees. It is with a *Popular State*, as it is with a Game at *Putt*, where the *Deuxes* and *Trayes* are the *Beſt Cards.* Now This Paſſage is, in truth, Matter of *Fact*; but every jot yet as Edifying as a Labour'd Invention. It ſets forth the Inſolence of Mean Perſons, when they are advanc'd to a Poſt of Honour and Preferment; and it ſhews us likewiſe the Prudential Expedient of minding a *Court-Cobler*, or *Footman*, now and then of his *Original.*

38. The Aſſes made Juſtices.

A Doctor of Divinity, and a Juſtice of Peace, met upon the Road; the Former excellently well mounted, and the other upon the Merry Pin it ſeems,

and in Humour to make Sport with him. *Doctor*, ſays he; *your great Maſter had the Humility to ride upon an* Aſs, *and one would think that an* Aſs *might have e'en contented you too.* Alas, alas! Sir ſays the Doctor; the *Aſſes*, they ſay, are all made *Juſtices*, and there are none to be gotten.

The MORAL.

THIS Encounter happen'd upon a Great Change in the Bench, and the Juſtice here in the Story was a Commiſſioner of the Laſt Edition. The Juſtice, in ſhort, would needs be meddling, and the Doctor was too Hard for him; which may ſerve for a Caution to all People, not to laſh out into Intemperances of Scorn, and Banter, without underſtanding their Men, and their Meaſures.

39. An Old Sinner and a New Convert.

A Miſerable Bedrid Wretch of an Old Woman, that had never a Tooth in her Head, and hardly an Eye to ſee withal, put-up a Bill in the *Pariſh-Church* for the Prayers of the Congregation, that Heaven would move the Hearts of all good Chriſtian People, to extend their Charity toward the Relief of *a New Convert, that had renounc'd the Sins of the Fleſh.*

This minds me of a Funeral Sermon upon a Lady that Dy'd upwards of Fourſcore. The Holder-forth cry'd her up to the Heavens for her *exemplary Chaſtity*, eſpecially, he ſaid, toward the *Latter End.*

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common Thing for an *Old Sinner* to ſet up for a *New-Convert*, and for People to Renounce the Sins of their Youth, when they have loſt the Reliſh of them. Not that a True Repentance can ever come out of Seaſon, but This Dilatory way of performing ſo Neceſſary a Duty, is, without Diſpute, the moſt Deſperate of Hazzards.

This is much at the rate of what a Decrepit Old Fellow ſaid to a Friend of his that gave him a Long Prayer to make uſe of. *Lord!* ſays he, *is This a Leſſon for a New-beginner?* Nay there are thoſe that take Delight in the very Hiſtory of their

their Lewdneſs, when the Faculty of it is gone; as if they valu'd themſelves upon ſupplying the want of *Power*, with *Heart and Good Will*. *There is ſuch an one*, ſays the Story, *has had his Extravagances, 'tis true; but he's mightily come off, ſince he loſt the one Half of his Upper-Lip, and the Bridge of his Noſe.* This is no other, in fine, then the Common Caſe of Mankind: We are not ſo ſorry for the Ill Things we have done, as we are that we can do them no longer.

40. Perillus's Brazen Bull.

WHen *Agrigentum* was under the Government of a moſt Inhumane Tyrant, *Perillus* made the King a Preſent of a *Brazen Bull*; a Piece of Curioſity perfected to the higheſt Degree; with a Door on the one ſide, large enough to hold the Body of a Man, and the Cavity ſo contriv'd, that upon Encompaſſing the Figure with a Furious Fire, the Roaring of the Man was perfectly like the Bellowing of a Bull, and without any Reſemblance of a Humane Voice. *Perillus* made no doubt of a Conſiderable Reward from the Tyrant for ſuch a Preſent, and he was promis'd no leſs; but inſtead of a Gratification, he was the Firſt Man himſelf that was put to the Tryal of his own Invention.

The MORAL.

OPPRESSING Princes ſhall never want Teizing, and Pragmatical Miniſters to ſet them on; as *Perillus* values himſelf here upon an Invention of Cruelty, ſo Horrid, that it put Tyranny it ſelf out of Countenance, to think of inflicting ſo Extravagant, and ſo Inſupportable a Torture. But upon Second Thoughts, the Prince himſelf Relented, and Emprov'd the Project of This Execrable Monſter into an Act of Tenderneſs and Juſtice, by diverting the Deſtruction deſign'd for Honeſter Men, upon the Head of the Author Himſelf. It would be a Happy World if all Publique Enemies, and Corrupt Miniſters, were treated after This Preſident.

41. A Shepherd, a Woiſe, and a Fox.

AS a *Shepherd* was entertaining himſelf one Day with his Bag-Pipe, he diſcern'd ſomewhat a Huge way

off, Frisking, and Dancing, to the Muſick, but what it was he could not well diſtinguiſh. Some Two or Three Days after This, it was his hap to ſee the ſame Creature Jigging it again, upon the ſame Occaſion; and while he was looking at it very earneſtly, to learn what it might be, up comes a Jolly *Fox* to the *Shepherd*; quite overjoy'd, he ſaid, to be the Meſſenger of the Good News he had to tell him. *Yonder's Honeſt Iſgrim*, ſays he, *has the greateſt mind in the World to be the Inſtrument of a Happy Peace betwixt the Two Families of the Sheep and the Wolves: beſide the infinite Delight he ſhould take, over and above, in a Trip now and then to the Jog of your Incomparable Pipe. Now my Commiſſion is only to beg the Favour of his being admitted to your Preſence, upon my Security for his Good Behaviour.* Verily, my Friend *Reynard*, ſays the *Shepherd*, I would do much for your ſake, and therefore, if he has ſuch a Phancy as you ſay he has, for the Allyance, or for the Muſick, pray'e bid him come to me at any time and welcome; provided only that he leave his *Teeth*, and his *Nayles* behind him: for they'll be of little uſe to him, you know, either in his *Converſation*, or in his *Dancing*. So ſoon as ever the *Fox* found whereabouts he was, he ſhew'd the *Shepherd* a Fair Pair of Heels, without ſo much as bidding him Farewel.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no Truſting to Fair Words from a Known, and a Profeſt Enemy, without very good Security; eſpecially when the Matter is managed by a Confederacy of Sharpers, and one Knave ſo forward to run on another Knave's Errand, and to ſtand Bound for the Honeſty of his Fellow.

We cannot be too Wary how we enter into *Friendſhips*, and *Cabals*, or whom to Truſt: for *Paſſion*, and *Intereſt*, are, effectually, the natural Biaſs of *Fleſh and Blood*; or (which is all one) *the Weak ſide* of *Mankind*: inſomuch that there's ſcarce one of a Thouſand of us that does not govern himſelf more or leſs, by This Meaſure.

The Doctrine will be This now; that we are not to lay *Life*, *Fortune* and *Reputation*, at the *Mercy* of any Man living at a venture: for if we *come-off*, the *Good Nature* will not excuſe

cuſe the *Indiſcretion*; and if we *Miſcarry*, the Blame lyes at *our own Door*, both for the *Damage*, and the *Reproche*; ſo that a Wiſe Man will leave nothing to *Chance*, that may be ſecur'd by *Providence* and *Councel*. Not but that in ſome extraordinary Caſes, there may be here and there a Singular Exception to a General Rule, and Inſtances of Men of *Honour*, and *Conſcience*, that would ſacrifice all Temporal Advantages to the Over-ruling Obligations of *Honeſty* and *Juſtice*. But as Theſe Inſtances are not many, ſo we are likewiſe to look upon them as abſtracted from the Common Methods and Government of Humane Life; there being ſo very few, either Examples, or Occaſions, for This Heroical Virtue. But as we are not to commit any Thing to *Hazzard*, further then needs muſt, where our Bodies, Souls, Eſtates, or Good Names are in Queſtion; ſo it will become us to keep a Guard upon our ſelves, even in That very *Caution:* for over-much Diſtruſt, and Waryneſs, will look like want of Charity, Humanity, or Good Manners elſe; when yet in truth there may be no more in it at the Bottom, then the Reſerve of a *Neceſſary Prudence*. The Heart of Man is Faithleſs, Variable, and Corrupt; ſo that it would be Madneſs to expect, even from the Nature of the Thing, that any Man ſhould be True to Another that's Falſe to himſelf.

To bring it now to a Political Alluſion; *Republicans* are the ſame Thing to *Crowned Heads*, that *Foxes* and *Wolves* are to *Shepherds*. There's no dealing with them, let them ſpeak never ſo fair, without leaving their *Teeth*, and their *Claws*, that is to ſay, their *Principles* behind them; for they Profeſs and Declare themſelves the Inconciliable Enemies of Kings, at the ſame time, that they value themſelves upon their Pretences to Preſerve them. The whole Hiſtory of the Troubles of *Charles the Firſt*, is but This Phancy in *Emblem*. When the *Wolves* come once to take Care of the *Sheep*, and the *Foxes* to ſet-up *Guarrantees* for the Performance of *Articles*, 'tis high time for the Governours, both *Political*, and *Paſtoral*, to look about them. There's no Truſting, in fine, to the Profeſſions of a Perfidious, and a Cruel Enemy; eſpecially when his Pretenſions run manifeſtly againſt, both his Intereſt, and his Inclinations.

42. A Biſhop and a General.

AS a Biſhop of *Cologne* was marching at the Head of a Brave Army, and in the Double Capacity, both of a *Soldier*, and a *Church-man:* Lord! ſays a Fleering Country-Fellow, *'tis a ſtrange Thing, methinks, that your Reverence's* Maſter, *St.* Peter, *ſhould Dye ſo Poor himſelf, and leave his* Followers *ſo well to paſs.* Right, ſays the Biſhop, but I am here in the Quality of a *General*, you muſt know, as well as of a *Prelate.* *Ay my Lord*, ſays the other, *but if the* General *ſhould chance to go to the* Devil, *what will become of the* Biſhop, *I beſeech you?*

The MORAL.

THIS is only the Old way of playing Faſt and Looſe betwixt the *Perſon*, and the *Office:* that is to ſay, betwixt the *Prince* in his *Natural*, and in his *Political* Capacity. It looks as if the One were to Conſecrate the Other, and the Sacredneſs of the *Biſhop* to attone for the Sins of the *Sword-man*, but This Phancy has more of Quirk in it then of Subſtance, and it would not be worth the while to Refine upon it.

43. A Motion for a Commonwealth.

Lycurgus was hard preſs'd by the *Lacedemonians* to erect a *Popular State* among them; and his Anſwer was This; that he that made the *Motion* for that Form of Government, ſhould do well to begin with it at *Home*; and then try how he lik'd the Training up of *Servants in his own Family*, to Chop Logick with their *Maſters.*

The MORAL.

THERE'S no Reaſoning comes ſo cloſe to a Man, as when he makes the Queſtion his own Caſe: for Then he ſpeaks ſenſibly, and Feels what he ſays, *To do as we would be done By*, is but agreeable to the Law and Dictate of Nature, and it holds as well alſo in the Rule of *Governing* as we would be *Govern'd*, and *Obeying* as we would be *Obey'd.* So that the Meaſures of Polity are the ſame in Proportion from Kingdoms to Families.

44 Demades, a Coffin-maker.

PLutarch tells us of one *Demades*, a *Coffin-maker*, that was Baniſh'd *Athens* for grumbling that he had no better a Trade.

The MORAL.

HERE'S a Poor *Coffin-maker* Puniſh'd, for doing the ſelf-ſame thing in Effect, with the whole World beſide. They do not all Grumble, 'tis true, for *Want* of Trade, but they are all Glad when they *Have* it, and forward enough to entertain it, with all Chances. 'Tis the Courſe of the World, for One Man to Riſe by Another Man's Fall; and for the Making of One Man, to be the Undoing of Another. As in the *Sexton's* Caſe; ſome muſt Dye that ſome may Live, which looks like an Unnatural Hardneſs, when Beaſts themſelves make ſome ſort of Scruple to prey upon their own Kind. How many ill natur'd Dealers are there, that raiſe their Fortunes out of Tempeſts, Wracks, Fires, Inundations, *&c.* As Shipwrights, Carpenters, Bricklayers, and the like! Do not *Soldiers of Fortune* Pray for *Warrs?* Men of the *Long Robe* for *Lawſuits?* *Surgeons* and *Phyſicians* for *Broken Bones* and *Diſtempers?* But it is one Thing for a Man to *Live* upon the Calamity of his Neighbour, and Another Thing to *Joy* in it, or to *Wiſh* for't.

45. Two Antiquaryes.

THere happen'd a Diſpute betwixt Two Cavaliers about the Spelling of their Names, the one of them a Profeſt *Antiquary*; and the Other a kind of *a Second-Rate Gentleman.* The Controverſy came in the end to a Wager, and upon hearing the Merits of the Cauſe, the Country Squire yielded his Adverſary to be in the Right: for I find, ſays he, in the Records of *Bridewell*, that his Grandfather was Whipt there by That Name.

46. Boccalini's Marquis.

A Certain *Marquis*, that ſtood mightily upon his Points, for the Antiquity of his Family, came to an Agreement with a Famous *Herald*, for a Draught of his *Pedigree*; but let him have a care then to trace it up to the Original. The *Herald* carry'd it on as far as it would go, and This was the Caſe.

The *Firſt* of the Houſe that could ever pretend to an Eſtate, was a *Captain*. This *Captain* was the Son of a *Phyſician*, and That *Phyſician*, the Son of an *Oylman*: which *Oylman* was the Son of a *Serjeant*, that ended his Dayes in the Hands of the *Common-Hangman*. That *Serjeant* was the Son of a *Gentleman of Savoy*, that ſuffer'd as a Traytor. This *Gentleman* again, was the Son of a *Count*, and That *Count* the Son of a *Courtier*, who was the Son of a *Jew*——and there he ſtopt, for he could run it no further.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE ſeldom come off better, when they will be valuing themſelves upon Things beſide their Buſineſs, and raking into *Pedigrees:* where they muſt of neceſſity lay open the Nakedneſs of their Forefathers, which in many Caſes will not bear the Ripping up. This is the True Meaning of the Two foregoing Fables. But what do we talk of *Precedences* upon *Extraction*; when we are are all of the ſame Family, and the Children of One Common Father: as the Country Fellow ſaid that was taken-up for talking ſawcily of a Gentleman of a *Noble Family*, as they call'd it------- *Never tell me of a* Noble Family, ſays the *Bumpkin*, *for I have as good Bloud in my Veins as the beſt of them all; but that we have loſt our Writingss*

47. A Lyon in a Sheep skin.

THere was a *Wolfe*, that, by Bribery and Corruption, had made ſuch an Intereſt about the Perſon of the *Lyon*, that let him do what he would, he was ſure

ſure to be brought off. As This *Wolfe* was worrying Lambs one Day in the Abſence of the Shepherd, a *Sheep* ſlipt away to the *Lyon*, with Tears, and Supplications for Protection, and Juſtice, a *Tyger* and a *Leopard* that were of the *Wolves Cabal*, Banter'd the *Sheep* out of Countenance, and ſo it went off for a Jeſt. Soon after This, came the Shepherd's Dog Limping to the *Lyon*, with Another Complaint, that the ſame *Wolfe* had Bitten *him* too. *A likely Matter, in truth, ſays the* Tyger, *that the* Wolfe *ſhould begin the Quarrel, Why That* Dog *is the Churliſheſt Cur that ever look'd out of a Head, and the* Wolfe *as Eaſy a Poor Fool, as a Body would wiſh.* The *Lyon* ſwallow'd it whole, and in a Violent Heat, told the *Dog* he was a Contentious, Malapert Raſcal, and, ſays he, if you do not mend your Manners, I'll Hang you up at your own Door. Thus was the *Lyon* miſled with Evil Councel, and the Poor *Dog* turn'd away without any Hope of Redreſs. But it fell out, ſome ſhort time after, that as the *Lyon* was taking a *Tour* in the Forreſt, he heard a *Doe*, a *Fox*, and a *Deer* ſpending their Opinion upon the Character of This *Wolfe*, and the *Tyger's* being of the Cabal; which made him a little Senſible of the Hazzard of taking Stories upon Truſt: ſo that he bethought himſelf what to do, and the Project he had in his Head was This; to dreſs himſelf up in a *Sheep-Skin*, and to go Sauntring toward the *Wolve's* Haunt, like a Sorry Creature that was Bewilder'd, and wanted ſome body to ſhew it the way home again. This Succeeded ſo well, and the Voice was ſo nicely Diſſembled, that the *Wolf* came out preſently upon the Firſt Bleating, to offer his Service; bleſſing the *Mutton* at the ſame time for the Providence of falling into ſo good Hands. With Theſe Words, he gave a Leap at the Throat of the *Sheep-Skin*, and no ſooner had he the Prey betwixt his Teeth, but the *Lyon* caſt off the Diſguiſe, and diſcover'd Himſelf. *Ah thou Traytor!* ſays he; *is This thy Boaſted Friendſhip then? But I ſhall make you know, Sirrah, that you have now to do with a Lyon, not with a Mutton*;

and

and ſo he Tore him one Bit from Another, for an Example to all Glozing Hypocrites.

The MORAL.

THE *Wolfe*, the *Tyger*, and the *Leopard*, are the Perfect Image of Three *Court-Paraſites*, that have gotten the Ear of an Eaſy Prince. The Poor *Sheep* carries the firſt Intelligence of the Outrage, and inſtead of a Redreſs, was Laught at for his Pains. The *Dog* ſeconds the Firſt Intelligence with a Senſible Evidence in Confirmation of the Truth of it: while the Lyon Himſelf joyns with his Enemies againſt his Friends, and without any Regard, either to the Innocency of the One, or the Fidelity of the Other. But the *Lyon*, at laſt, when he found his own Life and Eſtate in Danger, came to a juſt Senſe of his Miſtake. Confounded that Glozing Treacherous Cabal, and brought the Wolfe to Juſtice upon the very Spot: So that this Story may ſerve for a Preſident to Poſterity upon all ſuch Occaſions.

48. Shifting and Shuffling make Matters worſe.

THere was a Knot of Good Companions that enter'd into a Club, under certain Rules and Orders for the Government of the Society: and One Article among the reſt, that whoever ſhould enrol himſelf a Member of That Brotherhood, with any Corporal Maim, or Blemiſh about him, ſhould forfeit a Crown to the Bord; and for ſo many Defects, ſo many Crowns. It ſo fell out, that One Man in the Company was obſerv'd to go a little Limping, and ſo they call'd upon him for his Forfeit. The Man put himſelf upon the Teſt, and was found upon the Search, to have, not only one Leg longer then the other, but a Rank Leprous Scurfe all over his Body. Upon this Diſcovery, they demanded another Crown, and then another after That; for a Glaſs-Eye he had. They preſs'd him in the End ſo hard for the Mony, that it came to Boxing; and upon that Struggle, they found a Rupture he had got over and above; ſo that the further they went, the Matter was ſtill worſe and worſe.

The

The MORAL.

ALL Men have their Failings, only Thoſe that lye out of Sight, go for little or nothing: ſo that it is the Beſt of Every Man's Game, not ſo much to ſtand upon his Juſtification, as to carry his Defects Private. There's no ſuch Thing in Nature as Perfection, either in Particulars, or in Societies: but it is well however to encourage the Emulation of Virtue, tho' we cannot arrive at the Excellency of it. Wherefore this Phancy here in the Fable, is highly to be commended, both for the Conſtitution, and for the Example, in making the Faultleſsneſs of the Members, to be the Condition of the Corporation. Now he that has feweſt Faults, has conſtructively none at all: becauſe it is a Common Caſe, wherein all People ſtand indifferently upon the ſame Bottom. But *no Man has ſo many Faults, on the other Hand, as he that takes upon him to have None at all.*

49. A Boy Leading a Calfe.

AS a *Boy* was leading a *Calfe*, with both Hands, a Nobleman happening to paſs by upon the Highway, the Boy it ſeems minded the *Calfe* more then the *Lord*, and went drudging on ſtill, without moving his Hat. *Why Sirrah*, ſays the Man of Dignity; *have you no more Manners then to ſtand ſtaring me in the Face with your Cap on?* Alas! ſays the Boy, I'll put off my Hat with all my Heart, if your Lordſhip will but Light, and hold my Calfe in the mean time.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing well done that is done out of Seaſon; and there is a Time for the doing of all Things: neither is there any Duty ſo binding upon us, as not to give way to a Superiour Obligation: inſomuch that the Beſt, and the Thing moſt neceſſary to be done, in one Caſe, falls out many times to be the Worſt in Another: Provided always, that nothing that is Evil in it ſelf, be admitted, in any Caſe whatſoever. Nay we are bound to leave our very Prayers, to ſave the Life of a Good Man in the ſame Inſtant. *Buſ'neſs*, in fine, muſt give

give Place to *Devotion*, *Ceremony* to *Bus'neſs*; and ſo it runs on in a Gradual Subordination of one Thing to Another, throughout the whole *Series* of our Lives.

50. The Caſe is alter'd.

A Country-fellow went to a Judge about a little Bus'neſs he had with his Lordſhip. *My Lord*, ſays he, *there's an ill-condition'd Bull of mine has Gor'd one of your Lordſhips Cows, and I am come to offer you what Satisfaction you pleaſe.* Why then, ſays the Judge, you muſt either pay me for my Cow, or forfeit your Bull. Ay but my Lord, ſays t'Other, I am miſtaken in the Story: 'Tis your *Lordſhip's* Bull that has kill'd one of *My* Cows. *Oh I cry you Mercy Friend, ſays the Judge,* That alters the Caſe.

The MORAL.

IT is the Great Leſſon of Morality to *do as we would be done by*, and to *love our Neighbours as our Selves:* but it is, at the ſame time, the Common Practice of Fleſh and Bloud, to manage by other Meaſures, upon a Miſtaken Principle, that *every Man is to look to One:* and that *Charity begins at Home.* This is to ſhew us, in Few Words, how Partial we are to our ſelves, and that it is againſt Natural Juſtice for the ſame Perſon to be both *Party*, and *Judge.* As for Example. The Equity of the Matter in Queſtion here, betwixt the Great Man and his Client, was quite another thing when the Tables came to be turn'd once; and the Magiſtrate to paſs Sentence in his own Caſe. Nay *David* himſelf labour'd under the ſame Infirmity. How Zealous was he *againſt* Oppreſſion, in the *Parable* of the *Rich Man*, and the *Poor Ewe Lamb*; and how Inſenſible at the ſame time, of the Violence that *he himſelf exerciſ'd*, in the *Moral?* This was ſomewhat the Caſe of a *Trimming Clergyman*, in the Dayes of the *Solemn League and Covenant.* The *Oath* went againſt his *Conſcience*, he ſaid; but yet if he did *not Swear, ſome Varlet or other would Swear*, and get into his *Living.* Now the *Oath* is the *ſame* in *Both*; but *the Caſe is alter'd*; whether the *one* ſwears or the *other.*

51. Meum and Tuum ſpoils all.

IT was often in the Mouth of a Great Man, how Equally and Impartially, Providence had divided and diſtributed all the Parts of the Creation. The *Water* was given in common to all *Fiſhes*, the *Air* to all *Birds*, and the *Earth* to all *Beaſts*: but then comes *Man*, that Cramps and Limits the Divine Bounty, with the Confounded Uſurpation of *Meum and Tuum*.

The MORAL.

IT is the Great Queſtion in the World, whether *This* or *That* ſhall be *Yours* or *Mine*; and it is Force at laſt, upon that Competition, that determins the Right: whether it be by *Law*, or by *Conſcience*, 'tis much a Caſe; for the One naturally introduces the Other, and *Dominion is only the Effect of that Power* which all Mortals contend for.

52. An Ox and a Crocodile.

'TIs no New Thing, for Men, *firſt* to *Make* their own *Gods*, and then to *Worſhip* them when they have done: as the *Ægyptians*, for Example, that dedicated Temples and Altars indifferently to all ſorts of Creatures. There happen'd a Diſpute once betwixt Two of their Gods, an *Oxe*, and a *Crocodile*, whether ſhould have the Preference. The *Oxe* valu'd himſelf upon the Antiquity of his Title, the Probity of his Life and Manners; the Merit of his Publique Services, and the Reputation he had in the World, for the *Symbole* of *Patience*, and *Power*, over and above the Credit of *Jupiter's* transforming himſelf into the Figure of a *Bull*. But with what Face, ſays the *Oxe*, can any Creature pretend to the making of a *God* out of a *Crocodile?* a Mungrel, bred out of Putrefaction; a Bloudy, a Ravenous, and an Inſatiable Monſter? Shall Men, ſays he, ſet up for their Patron, and Protector, the Common Enemy of Mankind? The *Crocodile* ſtaring

the

the *Oxe* in the Face at theſe Words; *Thou dull Fool*, ſays he, *not to underſtand, that* Gods, *and* Kings, *muſt make themſelves* Terrible, *to be* Great; *and that Virtue is not a Match for Power. Men are not* Honeſt, *for* Honeſty's ſake, *but* Force, *and* Fear, *do the Work of* Loyalty, *and* Conſcience. *Nay when you have ſaid your Worſt, 'tis all ſhort of the Truth, and ſtill the more Dreadful, the more Venerable. Wherefore, as you love your ſelf, let there be no further Diſpute betwixt your Divinity and mine, for fear I ſhould convince you of your Miſtake, by Breaking your Bones, and making a Breakfaſt of you.*

The MORAL.

HE that ſaid, *it was Fear that firſt made Gods*, ſaid a great deal in a few Words, toward the Moralizing of this Fable, though upon a falſe Foundation. The *Dutch* have an Unlucky *Adage* [*God Helps the ſtrongeſt*] giving to underſtand, that *Force* Governs the World, and *Succeſs* Conſecrates the Cauſe, whatever it is: for, to compriſe all in a word; *He that gets Uppermoſt, gives Laws to all the reſt.*

53. The Husband-Confeſſor.

A Man of Honour, that had ſpent ſome Conſiderable Time Abroad in the Service of his Prince and Country, and made his Fortune by his Sword; This *Cavalier* had the Opportunity of making a Tripp, for a Month or Two, from the Camp to his own Houſe, to ſee how Squares went at Home. And there did he find ſuch Roaring, Revelling, and Gamboling; ſuch a Gang of Fuddling, Finical Fopps, and his Wife one of the Crew too, that the Man of War began to lay Things and Things together, and to compute upon Profit and Loſs, what he got by being made a *Knight* in the *Field*, and a *Cornuto* at *Home*. This Freak gave him a Grumbling, but ſays he to himſelf, *Few Words among Friends*, and I muſt try if I can fiſh-out the Myſtery ſome other way.

The

The *Soldier*, upon This, put himſelf into the Habit of a *Prieſt*; took up a *Confeſſionary*; and who but *his own Wife*, the Firſt Perſon that offer'd her ſelf to the Shrift? She Began with *Qualms*, and *Scruples*, and ſo from *Peccadillos*, ſhe went higher and higher, by degrees, till ſhe came at laſt to Sins of the *Firſt Magnitude*. *I do Confeſs*, ſays ſhe, *that I have taken to my Bed, a* Gentleman, *a* Knight, *and a* Prieſt: As ſhe was going farther, her Husband in a Rage diſcover'd himſelf; the Poor Woman had been quite Undone elſe. Ah Thou Traytreſs! ſays he; little doſt thou think who is thy *Goſtly Father* now. Yes yes, ſays ſhe, I ſpeak to my own Husband; and You your ſelf are all theſe Three in One. Were not you a *Gentleman* Born, and has not the King made you a *Knight?* And have not you made your ſelf now a *Prieſt?* Well! 'tis a Strange Thing that a Man of your Senſe ſhould not underſtand all this without a Key to't. 'Tis very Right ſays the Husband, and if I had not been as Blind as a Beetle, I muſt needs have ſeen through it. But Heaven be prais'd that it is as it is; and I bleſs my Stars with all my Heart that it is no worſe.

The MORAL.

WHEN Folks will be Peeping, they muſt take what follows, and This along with it; that *Liſtners ſeldom hear any Good of themſelves.* But this is ſo Peeviſh a Caſe, that it may be a Queſtion at laſt, whether the Bare Jealouſy, or the Certain Truth of Things of this Nature, be the Greater Plague of the Two: beſide that it falls out many times to be the Crime, and the Puniſhment, both in one. What the Huſband could not diſcover upon the Square, muſt be gotten out by a Trick, and the Queſtion of his Wives Honeſty juggled into a Caſe of Conſcience, betwixt the *Soldier*, and the *Prieſt*. But Religion ſerves for a Countenance to all manner of Wickedneſs: And then for a Plauſible Come-off, what would a Body deſire more, then to ſee all Parties pleas'd in the Winding-up of the Story, as it runs in this *Novel*.

54. The Contented Cuckold.

BOccace, in his *Decameron*, tells us of a Man of Quality that fell directly in Love with a Woman he had never ſet Eye on, and purely upon the Fame of her Worth and Beauty. This *Amour* was no ſooner in his Head, but he took-up a Falſe Name, and ſteer'd his Courſe immediately to the Place of her Abode, where he found her at her Window, much beyond what he had ever heard, or imagin'd.

His next Bus'neſs was to gain Acceſs to her, and no better way for that, he Thought, then to put in ſome how or other for a Domeſtick in the Family. Upon this Project, he diſcharg'd himſelf for the Preſent, of his Train and Equipage, and dealt artificially with the Maſter of the Houſe where he lodg'd, to try if he could help him to the Service of ſome Honourable Perſon where he might live Cheap and Eaſy. This Phancy ſucceeded to his Wiſh, for whither ſhould mine Hoſt carry him, but to the Husband of his Beloved Lady, who received him with a Singular Reſpect!

The Maſter of the Houſe was a Lover of Field-Sports, and while he was abroad one Day at his Game, the Lady, in her Husband's Abſence, play'd a Mate at Cheſſe with her New Servant. This Encounter brake the Ice of the *Amour:* inſomuch, that, by one Thing after another, it gave Light to a Diſcovery of the whole *Intrigue:* that is to ſay, who he himſelf was; the End of his Diſguiſe, and finally, the Reaſon of This Adventure. The Affair was by this time no longer a Riddle: ſo that after ſome Neceſſary Precautions of Honour, and Secrecy, and the Exchange of a Parting-Kiſs, the Lady made no Difficulty of promiſing him a more effectual Proof of her Kindneſs, betwixt That and the Next Morning; only, ſays ſhe, do you come ſoftly to my ſide of the Bed about Midnight, and take me by the Hand ſo as to Wake me; and with That he departed.

It

It was now toward Evening, and the Husband coming Home weary from his Sport, ſupt ſooner then uſual, and ſo to Bed. At the Set-time comes the Gallant according to his Direction, and taking the Lady by the Hand, She at the ſame time turn'd her ſelf toward her Husband. *My Dear*, ſays ſhe, *there's a Thing comes into my Head, and I have the greateſt Mind in the World to ask thee One Queſtion. Which is the Man of all thy Servants thou haſt the Beſt Opinion of?* Why without all Diſpute, ſays he, it is the Young Man that came laſt: but how comes This Whimſy into thy Head, I prethee? *Nay my Dear Heart*, ſays ſhe, *I'll tell thee immediately, and make thee the Judge of the whole Matter: I had the ſame Opinion of This Fellow that thou thy ſelf haſt, till this very Afternoon, when thou wert abroad a Hawking: and Then had he the Impudence, to tempt me to Lewdneſs, and truly very little ſhort of offering to Force me to it. But for fear of the worſt, I put him off with an Aſſignment to meet him betwixt Twelve and One This Night under the* Pine-Tree, *in the* Garden; *and if you have a Mind to lay him open in his Villany, put on my Gown and Head-Dreſs, and go your way according to the Appointment.* The Poor Man was ſo Raviſh'd with the Quaintneſs of the Contrivance, that up he ſtarts, and without any more to do betakes himſelf to his Poſt.

The Lovers were now left to Themſelves, and the next Thing to be done was to give the *Cavalier* His Leſſon too. *Take you*, ſays ſhe, *a* Swindging Cudgel, *and away into the Garden about your Buſ'neſs; and if my Coat ſhould happen to fall in your way, Thraſh it ſoundly for me, and ſpare neither my Ribbs nor my Reputation. Call me all the Treacherous Jades in Nature. No, Huſſy, ſay I did all This but to try if you could be falſe to the* Beſt Husband, *the* Beſt Maſter, *the* Beſt Friend, *and perchance the* Beſt Man *too, upon the Face of the Earth. That was my End, thou Beaſt of a Woman! But as I am a True Man, my Maſter ſhall have the whole Story This very Morning. Rail at This Rate*, ſays ſhe, *and lay it on upon the Shoulders of him, till you ſee him Home again. Who*

knows but This Drubbing may make him keep his Bed another time!

The Young Man play'd his Part incomparably, and never gave off till he ſaw Man and Wife together again. No ſooner had the Husband ſet Foot in the Chamber, but his Wife call'd out to him to know, if he had ſeen the Villain or no? Yes, yes, ſweetheart, ſays he, and Felt him too: and ſo he told her the Story, with a Thouſand Acknowledgments for the Bleſſing of that Night's Providence. *Well, well! my Dear, dear Life!* ſays he, *I am certainly the* Happieſt Man *under the Cope of Heaven, in a* Dutiful Wife, *and a* Faithful Servant —— *make me thankful for't.*

The MORAL.

Love-Adventures, are, in Truth, little more then *Romance*; 'tis all Viſionary; and Men of that Freak are apt to dote upon they know not *what*, as well as they know not *whom*: and when theſe unruly Paſſions are once in Motion, there's no thought of Bounding them: for it is now come to a Tryal of Skill who ſhall out-wit the Other, and carry the Point: So that what was only *Whimſical*, at *firſt*, turns to a Nicety of *Honour* in the *Purſuit*.

We may gather from hence, the Force of Imagination and Induſtry, eſpecially when the Deſign is carry'd on with Art and Vigour, The *Cavalier*'s Firſt Work was to form an *Idea* of his Miſtreſs, and in the next place to find out a Woman to anſwer that *Idea*: and then the Woman her ſelf to be made a Party to the Project, with a Conjunction of Craft, Wit, and Intrigue, not to be reſiſted.

There was nothing now wanting to the Crowning of the Intrigue, but to make the Husband himſelf a Mediator between the Two Lovers, which was done here ſo effectually, that he was *Cuckolded*, and *Cudgell'd*, and *Thankful* for't: but alſo contending with Fate and Ill Luck.

55. Arriguo and Bartellino.

BOccace has a Pleaſant Phancy of one *Arriguo*, a *German*, and a Poor Innocent Wretch that dy'd in *Thebes*. There went a Rumour, that the Bells rung out

out of themſelves upon the Moment of his Departure, which was cry'd up for a *Miracle*, and the Man conſequently for a *Saint*; inſomuch, that the Body was depoſited in the Church, and ſeveral Cripples and Sick People came thronging to it to be Cur'd. There were Three Perſons particularly, that had a Great Curioſity to ſee the Sight; that is to ſay, *Stecchio*, *Martellino*, and *Marquiſo*; but the Place was ſo crowded and guarded, there was no coming at it. Well, well! ſays *Martellino*, I have a Crotchet in my Head that will do the *Job*, only leave it to me to act the Part of a *Lame* Man, and you Two ſhall be my ſupporters, to lead me up into the Church for my Cure. Do as I ſay, and my Life for yours, This Deviſe ſhall bring us all up to the Saint. *Martellino* puts himſelf preſently in Poſture, and, with the help of his Two Crutches, gets in good Time to his Journey's end; crying out all the way they went, *for the Lord's Love good Chriſtian People, make way for a Poor Lame Man.*

When *Martellino* had reſted himſelf a while upon the Body of the *Saint*, he came by Degrees to the uſe of his *Fingers*, his *Hands*, and his *Arms*, and *all his Limbs* again. The Miracle of this Recovery was celebrated with a Peal of Acclamations, to the Honour of *St. Arriguo*, All crying out with one Voice, A MIRACLE, A MIRACLE! *Yes, yes; a Doughty Miracle no Queſtion on't, ſays a* Florentine *that was there Preſent, to Cure a Counterfeit Rogue, that never ail'd any Thing at all; a Fellow, that to my certain Knowlege was as Streight and Sound, as any Man in this Company.* This brought the Rabble, at ſuch a rate upon *Martellino*, with Fiſts, Stones, and Cudgels, that they would undoubtedly have Murder'd him, if *Marquiſo* had not immediately charg'd him before a Juſtice for a *Pick-Pocket*. Upon This Accuſation, the Officers took him out of the Hands of the Multitude; and, as it happen'd, treated him worſe themſelves. But his Two Friends got him off however in the Concluſion, with a *Paſs*, and a *Viaticum*, to carry him Home again; and a Piece of

Good Council over and above; never to play the Fool again with an Impetuous, and a Superſtitious Rabble.

The MORAL.

'TIS no wonder to find *Counterfeit Miracles*, where there are *Counterfeit Cripples*, and *Counterfeit Saints* to Advance and Support them. But this concludes nothing, either to the Scandal, or the Credit of any Religion, unleſs People will make *an Article of Faith*, of an *Impoſture*. The Multitude, we ſee, are equally Violent in Both the Extremes, of either *Crying-up*, or *Exploding* theſe Dark and Wonderful Operations, whether True or Falſe. The Beſt way will be to think Reverendly on the One hand, and to Act with Caution, and Sobriety, on the Other: without running into the Captious Queſtion, *whether Miracles be ceas'd or not?* They may be found as Neceſſary, for ought we know, for the *Maintenance* of the *Chriſtian Faith*, as they were for the *Introducing* of it. But in One Word, *the whole World's a Cheat, and all that's in't*; and there's no drawing of *Inferences* from *Impoſtures*.

56. An Ignorant Statuary.

A Young Novice of a *Carver*, that was juſt ſetting up for himſelf, got the Beſt *Marble Block* he could lay his Hand on, to begin withal. This Man was the Greateſt Maſter of his Art upon the Face of the Earth, in his own Opinion, and the worſt that ever Water wet, in every Body's elſe. His Father indeed was a Famous Man in that Way; and working in the ſame Houſe with his Son, he was ſtill at hand to ſet him Right when he did amiſs, and to hold him to his Proportions: for without *Symmetry* he told him, all the reſt was but *Hap-hazzard*. But let the Father ſay what he would, the Son did what him liſted, and ply'd his Chizzel, without either Fear or Wit. In ſhort, when he had proceeded almoſt to the Finiſhing of his Project, out came ſo Horrid a Figure, that the very Spectacle tranſported him to diſcharge his Choler upon the Marble.

Ah Thou Ungrateful Wretch, ſays he, *Is This the Fruit of a Six Month's Labour? Is it for Thee, that I have renounc'd the World and all that's Pleaſant in't, to be paid at laſt with a* Phantome, *inſtead of a* Man? *Why what a* Hawk's Noſe *have we got here! and what a* Sparrow-Mouth! *How is This* Forehead *Pinch'd! And here's a* Hand *again, twice too Long for the Arm. What a* Burſten Belly's *here! and a Pair of* Miſ-ſhapen, Crooked Shanks *to ſupport it.* Well, well! ſays the Wide-mouth'd *Statue*, and who's to Blame, I beſeech you, that I am no Handſomer? You had Matter enough to work upon, but you ſpoil'd it in the Making. Now if you had taken Direction and Good Advice, when it was offer'd you, the mending only of Two Faults would have done the Work: that is to ſay, you took away *too Much*, in *ſome* Places, and *too Little*, in *others*.

The MORAL.

WHEN a Conceited Noddy, that can do nothing conſiderable of himſelf, will neither take Warning from what he does amiſs, nor Councel how to do Better, ſuch an Undertaker muſt needs run into a Thouſand Errours; when he has neither Rule nor Judgment to walk by; but with the *Statuary* here in the *Fable*, let the Matter be never ſo Fair, he'll be ſure to ſpoil all in the Manage. And whence comes all this now, but either from *Underdoing* or from *Over-doing*, and for want of Hitting the True *Medium*, betwixt *too Much*, and *too Little*. This is the Caſe, in One word, not only of our *Statuary*, but of every Man living, in all the Miſcarriages and the Extravagances of Húmane Life.

57. Sumptuary Laws.

THE Common way of Reſtraining Luxurious Exceſſes, by *Sumptuary Laws*, has been ſtill found either too Looſe, or too Rigorous. But the *Syracuſians* and the *Lacedemonians*, had the good Luck to hit upon a more Effectual, and Prudential Mean betwixt Both: which was in truth, rather an Allowance of them, upon ſuch

and ſuch certain Conditions, then a Point-blank Prohibition; As for Example.

There was a Law enacted among them, that no Women but *Common Whores* ſhould preſume to wear either *Gold* or *Purple*. And *Seleucus* went the ſame way to work too, among the *Locrines*; by a Decree that no Woman ſhould dare to walk the Streets with more then *One Maid-Servant* to attend her, unleſs ſhe were *Drunk*; nor to wear any *Jewels*, unleſs ſhe were a *Profeſt Proſtitute*.

This was much the Caſe of the *Mileſian Virgins* too, that in a Fit of the Spleen, took up a Humour of laying Violent Hands upon themſelves; and the Senate could not find any way of reclaiming them, but by Publiſhing an Order, that what Woman ſoever ſhould be found guilty of her own Death, her *Body* ſhould be drawn *ſtark Naked* through the *Market-place*.

The MORAL.

AN *Imaginary Honour* works more upon ſome People, then a Sence of *Conſcience* and *Duty*. It makes Men *Brave*, in ſome Caſes; *Juſt*, in Others, and keeps many a Woman *Honeſt*, in Deſpite of all Charms, and Temptations: ſo that *Pride*, and *Shame* do the Office of *Virtue*; which is a *Good Effect*, even of a *Bad Cauſe*. Laws of This Nature cannot be ſaid yet to Cure the Intemperance of a Luxurious Mind: but rather to Stifle and Smother, or at leaſt to Diſguiſe it. The Fouleſt of Criminals make it a Point of Honour, at the very Gibbet, to be True to one another; and how Falſe ſoever to the Publique, not to be Rogues yet among themſelves.

58. A Butcher and his Dog.

AS a *Butcher* was playing his *Dog* at a *Bull*, the *Bull*, firſt Toſs'd the *Dog*, and then the *Maſter*, who fell Stone-Dead upon the Place. They try'd all Manner of *Bear-Garden-Cordials* to bring him to himſelf again: but when they ſaw nothing would do: Well! ſays one of the *Heroes* of the Pit, *there's the Beſt Back-ſword-Man in the Field gone. PLAY ANOTHER DOG.*

The

The MORAL.

WHAT is the whole World now, at This rate of Proceeding, but *a Larger Bear-Garden?* And it is as much the ſame Thing in Camps, Courts of Juſtice, and great Councels, as we find it here in This Encounter. 'Tis all but *Fending and Proving*, as we ſay: *ſtaving and* Tayling and Tearing one another to Pieces, till the End of One Diſpute is made the Beginning of Another. As in effect, what's the *Playing of another Dog*, but *the Calling of another Cauſe*; and carrying on the Sport all This while, into a Reſtleſs, Endleſs Contention!

59. A Plea for Cowardice.

THere was a Soldier try'd by a Councel of War for *Cowardice*, and pleaded for himſelf, that he did not run away for fear of the Enemy: but only to try how long a Paultry Carcaſs might laſt a Man with Good looking to.

The MORAL.

THIS Reproche was as pleaſantly Fool'd-off as the Subject would well bear: but the Jeſt, upon the Upſhot, did more Hurt then Good, as it became a Memorial of the Diſgrace; for ſo long as the Conceit is remember'd, the Scandal ſhall never be Forgotten. Wherefore the Soldier ſhould rather have kept the Phancy to himſelf, then to have ſtampt it with ſo Remarkable a *Memorandum*, into a *Record* of the Infamy.

It was much ſuch another Turn of a *Put-off*, the Poor-fellow's Excuſe he had a *Privy Maim* about him, and was not in Condition to bear Arms. Now the *Privy Maim* he ſpake of, was a *Faint Heart*. He found there was no Room for an Argument, and ſo turn'd it off with a Conceit.

60. A Dog that was afraid of Rain.

IT was obſerv'd in a Family with all Sorts of Dogs in't, that one Curr among the reſt would never be gotten out of the Houſe in Rainy Weather. His Fellows

lows took Notice of it; and would never let him be quiet till he told them the Meaning on't: which, in ſhort was This: I was terribly ſcalt once, a great while ago, and I have been afraid of Water, ſays he, ever ſince. His Companions told him he talk'd like a Fool, for *Rain-Water* was Cold, and there could be no Danger in it. *Well, well!* ſays he, *let it be* Hot, *or let it be* Cold, *'tis Water ſtill; and how ſhall I know whether it be the one or the other, till I feel it?* and by That time, it will be too late to prevent the Miſchief.

The MORAL.

THIS Dog's Caution, is as good as a Lecture of Humane Prudence to Mankind; for we are ſo far many times from avoiding Reſemblances of Evil, that we repeat the very Evil it ſelf; and in Defiance of Conſcience, and Experience, run into the ſame Snare over and over again. The Dog does well to Deliberate, but fails for want of Diſtinguiſhing. A *Cordial*, and a *Poiſonous Potion*, may look like one another, but the Miſtake is never the leſs Mortal, for the Innocent Reſemblance. The taking of one Thing for another may be Fatal in ſome Caſes, and ſo may the very Doubt, and Diſtruſt, in others.

'Tis the Common Misfortune of Humane Frailty to take Good for Evil, and Evil for Good, and we are at a loſs many Times to make a Right Judgment of Things, and to determin which is which: that is to ſay, we are blinded by Prepoſſeſſions, againſt the Lights of Truth; and Partial in Favour of what we wiſh for and Deſire. 'Tis good, in ſhort to be *Cautious*, but it is nevertheleſs Dangerous, not to be *Sure*: 'Tis Folly to Fear without a Cauſe, but a Direct Madneſs, not to be Wary where there is a Reaſonable Ground for't.

61. A Gentleman and his Lawyer.

A Gentleman that had a Suit in *Chancery*, was call'd upon by his Councel to put in his *Anſwer*, for fear of incurring a *Contempt*. *Well!* ſays the Cavalier, *and* why *is not my* Anſwer *put in then?* How ſhould I draw your Anſwer, ſays the *Lawyer*, without knowing what you can Swear. *Pox of your Scruples!* ſays the Client again,

again, *pray'e do You the Part of* a Lawyer, *and* Draw *me a ſufficient Anſwer, and let me alone to do the part of a* Gentleman, *and* Swear *it.*

The MORAL.

THIS may ſerve for a Plain and a Short Reflexion upon the Corruptions of a Degenerate Age, when Men take Oaths, and Break them, indifferently, without any Regard to Faith, Piety, and Juſtice. And yet there is ſomewhat in the Frolique, of doing even an *Ill* Thing, with the Gayety of a Pleaſant Humour; that ſeems in ſome Degree, to attone for *the Iniquity it ſelf.* There are but too many Libertines of This Kind, that think it below the Dignity of a Man of Courage to Boggle at any Thing, for fear of *Infamy* or *Damnation.*

There goes a Story that in Old time when People kept *Lent*, and *Faſting-Days*, Two Travellers, on a Day of Abſtinence, call'd for a Couple of *Pullets* to Supper. The Woman of the Houſe told them, ſhe durſt not dreſs any *Fleſh*; but a Matter of a Mile further, they might have what they would. Very Good, ſays one of the Travellers, and why not Here as Well? *Alas!* ſays the Woman, *They are only SWORN There, and may do what they pleaſe: but for us that are BOUND, it would be our Undoing.* This is no more then to ſay, that Intereſt Governs the World, and that more or leſs, Mankind is all of a Piece.

62. The Omen of the Rats.

A Fleering Droll, that had his *Breeches Rat-eaten*, conſulted *Cato*, in a Grave Formal way, *what That Accident might Portend. Cato* gave him a Word of Comfort, and bad him ſet his Heart at Reſt, for there would come no Miſchief on't: but, ſays the Philoſopher, *if your Breeches had Eaten the Rats, it might have been Dangerous.*

The MORAL.

EVERY Man living has his Weak-ſide, and Laughs at Thoſe Fooleries in Another, that he Practices himſelf. Nay we govern our Lives, in a Great Meaſure, by the Doctrine of Good Luck and Bad; as *the Falling of the Salt*, for the Purpoſe,

or

or the *Croſſing of a Hare*; and ſo for *Things Loſt*, we conſult the Oracle of the *Sieve and Sheers*. But Men ſhould have a Care, while they pretend only to make Sport with theſe Fopperies, that they do not inſenſibly contract a Superſtitious Opinion of them. There is much of this in the Bus'neſs of *Fortune-tellers*, and thoſe that we call *Gipſyes*, or *Cunning Women*. We are enſnar'd before we are aware, and Wickedneſs in Jeſt leads us to Wickedneſs in Earneſs. There are *Implicit Contracts with the Devil* as well as *Explicit*; and People that are *over-Curious*, ſeldom fail of being *over-Credulous*.

63. Slaves to be Lett.

THere was a Bill ſet up in *Capital Letters* over the Palace-Gate of a Great Prince, with This Inſcription upon it. [HERE ARE SLAVES TO BE LETT] This Liberty, at firſt, gave Great Offence, but upon ſecond Thoughts, finding that the ſame Conceit would have been as True, and as much to the Purpoſe, any where elſe; it was look'd upon to have no more in't then a Common Caſe.

The MORAL.

THERE are many Words, Papers, and Things, that paſs for *Satyr*, and *Libel*, purely for want of underſtanding the True Force and Meaning of them; as this Bill upon the *Court-Gate* for one. 'Tis with Men in the World, as it is with Beaſts in the Market: They are all to be *Sold* if the *Bidder* can but come up to the *Price:* only One Man is a Slave to his *Pleaſures*; Another, to his *Ambition*, a Third, to his *Avarice*, a Fourth to his *Revenge*, &c. ſo that it is but finding out every Man's Weakneſs, and fitting the Bayte to the Palate, and we ſhall All be found Mercenary, upon ſome Terms or other: ſo that this Bill upon the *Palace-Gate*, would have done every jot as well upon the *Church Door* it ſelf, *Inns of Court*, *or Chancery*; and where not? So that *Quid dabitis & tradam?* may paſs with a very Slender Allowance, for the *Motto* of all *Mankind?*

64. A Musket shot upon a Practice of Piety.

A *Parliament-officer*, in the Days of *King Charles the First*, receiv'd a *Musket-Ball* upon a *Practice of Piety* he had in his Pocket, which Providential Deliverance was aſcribed by the Party, to the Righteouſneſs of the Cauſe. One of the King's Common Soldiers afterwards, receiv'd a *Musket ſhot* at the *Second Newbury*, upon a *Pack of Chards*. He took the *Bullet* and the *Chards* immediately out of his Pocket, and call'd to his *Camarades* to bear him Witneſs; that *he was now Even with the Colonel for his Practice of Piety*.

The MORAL.

LET not this be underſtood now as a ſetting up of *Vanity* againſt *Devotion*, or a *Ridiculing* of *Holy Duties*, as if there were no Difference betwixt a Sett of *Chards*, and a *Prayer-Book*. But yet it may ſerve for a Caution to us, not to lay the Streſs of Things in the Wrong place: for neither the One nor the Other ſignifies any Thing to the Merits of the Caſe: and upon the whole Matter, a Man had better be *ſav'd* by a Pack of *Chards*, in a *Righteous Cauſe*, then by a Book of *Devotion*, in a *Rebellion*: as That was the very Condition of the Caſe.

65. Dionyſius and Philoxenus.

Dionyſius had the Greateſt Ambition in the World to get the Name of an Excellent *Poet*, though one of the Worſt perhaps that ever put Pen to Paper; and yet there was a Tragedy of his that had the Approbation of almoſt all the Eminent Writers of his Time. *Never ſuch a Piece*, they cry'd, *never ſo Divine a Compoſition!* The laſt Man that had the Sight of it was *Philoxenus*; a Poet of the Firſt Form, and a Man Generous, Frank, and Well-natur'd, over and above. *Dionyſius*, in fine, gave him the Book to peruſe, and bad him ſtrike out what he did not like. *Philoxenus* made Short Work on't, and Croſs'd the whole Copy with

with a *Deleatur*, from one end to to'ther. Upon This Affront, he was taken up and carry'd away to the *Mines*, where he was kept at hard Labour, and half ſmother'd, to take down his Stomach. When he had chew'd upon it a while, *Dionyſius* ſent for him out, and put the Tragedy into his Hands once again yet, to conſider of it upon Second Thoughts. *Philoxenus* fell to reading of it again, but ſtarting up in a Paſſion, before he was got a Tenth Part through, he begg'd Leave to be gone. *Dionyſius* ask'd him *whither? Nay*, ſays he, *e'en to the* Mines *again, for of all Slaves the Flatterer is the Baſeſt.*

The MORAL.

'TIS a hard Choice, when a Man muſt either Sacrifice his Integrity, or his Freedom, as in the Caſe here of *Philoxenus*, and in Truth, one of the Common Hazzards of a *Court-Life*; But Men that are Embarqu'd in that Intereſt, muſt take their Fortune in all the *Follies* and *Vanities* that attend it. Here's a *Prince* ſetting up for a *Poet*, in Deſpite, both of *Nature*, and of *Buſ'neſs:* beſide that he falls ſhort of his Pretence, even in *That* too; and in the Opinion of *a Judge of his own chuſing.* He makes it Dangerous, in a Good Man, to act according to his *Honour*, his *Conſcience*, and his *Duty*; and *Puniſhes* That *Faith* and Honeſty, which all *Juſt*, and *Generous Princes* will take care to *Reward.* But *Philoxenus* ſtands Firm yet, under the Malice of *Oppreſſion*, and *Diſgrace*; and may ſerve, both for an *Encouragement*, and an *Example*, in that Reſolution, rather to ſuffer any Thing, then to ſink under the Infamy of a *Paraſite*, or a *Traytor.*

66. The Love of Conſtance and Martuccio.

THere was a Treaty of a Match in the Iſle of *Liparis*, betwixt a young Couple; *Martuccio Gomitto*, and *Conſtance*, by Name; but the Father of *Conſtance* brake it off, with a Contemptuous Reflexion upon the Man for his Poverty. This Affront went ſo near the Heart of *Martuccio*, that he got himſelf a Boat and a Crew, and ſo put to Sea upon Adventure, with a Vow never

to

to ſee his Country again till he ſhould have made himſelf Conſiderable in the World: He had not been long at his Trade, before he Struck into a Competent Fortune; but he went on ſo long, graſping at more, that in the end he loſt all he had gotten, in an Encounter with ſome *Saracen-Pirates*, that ſunk his Ship, and carry'd *Martuccio* himſelf a Priſoner to *Tunis*.

Ill News, they ſay, *flies apace*, and the Rumour of This Diſaſter came preſently to *Liparis*, where *Conſtance*, upon the Tidings, got privately into a Little Boat, and in the Tranſport of an Ungovernable Deſpair, ſet the Boat *a-drift*, and made out to Sea with it; laying her ſelf down at her Length, and at the Mercy of the Waves. Providence, in ſhort, ſo order'd the Matter, that the Boat was wafted aſhore by the Favour of a Gentle Gale, not far from *Suſa*, and about *a Hundred Leagues* from *Tunis*; and This was the very Night after ſhe Embarqu'd.

A Poor Woman, as ſhe was drying her Netts upon the Shore, took Notice of a Barque under Sail toward the Land, and no Body in it. Upon This, ſhe went directly down to the Sea-ſide, and there did ſhe find a Lady in the Bottom of the Boat, ſo faſt aſleep, that ſhe had much ado to wake her. She look'd about her a little Wildly at firſt, but coming to her ſelf by Degrees, and the Woman finding by her Dreſs that ſhe was a *Chriſtian*, ſhe put ſeveral Queſtions to her in *Latin*, and ſo got from her by little and little, the Short of the Story. Neither was the Lady her ſelf leſs Inquiſitive on the other hand, to know where ſhe was: And being told that ſhe was upon the Coaſt of *Barbary*, it went to the very Soul of her to find her ſelf at the Mercy of ſo Inhoſpitable a People. But the Poor Woman, to Comfort her what ſhe could, took the Lady, in Pure Pity and Good Nature, to a homely Cottage of her own, where ſhe gave her the Beſt Entertainment the Habitation and her Condition could afford. Upon This Occaſion, ſhe told the Lady that her Name was *Carapreſa*, and for her Quality, and Bus'neſs, ſhe

was

was a Servant to a Certain Fiſherman. *Conſtance*, finding her Honour and Safety in ſo good Hands, committed her ſelf wholly to the Advice and Conduct of This Woman, who accordingly took her into her Particular Care.

Pray'e give me leave in the Firſt place, ſays *Carapreſa*, to go back and look after my Netts, and I ſhall then wait upon you to *Suſa*, and put you into the hand of a *Saracen-Lady*, that I am ſure will treat you as *her own Fleſh and Bloud*. *Carapreſa* did as ſhe ſaid, and the Lady bad *Conſtance* Welcome, with all the Tenderneſs and Eſteem imaginable. There were *ſeveral Women* at Work upon Embroideries, and other Curioſities, and not ſo much as *One Man* to be in the Company. But *Conſtance*, in the Mean time, was Liſted into the Family, and Behaved her ſelf to the Perfect Satisfaction of the whole Houſe.

In This *Interim*, there happen'd a War betwixt the Then King of *Tunis*, and a Powerful Pretender to That Title, who was already in the Head of a Mighty Army, to aſſert his Claym. *Martuccio* ſpake the Tongue, and as he was talking of This Matter with one of his Keepers. *Well!* ſays he, *if I were to adviſe the King, he ſhould certainly carry the Day.* This came to the King's Ear, and *Martuccio* was preſently ſent for, and conſulted in't.

Sir, ſay *Martuccio*, the Great Execution in your way of Fighting, is by *Bow and Arrows*; ſo that if you can but make your Arrows Uſeleſs to the Enemy, and ſerviceable to your ſelf, the Work is done. Right, ſays the King, if that were poſſible. Why then with Submiſſion, ſays *Martuccio*, let your Bow-ſtrings be Gentle, and they'll fit any Arrows: but then the Nock of your Arrow muſt be ſo Strait, and Little too, that a Round, Hard String will not receive them. By This Means your Arrows will be of no Uſe to the Enemy, and Theirs Advantagious to you. The King took the Councel and got the Victory by it, and *Martuccio*, of a *Slave* became a *Favourite*; beſide the Reputation he got for ſo memorable a Piece of Service. Upon

Upon the Fame of This Glorious Exployt, and of *Martuccio*'s Preferment, *Conſtance* was out of all Patience to know the Truth of Things, and ſo made the *Saracen-Lady* her *Confident* in the whole Story of the Adventure, and of the Paſſionate deſire ſhe had to go to *Tunis* as ſoon as poſſible. The Lady took Boat with her immediately, and a way to a Kinſman of hers upon the Place, and *Carapreſa* along with her. Upon her Arrival at *Tunis*, ſhe found out *Martuccio* himſelf, where ſhe gave him the Firſt Tidings of his Miſtreſs, and brought the Two Lovers together. The Tendernesſes that naturally paſs upon Surprizes of This Quality, are only to be expreſs'd by Thoſe that Feel them.

But to conclude; when they had pour'd out their Hearts one to another, the Hiſtory of *This Amour* was carry'd to the *King*; who was ſo ſenſibly mov'd with the Providence of That Deliverance, and the Generous Conduct of their Affections, that he made them Both *Rich Preſents*, gave them leave to Marry after their own Way, and a Paſs for *Liparis*, where they were receiv'd with all Joy and Magnificence, and the Marriage completed in Form with the Due Rites and Solemnities; neither were the New-marry'd Couple wanting in any Reſpect of Generoſity, and Gratitude, to their Obliging Benefactreſſes.

The MORAL.

THE Firſt Article of This *Novel* ſhews us, in the Contempt that was put upon *Martuccio* for his *Poverty*; that it is *Mony* Governs the World, with little or no Regard to *Blood*, *Bravery*, or *Merit*.

It ſhews us again, that a *Great Mind* ſurmounts all the Difficulties of a *Groſs Fortune*; and that *Providence* turns all the *Diſaſters*, and *Diſappointments* that attend *Glorious Undertakings*, to our *Honour* and *Advantage*. What was it but *Providence*, that made the very *Winds* and the *Seas*, Friends to a *Hopleſs*, *Helpleſs Lady*; in the Extremity of an Innocent Diſtreſs! And it was *the ſame Providence again*, that turn'd *Barbary* it ſelf into a Place of *Refuge*; and inſpir'd the Hearts of an *Infidel Prince*, and an *Inhoſpitable People*, with all the Softneſſes of a *Chriſtian Charity*, and with a *Generous*, *Heroical Gratitude*, over and above.

67. An Old Lyon and a Young.

A *Lyon* that was engag'd in a Foreign War, committed *his only Son and Heir*, in the *Interim* of his *Abſence*, to the Care of a *Favourite-Miniſter*, to ſee him brought up according to his Birth and Quality. He was as yet too Young for Leſſons of *State*, and *Military Exerciſes*, ſo that his Preſent Entertainment was only among the Pleaſures of the *Forreſts*, where he had all the *Drolls* of the Woods and the Mountains to divert him.

At the End of ſome *Six Months*, the *Old Lyon* return'd Victorious. And there did he find the *Young Lyon* conning over all the Phantaſtical and Ridiculous *Cryes*, *Motions*, and *Actions* of his *Play-fellows:* as one while he would be imitating the *Jack-Pudding-Tricks* of an *Ape*; the *Slouch* of a *Bear*, the *Limp* of a *Badger*, the *Grimace* of a *Munky*, and the like: another while, the *Bray* of an *Aſs*, the *Grunt* of a *Swine*, the *Houle* of a *Wolfe*, the *Mew* of a *Kitlen*; and all This, for want of ſorting the People about him to his Dignity and Bus'neſs. So it was, in fine, that it brake his Heart to find that he was like to have a *Buffoon* for his *Royal Succeſſor*.

The MORAL.

THIS Phancy of the *Old Lyon* and the *Young*, is the very Hiſtory of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day. *A Knock in the Cradle*, as we ſay, ſpoils all; and it is the work of an Age to Repair the Miſcarriage of an Hour. A Falſe Step in the Inſtitution, is as much many times, as Soul, Body, and Eſtate are worth: and the moſt Neceſſary and Important Offices of Humane Life, are, effectually, Thoſe early Cares and Proviſions, which we do neither duly Conſider, nor rightly Underſtand.

Children are, effectually, Form'd among the *Nurſes*, and *thoſe about them*, and whatever they *See*, or *Hear*, even before they come to the Exerciſe of *Reaſon*, and the Knowledge of *Good and Evil*, is no other then a *Lecture* to them; for *Shewing*, is *Teaching*. Wherefore we cannot be too Careful in the

the Choice of *Servants*, and of what *Examples* we ſet before them. And not only for their Honeſty and Diſcretion neither, but for their very *Make*, *Perſons*, *Behaviour*, and *Addreſs*; *Voice*, *Countenance*, and finally, *Good Manners* over and above: for if there be any *Deformity*, as *Crookedneſs*, *Lameneſs*; any *Uncouth Sight*; as *Squinting*, *Gogling*, *Diſtortion* of the *Mouth*, and the like; any *Sluttiſh*, or *wanton Behaviour*, they'll be ſure to *Mimick* it. So that the *Failings* of *Children*, are but too frequently the *Errours* of their *Guides* and *Governours*; and the *Tutor* has many times as much need of a *Leſſon* as the *Pupil*. It is not to be expected all This while, that Men ſhould come into the World without Faults; but the Fewer however the Better, and it would be well if Parents would only entertain ſuch Perſons about their Children, as they would be willing they ſhould *Imitate*.

The Firſt Thing to be done, is to Cheriſh and Encourage *Good Nature* in a Child: and to ſuffer nothing in him that looks *Hard*, and *Cruel*; as Torturing of *Birds*; Tearing of *Cats*; Pricking and Tormenting of *Flyes*, *&c.* which will inſenſibly create ill Habits, and Diſpoſitions, toward Reaſonable Creatures too. Suffer no *Lying*, or *Falſe-dealing* in him; for *Fraud* in a *Child*, will grow up to be downright *Knavery* in a Man. Train him up to the Love and Practice of *Good Morals*, by the Help of *Embleme*, *Picture*, *Fable*, *Alluſion*, *Profitable Hiſtory*, or *good Example*; inſtead of *Old Wives Tales*, *Scurrilous*, *Paltry Songs*, and *Idle Stories*: for Mean Company, Mean Likings, Courſe Language or Behaviour, Looſe Words, and Scandalous Actions, Corrupt the very *Nature* of a Child; eſpecially when it comes to be *Hagg-ridden* with Tales of *Devils*, *Spirits*, *Goblins*, *Fairyes*, &c. which turns the Brain many Times to ſuch a Degree, that it never comes right again. But This is a Caution to the *Tutor* rather then to the *Pupil*.

68. Mahomet and his Miſtreſs.

UPon the 29*th* of *May*, and in the Year of our Lord 1453. *Mahomet the Second* took *Conſtantinople*; and he had a Preſent made him by a *Turkiſh Officer*, of one of the moſt Agreeable Creatures that ever was look'd upon; her Name, *Irene*. She was at That time about *Sixteen or Seventeen Years of Age*, and a Priſoner to This Officer. The *Prince* was *Youthful*, and *Wanton*,

and his very Heart and Soul ſo taken up with This Charming Lady, that he minded nothing elſe. For a matter of Three Years, they liv'd together in all manner of Liberty, without Control: and the Care of the Government in That *Interim*, was commited to a *Baſſa*, who moſt Tyrannically abus'd his Truſt in the Oppreſſion of the People. Now the *Janizaryes* were not only *Weary*, but *Aſham'd* of That Mean and Unmanly way of Menage, in ſacrificing the Honour of the Empire to a Strumpet. This was their General Senſe, and Opinion; though no body had the Courage as yet to take Notice of it. But the People fell off by little and little, and as they cool'd in their Fidelity and Affections, they ſecretly wiſh'd for a more Competent Governour in *Mahomet*'s place; for the Common Good both of the *Empire* and *People*. But ſee what came on't in the Concluſion.

As *Mahomet* was walking once in his Garden, [illegible] comes *Muſtapha*, a Man of Great Honour, and Bravery, directly to him: and after the decency of an Excuſe for what he had to ſay, enter'd into a Free Diſcourſe upon the State of the Publique. He lay'd it before the Emperour, how he had loſt the Hearts of his People, and how Cheap he had made himſelf and his Dignity, by a Careleſs Diſſolution of Order and Government, even to the Degree of endangering the very Foundations of the Monarchy; and all This for a Pittiful Babby of a Woman. *Sir*, ſays he, *you ſtand upon the Brink of a Precipice, and pray'e have a Care how you Degenerate from the Character of your Victorious Anceſtors.* This put the Emperour upon the Fret, who was ſo divided betwixt his Honour, and his Inclinations, that he had much ado to reſolve which way to turn himſelf. But in the Concluſion, he gave *Muſtapha* a Gentle Reproof for talking more than became him: but that for This once he would paſs it all over out of a Reſpect to his Paſt Services. And he told him further alſo, that it ſhould not be long, before he would give himſelf and the World to underſtand, that he was no Slave to his Pleaſures. *And*

And now, Muſtapha, *ſays he, go you and order all the* Baſſas *and* Military Officers *in* Conſtantinople, *to attend me to Morrow at Court: for I am reſolv'd to eat in Publique. And* Muſtapha, *ſays* Mahomet, *I would have* You *there too; and pray'e Dreſs your ſelves as Fine as Hands can make you.* When every Thing was ready, and the Company gathered together, up comes the Emperour Himſelf, after a long Expectation, with his Miſtreſs in his Left hand, and the Nobility receiving him with an Honour and Veneration anſwerable to the Quality of the Occaſion.

Mahomet advances into the Middle of the Room, and There makes a Stop, with all his Courtiers about him. When he had View'd them All with a Stern Countenance; one after another: *My Maſters*, ſays he, *you ſee This Lady here. Is there any Man living, do you think now, that will blame me for being Captivated by ſo Divine a Beauty?* They all agreed (according to the *Court-Humour* and Way) that his Love was ſo well plac'd, he could not do either *leſs* then he did, or *Better. So much for that then, ſays* Mahomet, *and I am now about to ſhew you, that no Temptation under the Sun can tranſport me to the doing of any Thing Unworthy of my Family.* With That Word he took his *Miſtreſs* by the *Haire* with his *Left Hand*, and *Cut off her Head* with his *Right*, in the Face of all the People; and Theſe Words in his Mouth, upon the Finiſhing of the Work: [*you are all ſatisfy'd I hope, by This Time, that the Emperour is ſtill Maſter of Himſelf.*]

Brantome tells us of ſuch another Act of *Barbarity*, in the Story of a Nobleman that ſurpriz'd his Wife in the Arms of her Gallant. He *kill'd* the *Cavalier* upon the Place, and then in *Revenge*, bound them Body to Body: till the *Stench* of the *Dead Carcaſs* poyſon'd the *Living*.

The MORAL.

WHOEVER reads This Horrible Outrage, will naturally reflect upon the Snares and Miſeryes that attend a Licentious, and an Unlawful Love: eſpecially in a *Prince* that abandons

himſelf to his *Pleaſures*, and to the Humour of *Paraſites*, and *Buffoons*; to the neglect of his Fame, his People and his Duty.

We find in *Muſtapha*'s Part, the Benefit, and the Neceſſity, of a *Faithful Servant*, and the Danger of attempting a *Good Office* in ſo Deſperate a *Criſis*. We are told alſo in the Cloſe, that Violent Paſſions run all into Extremes, and that Tenderneſs it ſelf degenerates into a Brutal Cruelty, as if it were a Piece of *Bravery*, to be *Inhumane*. And the ſame Moral agrees likewiſe with the Laſt Inſtance of *Brantome*.

69. Apollo's Reverence for Truth.

BOccalini makes *Apollo* to have ſo great a Veneration for *Truth*, that he forbad the very *Poets Themſelves* the Uſe of any *Extravagant Fictions* in their *Writings*, that are not to be found in *Nature*. The Poets mov'd by their Councel for a *Revocation* of the *Decree*, unleſs the Prohibition might extend to *Orators*, *Hiſtorians*, and the reſt of the *Virtuoſi*, as well as to *Poets*: for what are *Courtiers without Fraud*; *Stateſmen* without *Intereſt*; *Fleſh and Bloud* without *Paſſion*: and *Princes* without *Ambition*; but as arrant *Fables*, as *Phœnixes*, *Baſilisks*, and *Centaurs*! and if the World were but well examin'd, a Body might find as many of the One as of the Other.

The MORAL.

'TIS a Hard Caſe for *Poets* to be barr'd the Uſe and Ornament of *Unnatural Fictions*; and for *Orators*, and *Hiſtorians*, at the ſame time, to be left at Liberty, in their *Characters*, and *Images*, to make uſe of *more Extravagant Figures*: but it is a Humour in Faſhion, to make a Beauty of whatever we have got before us, though the *Devil Himſelf* ſhould ſit for the *Picture*. For what are all our *Dedications* and *Addreſſes*, but Common-Places of what People *Ought* to be, impos'd upon the World for what they *Are*? Now Theſe high Flights are all made up for Flattery, and Fiction, without the leaſt reſemblance of the Original.

70. Truth and Falshood.

IN the Days of *Simplicity* and *Plain-Dealing*, *Truth* had ſo much Credit in the World, that *Falſhood* it ſelf, in the Perſon of the Arranteſt *Hypocrite* under the Sun, fell directly in love with her. The *Diſſembler* had Wit and Words at Will, and ſo moving an Innocence in the telling of his Tale, that his Miſtreſs immediately enclined to entertain a Treaty, and there needed hardly Two Words to the Bargain; only ſhe deſir'd the Meſſenger to tell his Maſter, that ſhe could do nothing without an *Enterview*; for That was a Thing not to be done in a *Hurry*. The Spark, upon This Encouragement, tricks himſelf up immediately as fine as Fingers could make him, and ſo away in That very Inſtant upon a Viſit to the Lady: where he found *Truth* waiting at the Door, with a Tranſparent Silken Veyl thrown over her, and little better then ſtark Naked, ready to receive him. His Firſt Compliment ran much upon the Topique of *Oaths*, and *Proteſtations*, of the Infinite Veneration he had for her: and all Theſe *Hyperboles* accompany'd with the moſt ſenſible Tenderneſſes in Nature. Well! Sir, ſays *Truth*, to deal Freely with you, if you Mean as you ſay, you muſt e'en ſtrip in the Firſt place, as Naked as you ſee me, for I am reſolv'd, both to ſee and to know, what I am to truſt to. He told her it ſhould be done, and ſo march'd off in a Tranſport at the Graces of ſo Excellent a Perſon: But in This *Interim*, reflecting within himſelf, what a Monſter it would make Him appear, to have all his Private Deformities and Imperfections lay'd open, he took ſuch a Check upon the very Thought on't, that in the ſame Moment he turn'd his Back upon his Ador'd Miſtreſs, *Truth*, ſtruck up a League with *Diſſimulation*, and ſo they Two went their way together and made a *Match* on't.

The MORAL.

NOTHING more Common then *Hypocriſy*, *Fraud*, and *Impoſture*, under the *Name*, or *Maſque*, of *Conſcience*, *Good Faith*, and *Plain-dealing*: and no ſuch way to expoſe the Cheat, as by ſtripping quite Naked on Both Sides: for *Truth hath nothing to cover that ſhe need be aſham'd of*. We are all apt however to phancy our ſelves in the Poſſeſſion of That *Truth*, and that we *love* it, and *underſtand* it as we ought to do: when yet betwixt *Idle Imaginations*, *Looſe Opinions*, and *Corrupt Affections*, we find that we do neither This, That, nor t'Other, as we ſhould do: but look at Things through *Falſe Lights*, and ſet them off with *Falſe Colours*; whereas *Truth* is never ſo Glorious as in the Native Simplicity of her own Beauty, abſtracted from the Vanities of External Pomp and Splendor.

This is to mind us alſo, that we value our ſelves more upon the Ornament of *Appearances*, then upon the Dignity of *Conduct*, and *Good Manners*; and that we take more pains to *ſeem* to be, what we are *Not*, then to *Be* what we *ſeem*. So that *Truth* is but a kind of an *Imaginary Point*; a *Mark* ſet-up rather to be *ſhot* at then *Hit*, and he that comes neareſt, Winns the Prize. Now at This rate, the whole Story of our Extravagant Pretences to Virtue, and Wiſdom, comes to little more in the Concluſion, then *Paradox*, and *Declamation*.

71. The Lyon Crown'd.

IT is the Humour of ſome *Beaſts*, as well as of ſome *Men*, to make bold with their Superiours: witneſs the Caſe of a certain *Lyon*, that had his Crown ſnatch'd from his Head by a Crew of his Rebellious Subjects. They had no Exception, they ſaid, either to his *Quality*, or to his *Virtues*, but he was *Superannuate*, and too Old to Govern. The Preſent King was no ſooner depos'd, but the People came immediately to the very Point of Cutting Throats who ſhould ſucceed him. Now the Pretenders, in *Nomination*, were a *Fox*, a *Monky*, and a *Boar*. The *Fox* valu'd himſelf upon the Royal Faculties of *Policy*, and *Intrigue*, the *Ape* for an Obliging Turn of *Addreſs*, and the *Buffoon-art* of making

ing People *Merry*. But the *Boar* told them, in ſhort, that no Prince could keep the Crown on his Head without *Power*; and that neither the *Fox's Quirks*, nor the *Ape's Volubility* in the ſcattering of his *Good Graces*, ſignify'd any Thing at all to the ordering of a *State*. The Vote, in one Word, paſs'd for the *Boar*, but when they came to the *Coronation*, his *Head* was ſo out of Shape, that the *Crown* would not ſit *ſteady* upon it. They try'd the *Foxes* Head next, and This was as much too *Little*, as they found the *Baboon's* Head, afterward, too *Big*: and ſo they concluded among themſelves, that no Head would fit it ſo well as That which was made for't.

The MORAL.

AUDIN has couch'd a Great deal of Profitable Matter under This Cover. It is much Eaſier to Unſettle one Government, by the Art and Power of a Faction, then to eſtabliſh Another out of That Confuſion. *Sovereignty* will hardly ſit well but upon the Right Shoulders. Popular Diſlikes are ſtill follow'd with Worſe Inconveniencies: And it is the ſame Thing for the Multitude to take upon them to Reform, and to take upon them to Govern. Allow them to *Cenſure ſome Laws*, and they'll *endure None*: and from the Liberty of *Blaming* the Adminiſtration, they'll advance to the Freedom of *Controlling* it. Wherefore the Proviſion of the *Locrines* was not amiſs, in the Caſe of *New Laws*, when they order'd that no Man ſhould offer a *New Law* but with *a Rope about his Neck*. The *Prince* muſt be ſacred, whatever the *Perſon* is, and the *Perſon* muſt be ſo too, for the *Prince's* ſake.

This Fable ſtrikes likewiſe upon the Danger of Innovations, and ſhews us that it is a Thing next to Impoſſible, for any State to continue long, where the People are made Judges of the Incapacity of the Ruler.

72. Three Wiſhes.

THere are ſome parts of the World, they ſay, where *Spirits* do the Office of *Servants*; and they do it with wonderful Care and Addreſs, and, (which is a Great Matter) without Noyſe too. They look to the Manage

Manage of the *Houſe*, they Dreſs the *Gardens*; Till the *Grounds*, and in all Caſes of *Husbandry* and *Convenience*, they conſult the Profit, the Credit, and the Pleaſure of their Maſters; provided always, that no other Creature preſume to intermeddle in their Province.

One of Theſe Spirits, that had been a long time in the Service of a *Rich Burgher*, happen'd to be call'd away by his Principal to attend ſome other Commiſſion, but out of the Affection he bare to his Maſter and Miſtreſs, he obtain'd a Favour for them, as a Token of his Reſpect.

I have order, ſays he, *to his Maſter and Miſtreſs, to make ready to be gone, and perhaps at a Day's Warning; for the Time is Uncertain: but I am allow'd however to make you This Offer before I go. Bethink your ſelves of what you have the Greateſt Mind to in This World; put your Demands into* Three Wiſhes, *and no more; and I am to aſſure you in the Name of my Superiour that they ſhall be all made good to you.*

The Maſter and Miſtreſs lay'd their Heads together, and the Firſt Thing they pitch'd upon, was *WEALTH*. Their *Coffers* were immediately fill'd with *Treaſure*; their *Barns* and *Granaries* with *Corn*; their *Vaults* and *Cellars* with *Wine*, and Other Precious Liquors: and all in ſuch Plenty too, over and above, that they wanted *Stowage* for their *Stores*. Under Theſe Circumſtances, there was ſuch a Buſtle, with Toſſing and Tumbling Things, to Range and keep them in Order; ſuch a Rout with *Clerks*, *Regiſters*, and *Wayters*, that they had hardly an Eating, or a Sleeping time, for the Perpetual Hurry. To ſay nothing of the Hourly Dread they were in, for fear of *Thieves*, *Houſe-Breakers*; *Deſperate Debts* from *Beggarly Lords*; *Extortionous Seizures*, *Unmerciful Publicans*, and *Tax-Gatherers*. So it was in fine; that they made it their *Second Wiſh*, to be deliver'd from the Miſeries of a *Superfluous Plenty*; which they had brought upon themſelves by the Inadvertency of the Former.

They were now reſtor'd by *This Wiſh*, to the Bleſſed State of the Mediocrity they enjoy'd before; but the *Third* was yet to come, and the *Spirit* upon the very Point of taking his Flight. In This Diſtreſs, they call'd out in all Haſt for WISDOM, as the only Security they could depend upon, againſt the *Paſſions* of *Humane Frailty*, and the *Iniquities* of *Fortune*.

The MORAL.

THIS Levity, of *Wiſhing*, and *Unwiſhing*, is, in one Word, the Great Buſ'neſs and Miſtake of Humane Life; and the Doctrine is briefly This. Our Hopes are not of This World; and therefore let every Man lay a Foundation of Happineſs to himſelf, in the Satisfaction of his Conſcience, and the Faithful diſcharge of his Duty, both to God and Man: without laſhing out into the Vanities of Inſatiable Appetites and Deſires. He that's Sick of the *Preſent*, and thinks to Eaſe himſelf by *Shifting*, ſhall never be well: for every Change is but a Tranſition from One Preſent, and one Uneaſyneſs, to another; and there's no thought of pleaſing any Man that cannot Pleaſe Himſelf. To ſumm up all in a little. The *Firſt Wiſh* ſhews us what we are when we are left to our ſelves. The *Second*, is only making the Beſt of a Bad Game, and renouncing in One Breath what we ſought and pray'd for in Another. The *Third* was *Solomon*'s *Firſt Choice*, WISDOM; the only ſure and ſteady Guide in all Difficulties: if it had but been the *Firſt Wiſh*, inſtead of the Laſt; for upon This Pinch, it was an Act of *Neceſſity*, rather then a Motion of *Free Will*.

73. The Force of Jealouſy and Revenge.

MAny a Good Woman leads the Life almoſt of Hell it ſelf, under the Implacable and Incurable Jealouſies of a Barbarous Husband; and commonly, the Better ſhe deſerves, the Worſe ſhe is treated.

Boccace gives an Inſtance of This in the Caſe of the Fair Wife of one *Arimino*, a Rich Merchant. She was neither to *ſee*, nor to be *ſeen*; but cloſe kept up, with hardly the Benefit of Common Air. This Uſage ſet her Wits to Work, either for Eaſe, or for Revenge; and

and ſhe bethought her ſelf at laſt of one *Philippo*, a Proper Young Fellow, the very Next Door to her, and only a Wall betwixt them: ſo that if ſhe could but open a Way of Communication thorough that Partition, the Work ſhe thought would be as good as half done. She took her Time once, in her Husbands Abſence, to examine every Inch of This Wall, where ſhe ſpy'd at laſt the Glimmering of a Light, that ſtruck through a Chink in a Dark Corner, into a Fair Chamber in the Next Houſe; and the Place cover'd with a Hanging. Upon This Diſcovery, ſhe made her Maid her Confident, who, upon further Enquiry, found That Appartment to be *Philippo's Quarter*. Upon This Intimation, her Miſtreſs quickly made the Crack wide enough for a *Whiſpering-Hole*, and there began the *Intrigue*.

Chriſtmas being now at hand, the Woman deſir'd leave of her Husband to go to *Confeſſion*, as other People did. *Very Good*, ſays he, *and what have you to Confeſs, I beſeech you?* Why my Dear, *ſays ſhe*, your Wife is Fleſh and Bloud as well as her Neighbours; but you are no *Prieſt*, to take her *Confeſſion*. The Man was Nettled at This, but told her however, that ſhe might go, provided ſhe went early in the Morning, and to his own Chaplain, or to ſome other Prieſt at leaſt of his Recommendation; and upon Condition to come back immediately ſo ſoon as the Work was done.

She went to Chappel at the Time appointed, tho' not ſo early neither, but her Husband was there before her. She went firſt to the *Chaplain*, but he was buſy it ſeems, and recommended her to *Another Holy Man*; (as he call'd him) which was, in Truth, her *Husband*, in a *Prieſt's-Habit*, and a *Confeſſion ſeat*. In the Courſe of her *Confeſſion*, ſhe declar'd, that having been tempted, and provok'd to Lewdneſs, beyond her Strength, by an Unmerciful *Husband*, ſhe had a *Frier* that lay with her every Night, and her Husband at the ſame time in Bed with her himſelf. This Story would have made her Husband ſtark Mad, if his Curioſity to hear

it

it out, had not reſtrain'd him. *Well!* ſays ſhe, *how it is I know not, but This* Frier *does his Buſ'neſs certainly by the* Black Art; *for all the Doors of the Houſe fly open to him whenever he comes: and 'tis but muttering a Few Words before he enters; and my Husband falls preſently into ſo Profound a Sleep, as if he lay nnder ſome* Enchantment. But Daughter, ſays the pretended Confeſſor, I do not find any *Repentance* in you for what you have done, or the leaſt *Chriſtian Reſolution* never to do it again. *No, no Sir*; ſays ſhe, *I muſt not tell you a Lye, when I am upon ſo holy a Duty. I neither* Do Repent, *nor ever* Can Repent, *of any Thing I ever did with That* Frier; *I love him ſo dearly.* Why then ſays he, your Caſe is Deſperate, and you can have no Abſolution. But you ſhall have my Prayers however, for the Grace of a True Penitent; and yet let me ſee —— *I could ſend one to you* —— *No, no, Sir*, ſays ſhe, (cutting him ſhort at That Word) *let there be no ſending to our Houſe*, I beſeech you, *for my Good Man has a Phancy that the very Ratts behind the Hangings, are all* Cuckold-makers; *and that his own* Shadow *makes* Horns *at him.*

After *Confeſſion*, ſhe goes to Maſs, and ſo Home again according to Covenants; and there did ſhe find her Husband in his own Shape, and moſt confoundedly Muſty, but he put it off with a Flamm as well as he could. *He was to go abroad by and by*, he ſaid, *and ſee her no more till next Morning, wherefore pray'e*, ſays he, *let the Doors be well Lockt, and Bolted, for fear of Thieves.* She told him every Thing ſhould be done, and ſo he went away for That Night.

The Husband was no ſooner out of the Door, but up goes the Wife to the *Whiſpering-place*, with a Particular Hiſtory of the whole Affair; and hinting, as by the By, how eaſily any Man that had a Mind 'to't, might ſlip out of the Gutter of the Next Houſe into their Garret Window, while the Husband ſtood watching below at the Street Door; which was certainly his Deſign, as it appear'd by the Sequel.

Philip

Philip took the matter right, and by That Light found a Way to his *Miſtreſſes Chamber*, where he entertain'd the Wife *Above-Stairs*, while the *Cuckold* was waiting Below for the *Frier* at the *Street-Door*. When they had been at This Lock ſeveral Nights ſucceſſively, and no Tidings of the *Frier*; the Man call'd out to his Wife in a Rage of Impatience, to tell him every Article of her late Secret *Confeſſion*, with the very *Name* of her *Minion* the *Frier*, or he would have her Hearts Bloud elſe. The Woman refus'd to do the One, and Diſclaim'd the Other. Why you Impudent Brute, ſays he, did not you own This very Thing to your *Confeſſor?* Well! then ſays ſhe, I did own it, and it is all True. You your ſelf are That *Frier*, and That *Confeſſor* that lyes with me every Night: the *Frier* I am in Love withal, and the *Frier* to whom all your Doors fly open. Alas! I knew you as well in your *Cowle*, and in the *Confeſſionary*, as if I had been in your Arms. I ſaw the Juggle all the way through and through, and Laugh'd at the Foppiſh Formal Story of your Lying abroad That Night. But I hope you'll take This for a warning, without giving your ſelf or me any further Trouble. You cannot but ſee how Cheap This Beaſtly Jealouſy has made you, wherefore prethee let it be ſo no more: and know, that if I had a mind to put a Slippery Trick upon you, all the Caution in the World ſhould never hinder me. The Man was ſo Convinc'd of his Wives Virtue, and Innocence, that there needed no more *Cats-play* to bring her and her Lover together, and from That Time forward, he ſtood up for his Wives Honeſty to his Lives End.

74. Tofano and Cheta.

'TIs no News for a Rich Man to be Jealous of a Handſom Woman; neither is it any New Thing again, for a Crafty Wench to cry quits with a Suſpicious Husband, and to pay one Affront with Another.

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The *Husband* here, according to *Boccace*, being a Notable *Toper*, his Wife found it the Beſt of her Play to encourage the Humour in him, and rather then fail, to ſet-out his Hand now and then with a Chirping Cup, her ſelf too. And at This rate, ſhe had little more to do, then to give him his Load, and ſo to Bed with him, and there leave him to Sleep-out his *Debauche*; while ſhe in the mean time made her Appointments as the Occaſion lay faireſt for her Hand.

Cheta's falling into This way of *Fuddling* all on a ſuddain, and the Care ſhe took to keep her ſelf Sober, and her Husband Addle, put it into *Tofano's* Jealous Noddle, that there was Roguery a brewing, and he propounded to himſelf the finding of it out, by This Means.

He paſs'd away the next Day from Morning to Night among his *Pot-Companions*, Dry and Sober; but coming Home late, and in Appearance, *wallowing Drunk*; He play'd his Part ſo well, that they had him to Bed upon't, and his Wife gave him the Slip to meet her Gallant. When *Tofano* had layn a long while, Watching, and Hearkening, and no News of his Wife, it came into his Head that he heard ſomewhat like the Creaking of the *Street-Door*, when he went firſt to Bed. Upon This Conceit, up he gets, and finding no Wife in the Houſe, and the Door only *Latch'd*, he *Bolted* it on the *Inſide*, and ſo up to the Window he goes to wait the Return of his Lady. Betwixt One and Two in the Morning, Home comes the Good Woman, and mightily ſurpriz'd ſhe was, to find the Door Barr'd within, but as ſhe was trying to force it, her Husband call'd to her from a Window above. *No, no*, Cheta, ſays he, *go your ways back again, like an Impudent Goſſip as you are, to the Place whence you came*. Alas my Dear Heart! ſays ſhe, upon my Truth I have been only to Viſit a Sick Body, and therefore prethee let me in. When he had ply'd him a Pretty while, with the moſt Moving, Tender Words that the Tongue of a Woman could utter, and he never the Better for't, ſhe preſent-

ly

ly chang'd her Note, and treated him to Another Tune.

Thou Beaſtly, Brutal Sott; ſays ſhe; *to uſe a Loving Wife, and an Innocent Woman, at This Inhumane rate! But by all that's Good I'll be reveng'd of thee*; *Carcaſs, Reputation, and Eſtate, ſhall all pay for't. This very* Well *here, and the whole Neighbourhood ſhall bear Witneſs againſt thee*; *and the Government ſhall deal with thee accordingly.* With That Word ſhe took her leave of the World, and Tumbling a Huge Stone into the Well, the Noiſe of the Fall brought down *Tofano* in all Haſte to fiſh-up his Wife. The Night was as Dark as Pitch; and the Woman ſlipt ſecretly into the Houſe, Lock'd the Door after her, and ſo up Stairs, where ſhe rung him ſuch a Peal for his Debauchery, as brought all the Neighbours to their Windows to hear it. She call'd him a Hundred Guzzling Jealous Knaves, and Rattled him with a Vengeance, for the Ill Hours, and the Lewd Company he kept, his Whoring, Drinking, and Lying; which was no other then an Appeal to all the People within hearing. Finally, ſhe ſucceeded ſo well in't, that every Body ſided with the Woman, and the Story paſſing from one to another till it came to her Kindred, they took the Affront ſo heynouſly, that they Cudgell'd the Man into a Patient Senſe of his Duty, till he begg'd Pardon for what he had done, promis'd Amendment for the future, and that he would never be *Drunk*, or *Jealous* again: ſo that by This time all Parties were pleas'd; the *Amour* went on, and *Tofano* Liv'd and Dy'd, a *Contented*, and a *Thankful Cuckold.*

The MORAL.

THE Humour of the Two Foregoing *Novells*, is *Romantick* to the Higheſt Degree, and yet at the ſame time there's little more in't then the Hiſtory of *Humane Life.* For what are all the Conjugal Brawls and Squabbles, we meet with every Day that goes over our Heads, upon the Subject of *Looſe Amours*, but the Playing of a Prize betwixt *Jealouſy* and *Revenge*; and the putting of it to the Queſtion betwixt the Two Parties, *which is the Arranter Fool of the Two.* Beſide that He that's Jealous without a Cauſe, muſt be pleas'd at laſt, without Amends.

75. The Puniſhment of Ingratitude.

A Common Soldier that had the Honour to be known to *Philip of Macedon*, for a Brave Fellow, gave the King an Account of a Storm he had been in at Sea; the Loſs of the Veſſel, and how narrowly he himſelf came off, with his Life. He begg'd at the ſame time, a certain Farm for his Subſiſtence; which the King granted him, and order'd him to be put into Poſſeſſion of the Eſtate.

The *Proprietor*, perceiving that he was now to be undone by a Man that he had preſerv'd; apply'd himſelf immediately to *Philip*, with the Naked Truth of the Fact. Sir, *ſays he*, my Dwelling is in ſuch a place by the Sea-ſide; where I heard an Out-cry one Night of ſome body in Diſtreſs: and upon going out to ſee what it was, there did I find the Ruins of a Wreck, and a Man Paddling in the Sea, half ſtarv'd, and Labouring for Life. I took him up, and carry'd him Home with me, where he was Tended and Treated like a Child of the Family. At the end of Three Days, finding himſelf in a Travelling-Condition; he would needs be gone: ſo that I gave him a *Viaticum*, and he went away, with a Thouſand Proteſtations that my Kindneſs ſhould never be forgotten. And who ſhould This be now out of the whole World, but *the very Man that Begs my Eſtate!* The King was ſo tranſported at This Barbarous Story (for the Soldier told him only of his Danger, and not one Word of his Benefactor) that he order'd *Pauſanias* to put the Poor Creature into his Eſtate again, and the *Souldier* to be *Caſhier'd*, and *Stigmatiz'd*, with Theſe Words upon his Forehead. *THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.*

The MORAL.

THERE is an *Ingratitude*, in the Concealing of Benefits; in the Forgetting of them, and likewiſe in *not returning Good for Good*: but the Higheſt Pitch of all, is the Repaying *Good with Evil*; eſpecially where *Conſcience*, *Policy*, and *Humanity* all in over and above.

The Ungrateful Man is the *Common Enemy* of *Mankind*, and therefore nothing leſs then a Mark of Infamy to make him known to all People, will reach the heynouſneſs of his Crime. So that This Inſcription, is as much as publiſhing him by a Proclamation, to be the *Worſt* of *Monſters*. It would be a Bleſſing to the World, if all *Court-Beggars* of This ſort might be *Branded*, for an *Example*, and a *Terrour* to all *Inſinuating Paraſites*, and for the *Honour* of their *Maſters*.

76. An Order againſt Libels.

IT has ever been the Policy of all well-govern'd States, to keep a Guard upon the *Preſs*; for an *Arbitrary Liberty That way*, ſtrikes at the Foundations of *Faith*, *Government*, and *Good Manners*.

Boccalini ſpeaks of a Commiſſion erected for the Suppreſſing of all Sorts of *Seditious*, *Scandalous*, and *Defamatory Libels*: And the Commiſſioners, it ſeems, extended their Authority to the taking up of *Pimps*, *Bawds*, *Common Proſtitutes*, *Flatterers*, *Court-Minions*; and the whole Tribe, in a Word, of that ſort of Cattle, out of their *Rich Chairs*, and *Guilt Coaches*. This was ſo heynouſly taken, that they were complain'd of for exerciſing an Abſolute Power. But they inſiſted upon it, that their Commiſſion comprehended *all ſorts of Libels*, and that there was as much Difference betwixt *Thoſe Inſtances*, and the Common Extravagances of the *Printing-Preſſes*, as betwixt a *Proclamation* in the *Market-place*, and a *Quack's Bill* upon a *Piſſing-Poſt*: for the One carries a kind of *Authority* in the Face of it, whereas the other comes *Creeping* into the World, without either *Warrant* or *Credit*.

The MORAL.

THE *Suppreſſing* of *Ill Manners* in *Paper*, and leaving Men at *Liberty*, in *Converſation*, looks liker a *Privilege* for Lewdneſs, then a *Cenſure* of it. *Profligate Examples* do Fifty times more Miſchief then *Private Pamphlets*: for Men are not ſo much wrought upon by the *Reaſon* of *Wickedneſs*, as by the *Preſident*.

77. A

77. A Lyoneſs and a Bear.

AS a *Lyoneſs* was ranging abroad for her Prey, up comes a *Huntſman* to her Den, and ſhoots her Whelp. The Damm runs ſtark Mad upon't, and nothing leſs then the Bloud of the Murderer to ſatisfy her Revenge. When ſhe had ſpent ſeveral Days and Nights in Queſt of him, to no purpoſe, and kept the whole Forreſt waking, with Furious Exclamations, her *Infirmity* wrought more upon her at laſt, then her *Conſideration*; and when ſhe had roar'd her ſelf quite *aweary*, down ſhe lay to take a little Reſt. This Refreſhment brought her to her ſelf again, and ſeveral of the Beaſts paid her their Condoling Compliments; only a Certain *Bear* of her Old Acquaintance, took ſomewhat more Freedom with her then the Reſt, and read her a Lecture of Good Councel upon the Subject of Patience, and Moderation: But This prov'd only a Blowing of the Coale, and put her again into her Fits.

Ah, ſays the Lyoneſs, *the Affection of a Mother is a Tender buſ'neſs*; *And then for a Poor Innocent to be ſo Barbarouſly Deſtroyed!* Not altogether ſo faſt, I beſeech you, quoth the *Bear*, as if the *Calves* and the *Pigs* that you have worry'd, had had no Parents. But That was no Barbarity I warrant ye. Put the Caſe now, that all the Fathers and Mothers that you have made Childleſs, ſhould run Bellowing up and down as you do, what a Bawling would here be. Conſider with your ſelf, that they that live in This World, muſt abide the Fortune of This World. We are Born to *Eat*, and to be *Eaten*; and it is moſt certain, that by ſome Way or other, and at ſome Time or other, Death muſt be every Creature's Lot.

The MORAL.

THERE's no great Danger of *Immoderate Grief*; for betwixt *Humane Frailty*, and *Occaſional Prudence*, *Nature* will do the Part of *Phyloſophy*; and Violent Paſſions will lay themſelves aſleep: not but that they may be more or leſs Intracta-

ble, till the Firſt Heat be over. We are partial in our own Caſes; and the Miſery, the Torment, and the Misfortune that we endure our ſelves, are ſtill Magnify'd beyond all other Peoples, for want of Conſideration Abroad, and Temper at Home. All Men have their *Croſſes*, as well as their *Infirmities*, and are as Senſible of the Loſs of Friends and Relations, as their Neighbours. And what's the Difference now at laſt, betwixt the Injuries we *Do*, and thoſe we *Suffer*, but that we lay the One to the Heart, and we never mind the Other?

78. A Kite, a Pullet, and a Hawk.

A *Kite* made a Stoop at a *Pullet*, and the *Pullet* cry'd out for Help: down comes a *Hawk*, powdering, upon the Out-cry, and Truſſes the *Kite*. The *Hen* takes This Reſcue for a *Providential* Deliverance in Favour of her *Innocence*. But This was a *Reſcue*, it ſeems, according to the way of the World, which the Poor *Pullet* was not aware of: that is to ſay; when the *Great* and the *Mighty* take upon them to Relieve the *Weak*, and the *Oppreſſed*, 'tis but to *remove* a *Lighter* Burden, and lay a *Heavier* in the *Place*. In the Concluſion, they went Both to Pot; only the *Pullet* had the Favour to be laſt Eaten.

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common Thing in the World for People to take their *Oppreſſors* for their *Protectors*, and their *Protectors* for their *Oppreſſors*; and inſtead of being *deliver'd* from *One Tyrant*, to be *eaten-up* by *Another*. The *Pullet* cries out for Succour againſt the *Kite*. The *Hawk* brings off the *Pullet*, and kills the *Kite*: But who ſhall Reſcue the *Pullet* at laſt from the *Hawk?*

This is no more then to ſay in *Plain Engliſh*, that *Might overcomes Right*; and that in the Courſe and Order of the World, the Weak lies at the Mercy of the Stronger. So that upon the Main, the Queſtion is not ſo much the Goodneſs of the Cauſe, as the Advantage of the Prize. And all the Gaudy Pretences of Humanity and Honour, are, in truth, little more then a Secret Spirit of *Self-Intereſt*, working under the Maſque of *Generoſity*, and *Conſcience*.

79. Two

79. Two Old Dogs and Two Young.

A Country Fellow had Four Dogs to look to his Houſe and Flocks; Two of them Old, and the Other Two, Young. The Two Young ones were Hardy, and Forward, and perpetually Teizing the *Wolves*. The Other Two were now paſt Hunting, and could only Bark, and Encourage the Chaſe. The Two Latter adviſ'd their Companions not to be too Eager in their Buſ'neſs, but rather to ſpare themſelves, and Husband the Game: for 'tis only for the *Wolves* ſake, they cry'd, that we are Entertain'd; ſo that whenever we deſtroy *Them*, we deſtroy *our ſelves*; for what will our Maſter care for us, when he has no longer any need of us?

The MORAL.

THE *Dogs* Husbanding the *Chaſe*, is the ſame Thing with *Soldiers* Husbanding the *War*: every Creature has the Wit to look to one: nay the very Dogs as well as the Maſters: and let the Servants be never ſo Bold, Faithful, and Induſtrious, there runs a Vein of Private Intereſt, yet along with it: ſo that it is but Common Prudence, even in the Ordinary Affairs of This World, for Men to make themſelves *Neceſſary* one to another, though it were but for the ſake of *Civil Society*. For Theſe Reciprocal Advantages are no other, then the Links of That Mighty Chain, that ties the World, and the ſeveral Parts of it, together.

82. Love and Madneſs.

THE Poets have a Tradition, that *Venus had Two Children at a Birth*; *Love*, and *Madneſs*; and that they were ſo ſtrangely alike too, in *Make*, *Countenance*, *Humour*, and *Manners*, that it was hard to ſay which was which. Give the *Girl* a *Bow* and a *Quiver*, and one would have Sworn it to be *Cupid*: and then it was but dreſſing up the *Boy* with a *Bib* and a *Bawble*, to make him as like his Siſter again, as ever he could ſtare. As

they grew up, they were Inſeparable Companions in their Little Playes, Freaks, and Gamboles: and they had Both the very ſame way of Frolique, in putting Tricks upon one another. They would be *Teachy*, *Spatterin*, and *Violent*, in one Breath, and then *Kiſs and Friends* in the Next. From *Biting* and *Scratching*, they would fall to *Catterwawling*, and *Hugging*, and never fail in the Concluſion to Brawl themſelves aſleep. *Venus* her ſelf would ſit Muzzling and Gazing them in the Eyes, one after the other, by the whole Hour together; till ſhe fell in Love with her own Image, in the very Face of her Hopeful Brats.

It fell out once, upon a Particular Occaſion, that *Jupiter*, with his *Lady-Siſter*, and ſome *Gods of Quality*, had a *Merry-Meeting* at *Cythœra*; where the Niece and Nephew were immediately ſent for to give a Reliſh to the Entertainment. The Word was no ſooner given, but into the Parler they came, in a kind of Triumph, with their Mothers *Coach*, and *Pigeons*; and a Train of Pleaſant Drolls at their Heels, like ſo many Lacquays to attend the Chariot. *Cupid*, upon his Firſt Entry into the Room, made Proclamation, for all the Gods at their uttermoſt Peril, to pay True Faith and Allegiance to the Sovereign Deity of *Love*. Upon Theſe Words, he mounted his *Eagle*, made his *Bow* ready, and Nicking his *Arrow*, threaten'd *Jupiter* himſelf with his own Thunder: while his *Mad Siſter* Quoiff'd her ſelf in a *Fool's-Cap*, with a Puppet in her Right Hand, and a Rattle in her Left.

The Gods could not forbear Laughing at the Spectacle, though they ſaw well enough, that they Themſelves were Ridicul'd. *Apollo's Quiver* was to ſeek; *Mars* miſs'd his *Launce*; *Nereus* his *Trident*; *Mercury's Wings* were gone; nay the very *Mother her ſelf* did not come off ſcot-free; only *Pallas*, under the Protection of her Honour, and Prudence, ſcap'd untouch'd. *Jupiter* was well enough pleas'd, however, with the *Farce*, and after a Thouſand Buſſes and Fair Words, a Toy took him in the Head to throw a Plate of Kiſſing Comfits

fits betwixt them. This put them presently upon the Scramble, and so from Scuffling they fell to Strokes. As *Cupid* was looking about for Arms, his Sister took a Needle, and at Two Pushes struck both her Brother's *Eyes* out. This Disaster put all into a Confusion. *Venus* fell to tearing her Hair, Beating her Breasts, and washing the Bloud from the Child's Eyes with her Tears; trying over and over if Kissing would bring him to himself again. But the Wounds were so Desperate, that *Phœbus* himself gave to understand, that it was not in the Power of Herbs to Cure them.

The *Sister* was so transported with This Accident, that she could hardly believe what she saw; and in This Passionate Consternation, she snatch'd up the Little Instrument with her Brother's Bloud yet reeking upon it; and as she was just upon the Point of putting out her own Eyes, in Revenge of her Brother's, *Jupiter* held her Hand, and bad her preserve Those Eyes for the Service of her Brother, who now stood in need of a Leader. *Madness* (or *Folly*) undertook the Office, and did as she was Commanded, and has ever since serv'd *Cupid* for one *Guide*, though *she her self* wanted *Another*.

The MORAL.

HE that call'd *Anger* a *Short Madness*, might have call'd *Love* so too: for they are not nearer akin in the Fable, then they are in the World, and in the Daily Practice of Humane Life. In short; the whole Affair of *Love* is a *Mystery*, from one end to the Other. The *Bow*, the *Arrows*, the *Quiver*, and the *Ensigns* of *Cupid's Divinity*, have all of them their Allegorical Meanings: but to run thorough the whole *Mythology*, would be *Pedantick*, and *Tedious*.

The True Intent of This Phancy is to expose the Wild and the Ridiculous Transports of This Ungovernable Passion; and to Forewarn People of the Calamitous Consequences that attend it: for it spares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*; neither Things *Sacred*, nor *Prophane*: but presses forward at a venture in the Dark, without either Fear or Wit, committing the *Conduct* of *Love* to *Folly* that *Blinded* it.

81. A Cenſorious Scribler.

A Pragmatical Smatterer in Letters, and a Severe Fault-finder wherever he came, publiſh'd an Idle Tract, under the Title of [*Notes upon ſeveral famous Authors*;] and preſented his Remarques, with a Pompous, Formal Dedication, to an Eminent Patron of Learning in the Place where he liv'd. This Prince, or Nobleman, (or whatever elſe you'll call him) found immediately upon dipping up and down in the Book, that the main drift of the Diſcourſe was only to expoſe the Reputation of a Great many Excellent Men, under a Pretext of writing *Obſervations* upon their *Errours*, in his own Words and without any *Uſe* or *Benefit* to *Mankind*.

The Great Man accepted the *Preſent*, and put the Author in hope of a Conſiderable Reward. *Go you*, ſays he, *preſently to my Steward, and ask him for Four Buſhels of the Beſt Wheat he can lay his Hands on. It muſt be well Thraſh'd; and then do you take Care that it may be thoroughly Winnow'd: Pick out all the* Chaffe *as clean as Fingers can make it; put it in a Bag, and then bring it to me.* The Man brought the *Chaffe*, and the Nobleman bad him try what he could get for't, and take the Mony to Himſelf. Alas! ſays he, People will give nothing for *Chaffe*. Why then, ſays t'other, again, try if you can make a Friend with it. But that would not do neither, for *no body would thank him for't*, he ſaid. Very Good, ſays the Great Man, and what's the Difference at laſt, betwixt *Traſh* in a *Book*, and *Traſh* in a *Bag*?

The MORAL.

Calumny is the *Office*, and the *Buſ'neſs* of the very *Devils Themſelves*. And none ſo Bitter upon Others, as Thoſe that have not one Grain of Wit, Worth, or Good Nature Themſelves. There are a ſort of *Talebearers*, and *Pick*-Thanks that prey upon their Neighbours, and create Faults where they cannot Find them. Theſe are undoubtedly a Lewd Genera-

tion

tion of Men, and yet it may be a Queſtion, whether the Inſtruments, or the Encouragers, and Patrons, of This Uncharitable Practice, are the more Pernicious Members of a Chriſtian Common-wealth: for the One only miniſters *Matter* of Scandal, and the Other gives *Authority* to't; beſide the Proſpect, over and above, of a Reward. Now there is no better way of dealing with Theſe People, then according to the Inſtance of This Preſident, by taking care that they may Get nothing by their Iniquity, but *Mockery*, and *Contempt*.

82. Papyrius and his Mother.

Papyrius was the Son of an Eminent *Roman*, and ſo Pregnant a Youth, that his Father took him one Day with him into the *Senate-Houſe*. Upon his coming back, his Mother muſt needs know what the Councel was upon. The Boy took himſelf to be under a kind of Honourable Truſt, and ſo put her off as long as he could, till he found ſhe would take no Denyal; and Then, he up and told her in a Grave way, the Greateſt Secret in Nature. *Madam*, ſays he, *they have been very Hot upon the Debate, whether it were better for the Commonwealth, to allow of a Plurality of* Wives, or *a Plurality of* Husbands? In ſhort; It came to ſuch a Heat, that they were e'en glad to *Adjourn:* but if you ſhould open your Mouth of This now, to any Creature, it would be the Undoing of your Son.

In This very Inſtant, away ſcampers the Woman, to make a Party among the Ladies for a *Plurality* of *Husbands*. And it came to ſuch a Hurry, that the Paſſes to the *Senate-Houſe* were all ſo peſter'd with Out-crys, and block'd up with Petitioners upon That Subject, that the Councel took the People to be all raving-Mad; till *Papyrius* unfolded the Riddle. This Riot produc'd an Order, that *no Children under ſuch an Age ſhould have Admittance into the* Senate-Houſe; *Papyrius* only Excepted; who from That Time forward had a Priviledge to go in and out at pleaſure.

The

The MORAL.

IN This Inſtance of *Papyrius*, we have the Character of an Ingenuous, a Forward, and a Generous Youth, deliberating within himſelf betwixt his Duty to a Parent, and Truſt to his Country; under the Difficulty of Behaving himſelf without giving Offence to either.

We are further given to underſtand, that Truſts of Confidence; though without any *Expreſs Stipulation*, or *Caution*, are yet, in the very Nature of them, as *Sacred* as if they were guarded with a Thouſand *Articles* or *Conditions*. Now *Papyrius* had no other Tye of Secrecy upon him, then the *Moral Obligation* of *Honour*, and *Honeſty*, at large. And it is to be obſerv'd again, that for his Encouragement, his Virtue did not paſs unrewarded.

The Mother teaches us that there is no contending with the Importunities of an Impetuous Woman: nor any Faith to be expected from ſo Turbulent a Spirit, eſpecially when the Intereſt of the whole Sex lies at Stake upon it.

To ſumm up all in a little, here's the Lively Image of a *Twatling Goſſip*; there's no Denying her, and there's no Truſting her. The Itch of *Knowing* Secrets is naturally accompany'd with Another Itch of *Telling* them; which is in truth the very end of *Asking*; and ſhe might as well have ſay'd it in Words at length, pray'e Tell *Me*, that I may tell *the next Comer*. There's nothing ſo Phantaſtical, but ſhe'll ſwallow it, and then throw it up again.

83. A Soldier Puniſh'd for Railing at Alexander.

IN the War betwixt *Alexander* and *Darius*, a Foulmouth'd Fellow, and one of *Darius's Mercenaries*, fell a Railing at *Alexander*. A Great Officer *Cudgell'd* him for his Inſolence, and told him; *Sirrah*, ſays he, *you are hir'd to fight with your* Hands, *not with your* Tongue; *and to Behave your ſelf like a* Soldier, *not like a* Scold.

The MORAL.

LET the Adminiſtration of Princes be what it will, there's a Veneration yet Due to their Character; and he that Tramples upon the Royal Dignity, for the Iniquity of the Perſon, puniſhes

puniſhes the Innocent for the Guilty. Beſide that Foul Language, in ſuch a Caſe, is a Contradiction to all the Meaſures of Policy and Honour, When *Princes* come once to be inſulted upon by the *Multitude*, *All Crowned Heads* are concerned in the Quarrel. The *Practice* turns the Out-rage into a *Licence*; and when the Humour is once in Motion, no body knows whoſe turn it may be next.

The Diſcipline of *Artaxerxes* was much in the right. When any of his Nobility Misbehav'd themſelves, he caus'd them to be *ſtrip'd*, and their *Clothes* Whip'd by the *Common Hangman*, without ſo much as Touching their *Bodies*; out of a Reſpect to the Dignity of the Order.

84. Sounder Sleep in a Cottage then in a Palace.

A Certain Great Man that had the World at will to all Manner of purpoſes, for the Delight and Service of Humane Life: as Glorious Palaces, Rich Furniture and Equipage, a Splendid Train of Servants, the Beſt of every Thing to Eat and Drink; Delicious, well-order'd Gardens, Water-works, Plants, Walks; and a Revenue to anſwer all This Pomp and Expence; a Healthful State of Body, with a Wife that was a Woman of a Thouſand, and a Hopeful Stock of Children to crown the Bleſſing.

This Man, I ſay, though in the Full Poſſeſſion of all that Fortune could beſtow upon him, found himſelf yet uneaſy in his Condition, to the Degree of envying, even *Drudges*, and *Slaves*. He took no Reſt Night nor Day; one while the Fault was in his Chamber, another while in his Pillow, his Poſture or ſome ſuch other Foolery; never reflecting all This while, upon the *Cares*, and *Anxieties*, that attend *Invidious Fortunes*, and *Ill gotten Eſtates*.

With This Whimſy in his Head, he ſends up and down among his Subjects and Tenants, to try who and who Sleeps beſt, and to take an account of the Ordinary Means of their Repoſe. At This rate, he went on, Trying, Shifting, and Enquiring from one Thing

to

to another, till he came to be ſenſible in the Concluſion, that the *Fault* was not in his *Lodging*, but in his *Mind*.

The MORAL.

'TIS not *Treaſure*, or *Power*, that lays, either the *Head*, or the *Heart* at *Reſt*; but a *Quiet Conſcience*, and the Candid Simplicity of a *Tender Mind*. He's the only Happy Man, that neither Deſires *more*, nor Fears the Loſs of what he *has*. Men are diſtracted, Reſtleſs, and Uneaſy, betwixt an Inſatiable Thirſt after what they have *Not*, and a Sollicitous Apprehenſion for what they *Have*.

He's in a Great miſtake that looks for Thoſe Bleſſings in a *Court*, that are only to be found in a *Hutt*, or a *Cell*. How faſt aſleep was *Amiclas*, (the Boat-man) upon a Bed of Bull-ruſhes, and Sea-weeds; and how Quiet in his Miſerable Cottage, when the whole World was in a Tumult about him, and *Julius Cæſar*, at the ſame time, knocking at his Door; and (to Crown the Bleſſing,) That great Man's Fortune depending yet upon the Service of This Wretched Creature.

Nature and Providence have lodg'd the Happineſs of Humane Life within our Selves, and within our Reach, and There it is we are to *look* for't; and There it is we may be ſure to *find* it: without ſquandering our Time upon ſearching where it is not to be had. Beſide that we ſet our Hearts, not only upon what we have *not*, but upon That which in truth is *not to be Compaſs'd*: for our Appetites, like Waves, do but make way one for another, and there's no end of Rolling: ſo that This Levity deprives us, not only of the *Reliſh*, but the *Uſe* alſo of what we have in our own Poſſeſſion.

85. The Sea and the Banks.

THE *Sea* and the *Banks* had a Mortal Quarrel once, upon the Subject of *Freedom*, and *Reſtraint*. *What have you to do*, ſays the *Sea*, *to interrupt me in my Courſe?* And pray'e what Privilege have you again, ſays the other, to affront us, in our Poſt, and Station? Is it not enough, that your Waters are allow'd to make what Havock they pleaſe in your own Dominions, and to run Riot in your own Province, unleſs you may break

break in upon the Rights of your Neighbours, and ſwallow up all in an Univerſal Deluge? Do not you know, that he that *Gave* you your Empire, *Bounded* it with a [*Thus far ſhall your Proud Waves go and no Further?*] Neither is it in our Power to change Place, and give way, if we had never ſo great a Mind to't, for Providence hath made us Immoveable, and planted us here on purpoſe to keep you in order.

89. The Morning and the Evening Starrs.

THe *Morning and Evening Starrs* had ſuch a Conceit of their Dignity, and Glory, that they look'd upon the *Sun*, only as a Superfluous Light, that was ſet up rather for *Ornament*, and *Delight*, then for *Benefit*, or *Neceſſity*. Upon This Conſideration they call'd a Council of the *Leſſer Starrs*, and joyn'd all together in a Petition to *Jupiter*, to This following purpoſe.

That whereas his Highneſs had entruſted the Sun *with the Care of Illuminating, Warming, and Comforting the World, and adminiſtring due Juſtice to all Places and People: yet ſo it was, that without any Regard to the True End and Intent of his Function, and Commiſſion, he Burns up one Half of Mankind with his Scorching Heat, while the other half lies ſtarving in Froſt and Snow: and at the ſame time while one part of the World have their Eyes put out with the Flaſhes of his Dazling Beams, he leaves the Remainder to grope out their way in the Dark: over and above the Partiality he ſhews to the Curſed Production of* Gold *and* Silver, *in preference to Salutary* Medicins, Gumms, Plants, *&c. Now the Prayer was This.*

That *Jupiter* would be pleaſed to transfer the Charge and Office of the *Sun*, to the *Starrs*, upon Good Security, for the Better Government and Satisfaction of the Univerſe for the future.

Jupiter's Anſwer was, *Le Roy s'en adviſera:* which according to the Style Royal, is only a Civil way of Refuſal.

The

The MORAL.

THE Quarrel of the *Sea* with the *Banks*, is no other then an Expoſtulation of the *Multitude* with *Sovereign Power*. They wrangle for *Liberty*; by which *Liberty*, is underſtood a *Freedom* of *Out-rage*, or a Licence of running down all before them without Control.

Neither was That Arrogant Remonſtrance of the *Starrs* to *Jupiter* againſt the *Sun*, one jot better. It is not for *Men* to take upon them to mend a *World of God Almighty's making*; or to emprove the Orders and Methods of Providence; as who ſhould ſay, *The Divine Wiſdom* is of *One Opinion*, and *Humane Frailty*, of *another*. But there is nothing ſo Sacred as not to fall in ſome ſort or other, under the Laſh of Calumny, and Detraction.

87. Four Siſters.

THere was a Brood of *Four Siſters*; and the Eldeſt (*Peggy* they call'd her) was ſuch a Preſident for Sanctity, and Mortification, that the Mother would be Twitting the Other Three every Hour of the Day, with *their Siſter Peggy*. *'Twill be long enough before you'll be like your Siſter* Peggy *ſhe cry'd*. Peggy *would never have done* This, *I warrant ye*, *nor* Peggy *would never have done* That: and *Twenty Good-morrows*, with *Peggy* ſtill, for *the Burden of the Song*.

Now This ſame Siſter *Peggy* of theirs, was a notable Revelation-Girl, and never without Heaven and Heavenly Things in the Mouth of her, though they never came near her Heart: a *Friday-Face* for every Day of the Week. A *Shorthand-Book* ſtill at her *Girdle*, and a *Crums of Comfort* at her *Bed's Head*. The very *Thought* of a *Play-Houſe* or a *Dancing-Bout*, wou'd put her into Fits. She dreaded the Inſide of a *Popiſh Chappel* more then all *the Woes of the Goſpel*; and her *Cloſſet-Devotions* were heard further then a *Proclamation*. As for the *Other Three Siſters*, they liv'd Civilly, and Sociably, all This while in the Innocent Enjoyments of the Lawful Comforts of Life. They would divert themſelves now and

and then, 'tis true, at a *Comedy*, a *Ball*, or the like: but without the leaſt Colour of *Scandal*, or *Offence*, to *Conſcience*, *Honour*, or *Good Manners*. But This did not hinder the Mother from hitting the Girls in the Teeth yet with theſe Honeſt Liberties. *Yes yes*, ſhe'd cry, *you are like to be hopeful Birds. When will you renounce the World, I wonder, as your Siſter* Peggy *has done!* Oh never fear us, Good Madam, cry'd the Wenches, but by that time we know as much of the World as our *Siſter Peggy*, we ſhall think every jot as ill on't, as ſhe does. *Now Poor* Peggy *had had Three Claps already, and Two Baſtards.*

The MORAL.

THIS Figure anſwers *Cowley*'s *Deſcription* of an *Hypocrite* as it ſtands apply'd elſewhere [*The Holyeſt Man to* Godward, he ſays, *that ever was born, but the* Arranteſt Raſcal *among* his Neighbours, *in the whole Pariſh*] meaning the One in Jeſt, and the Other in Earneſt. Now the *Hypocrite* varniſhes his *Manners*, as ſome *Ladies* do their *Faces*, and the *One* is juſt as much a *Saint*, as *t'other* is a *Beauty*.

It falls under the ſame Head, the Story of a Caution that was given to the Famous *Harry Martin*. *Have a Care of ſuch a Man*, ſays one, *for he's an* Arrant Knave. Ay, ſays Mr. *Martin*, and I'll tell you a worſe Thing of him then that too, he's a GODLY *Knave*, and *One* GODLY *Knave*, is worth *Fifty* ARRANT *Knaves*, I'll be judg'd by the *Evangeliſts* elſe.

Boccalini tells us of a Notorious Wretch of that Kind, that was *taken up ſtrip'd*, and *whip'd Naked*. It was a Strange Thing, ſays he, to ſee upon the laying of him open, with what Horrour and Deteſtation People ſtood ſtaring and Pointing at him, as the moſt Execrable of Monſters: and yet ſays he; let him be but put into his *Old Maſque*, and *Dreſs* again, and the *ſame Fools* ſhall *Troop after him*, and *adore him*. There is nothing in ſhort ſo Hideous, and Loathſom, as an *Hypocrite* in his Pure Naturals: nothing ſo Abominable in the Sight of God and Man, as we find it over and over, in *Scripture*, and *Experience*.

88. A Talking Young fellow that would needs learn Rhetorique.

THere was a Pert kind of a Talkative Blade, that would needs have *Iſocrates* teach him *Rhetorique*: and after a Great deal of *Twittle Twatling-Stuff* for a *Prologue*, he fell to Treat with him about the *Price*. *Why Sir*, ſays *Iſocrates*, I muſt have twice as much of *You*, as of *Another Body*, for I ſhall have twice as much Work to do. You muſt be firſt taught to *Speak*; and then in the next place, to *Hold your Tongue*: which will be the Harder Task of the Two.

The MORAL.

'TIS as hard a Thing for a Man to know when to Speak, as when to Hold his Tongue; and to Govern himſelf in Both Caſes with Modeſty and Prudence: But the Difficulty will be where to Begin: for they are effectually Two Works in one. Some Men are Silent for want of Matter, or Aſſurance; and ſome again are Talkative for want of Senſe, but in ſhort; there's nothing Right without the Due Circumſtances. And there is one Unhappineſs in the Caſe too, that the *Worſt Speakers* are commonly the *Longeſt*, and Men of *Vanity*, rather then of *Buſ'neſs*. There was a Tedious *Haranguer*, that when he had run himſelf out of Breath, and his Auditory out of Patience, with a Long-winded Speech, ask'd a Friend of his to tell him freely what he lik'd Beſt in't? Who gave him this Anſwer, that *he lik'd that Beſt which was left out*. To come to my Point; The Skill of managing this Province aright, is in truth the Maſter-piece of a Sober Man's Life: for we are always either *Talking*, or *ſaying nothing*, in a Conſtant Succeſſion of *Speech* and *Silence*, by Turns: ſo that a Due Proviſion upon this Topique anſwers all Caſes.

89. Partridges and a Setting Dog.

A Covey of *Partridges*, that went in Fear of the *Pochers*, made an Intereſt in a *Setting-Dog* for a Good Word to his Companions to be eaſy to them. This

This *Spaniel* undertook upon Honour, that not a *Dog* ſhould touch them: for *we are reſolv'd*, ſays he, *ſo ſoon as ever we have any of your People in the Wind, to fall down flat upon the Ground, and look another way, without advancing one Step further.*

This Covey of *Partridges* had the hap ſome few Days after, to ſee this very *Spaniel* abroad with his Maſter a *Setting*. The Dog *ſtopt*, all on a Sodain, and made his Point; and the Birds were over joy'd to ſee the Cur ſo True to his Articles. But the *Intrigue* was *double*, it ſeems, for the ſame Signal ſerv'd the *Faulconer*, as well as the *Partridges*: ſo that upon drawing his Net over them, the whole Covey was taken.

The MORAL.

THIS is the Way of the World, and a Great Part of the Buſ'neſs of it, too: The *Knaves* impoſe upon the *Fools*, and the *Weaker* are a Prey to the *Stronger*. The very ſame way of Manage holds in all Publique Bodies, and Stations; in *Courts*, *Camps*, and *Palaces*, as well as in *Fields*, *Cottages*, and *Forreſts*, and with the ſame pretence of Honeſty and Good Will. The *Maſter piece* is the doing of the Trick with *a Good Grace*, as the *Setter* plays his Game here under the Countenance of a Friend, and a Plain-dealer.

If the *Spaniel* could have deliver'd himſelf in any Other Words then what the Moraliſt put in his Mouth, his Civility ſhould have been accompany'd with all the Proteſtations of Good Faith, and *Kindneſs*, that we our ſelves make uſe of in Decoying and Trepanning one another. What's the Correſpondence here betwixt the *Faulconer*, and the *Setter*, but (in the Language of the *Sharpers*) a Direct *Croſs-Bite*, as they call it, carry'd on againſt a Bubble by a Brace of Rooks. All Men, in ſhort, would Live, though it were but like Wild Beaſts, one upon another, and make advantage of the Treaſon without Betraying, even the very Traytor. This is it in fine, that paſſes for the Wiſdom of the World; which is no more, in few Words, then the Knack of Wheedling one another, and the very Caſe here in the Queſtion of the *Dog* and *Partridge*.

90. The Mad Men too many for the Sober.

A Certain Perſon that was upon a Viſit once to the Mad Folks, took notice of one Particular Man among the reſt, that look'd a little Soberer then his Fellows: and ask'd him in a Grave way, what he was In for? *Why*, ſays he, *we live in a* Mad World *and the* Mad Men *are too many for us:* that is to ſay, they have put all the *Sober People* in *Bedlam.*

The MORAL.

WE are all *Mad*, more or leſs, and in ſome reſpect or other, every Man of us; and the Beſt Quarter we can pretend to in this World, is, according to *Horace's Advice*, for the *Greater Madmen to bear with the Leſs.* Men of Senſe and Virtue lie equally at the Mercy of the Stronger Party: that is to ſay; at the Mercy of Sharpers and Coxcombs; and under this Diviſion, we do but ſuffer the Common Lot of Humane Nature.

91. A Lame Man and a Blind.

THere were Two Men upon the Way together: One of them, *Lame*, and the Other, *Blind.* There was no Travelling, they knew, without *Leggs*, and no finding the way without *Eyes:* ſo that they Reaſon'd the Matter betwixt themſelves after This Manner. That which we cannot do apart, we may compaſs by helping one another. One of us wants a *Supporter*, and the Other a *Guide.* So that 'tis but the *Blind Man's* carrying the *Lame*, to bring us to *our Journey's end.* By this Means, the One found *Eyes*, and the Other, *Leggs*; which was no more then a Neighbourly Office in a Common Cauſe.

The MORAL.

THE Whole Race of Mankind are but ſo many Members of the ſame Body, and in contributing to the Eaſe or Convenience of our Fellows, we are not only Serviceable to the Whole,

Whole, but Kind to our ſelves. Every Man living has his Imperfections and Defects: ſo that the helping of one another is as well an Office of Expedience, as a Virtue. What One Man Wants, Another Supplies; and the mutual need we have one of another, is the very Band of Humane Society. Without Theſe Failings there would be neither Friendſhips nor Company; ſo that it is become our Intereſt to be both Charitable, and Sociable, when our very Wants, and Neceſſities, are converted by Providence into Bleſſings.

92 The Lyon's Proclamation againſt Horned Beaſts.

AS a *Maſter-Lyon* lay faſt aſleep in his Den, without any other Guard upon his Perſon, then what he might promiſe himſelf from the *Awe* of his *Character*, and the *Duty* of his *Subjects*; ſeveral *Horned Beaſts* brake in upon him in the Dead of the Night; Goring and Wounding him to ſuch a Degree, that it might, very well have coſt him his Life: but Who they were, or upon what Grounds, or Provocation, This Out-rage was committed, no Mortal could Imagin. The *Lyon* was ſo enrag'd at the Inſolence of This Affront, that a Great Councel was immediately call'd, to adviſe upon ſome way for the Diſcovery of the *Aſſaſſins*; or at leaſt for the Security of the *Lyon's Royal Perſon*, for the future. They found, upon the Debate, that there was no Tracing of it home to the Conſpirators; ſo that the *Lyon* was fain to content himſelf with Baniſhing all *Horned Beaſts*, upon Pain of Death, a Hundred and Fifty Mile from his Palace. Upon the Publiſhing of This Proclamation, there were whole Shoals of *Spyes*, *Catch-poles*, and *Enformers* diſpatch'd away every where up and down, to ſearch for, ſeize, and *Apprehend* all Offenders againſt the ſaid Edict.

This was no ſooner made known, but all the *Bulls*, *Unicorns*, *Antilopes*, *Stags*, *Ramms*, *Goats*, and other Horned Creatures in the Forreſt, met at a *General Rendezvous*, with a Reſolution, Bag and Baggage, to Troup away together, Before the Time ſet for their

Departure was elaps'd. While Things were in This Hurry, and Confuſion; up comes a Troup of *Hares*, to enter their Names among the *Exiles*. Pray'e ſays one of the Company, how comes the *Hares* to be ſo much concern'd in a Proclamation againſt *Horned Beaſts?* Well! ſays one of the *Hares* again, but what if a *Thorough-pac'd Jury* ſhould find our *Ears* to be *Horns*, how ſhall we diſprove them?

The MORAL.

HERE's the *King* of the *Beaſts* reading a Lecture of State, and Political Prudence to the *Kings* of *Men:* and when *Woods* and *Deſarts* come to Hold forth to *Courts* and *Palaces*, they will be ſure of the Whole World for their Auditory.

Kings and *Lyons*, muſt not *ſleep* without a *Guard*; their Safety, as well as their Dignity, requires it: And This *Sleep* may be underſtood, either of a Prince's Bare *Neglect* of his *Charge*, or the *abandoning* of himſelf to his *Eaſe* and *Pleaſures*. The *Beaſts* are *Popular Factions*, that take their Time in the Dead of the Night, while the *Lyon* is out of Condition of Defence, and the Conſpirators in leaſt Danger of Diſcovery.

We are given further to underſtand, by the *Hares* marching off with the *Bulls* and the *Goats*, for fear their *Ears*, ſhould be taken for *Horns*, that there is no diſputing or contending with Power; for every Charge is a Proof, where the ſame People are Parties and Judges. And it is much at the ſame rate, with Honeſt, or Orthodox Men, in State, or Religion, that it is here with *Horned Beaſts* in the *Fable*, 'tis but *ſaying* they are *Traytors*, or *Heretiques*, to *make* them ſo.

93. A Publique Life and a Private.

THere's a great deal to be ſaid *Pro* and *Con*, upon This Subject; The Eaſe, the Innocence, the Bleſſings, in ſhort, and the Comforts, of the one, compar'd with the Dignity, the Duty, and the Utility, of the other. A Man lives in the One Caſe to his Country, in the Other to Himſelf. The One, in ſhort, is a Life of *Thought*, and the Other, of *Action*.

The

The MORAL.

GOD ſaw that *it was not Good for Man to be Alone*; and the very Words of the Bleſſing upon the Creation, were *Encreaſe and Multiply*: ſo that an Abſolute Solitude would diſappoint the Intent of the Benediction, and the Main End of the Great Work. We are Taught to Pray, in the Stile of a *Community*; not MY Father, but OUR Father, that is to ſay, *One and all*. *Man* is naturally a Sociable Creature, and a *Member* likewiſe of a *Body*, as well as a *Part* of the *Whole*: neither can he diſcharge himſelf in his Duty, but jointly with the Congregation. The Life of a Recluſe, is in many Caſes little leſs then a Departure from the Offices and Duties that every Individual ows to the Common Service of Mankind. So that *Publique* and *Private* are to be taken by *Turns*; and in ſo doing, the Quiet of the One Relieves us againſt the Hurry, and the Importunity of the Other. But nothing could be Prettyer, or more to the Purpoſe upon This Argument then That of the *Old Philoſopher*, [*It is a Fine Thing*, ſays he, *to be* Alone, *but a much Finer Thing to be Talking of it in Good* Company] which compriſes the Comfort of Both Conditions in one.

94. A Pike and Little Fiſhes.

THE *Roches*, *Daces*, *Gudgeons*, and the whole Fry of *Little Fiſhes* met in Councel once, how to deliver themſelves from the Tyranny of the *Pike*; with a Proteſtation, at the ſame time, *one and all*, to give over Spawning, and utterly to extinguiſh the whole Race: unleſs their Poſterity might be better Secur'd againſt the Out-rage of That Unnatural Monſter.

The Subſtance of This Complaint was digeſted into a Petition to *Jupiter*, who divided his Anſwer into Two Articles. Firſt, ſays he, as to your Fancy of a Total Failure, Nature has made it abſolutely Impoſſible: Beſide that your Conſumption is in ſome ſort Neceſſary, for if there were not *Deſtroying* on the *One* hand, as well as *Encreaſing*, on the *Other*, the Whole World would be too Little for any one Species of Creatures.

And then again for the Voracious Humour of the Pike, there is no Room left for Reaſoning in the Caſe: for it is a Reſolution founded in the Laws of Providence and Nature, that the Stronger ſhall Govern: over and above, that Tyranny is no New Thing in this World, and whoever ſhall paſs by *Tranſmigration* into a *Pike*, will go the ſame way to work Himſelf too.

The MORAL.

WE have here the Lively Image of a Popular *League*, and *Complaint* againſt *Arbitrary Power:* that is to ſay; againſt Government it ſelf, under the Scandal of That Odious Imputation; though but in the Exerciſe of an Authority according to the very Order and Inſtinct of Nature: And what's the Grievance at laſt? The *Pike* devours the *Little Fiſhes*, and the *Fry* have a Mind to *ſtarve* the *Pike*: the One being but the Humour of the Multitude; and the Other the Ordinance and Appointment of an Almighty Creator.

It is but natural to follow This Expoſtulation with a Menace; and the One juſt as Reaſonable as the Other. And what does all This amount to now, but a Threat rather to Deſtroy the whole Race of *Little Fiſhes* at a Blow, then to lay them at the Mercy of the *Pike*, to be eaten up Piece-meal? Now the *Pike* has not only Reaſon on his ſide, but Preſcription alſo, and Authority, againſt the Clamorous Envy of an Impetuous Rabble. And at worſt, where Arguments cannot prevail, he does himſelf right by Force, which is a Remedy that holds among Men, as well as among Fiſhes.

95. Semiramis's Monument.

SEmiramis erected her own Monument, and left it behind her with This Inſcription: [*What King ſoever wants Mony, let him but open This Encloſure, and he ſhall find enough.*] *Darius* took her Hint, and brake it up; and inſtead of the Treaſure he *ſought* for, there was only a *Second Inſcription* in theſe Words, [*Nothing but an Inhumane, and a Sacrilegious Wretch, would ever have put This Scandalous Affront upon the Aſhes of the Dead.*]

The

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing ſo Sacred but the Love of Mony will break thorough it; and it is all a Caſe which way it comes, whether by Right, or by Wrong; whether out of the *Mine*, or out of the *Monument*. This is to tell us in the *Firſt* place, that Covetous Men will ſtick at nothing: *Secondly*, it ſhews us how lyable thoſe People are to Miſcarriages, that indulge themſelves in their Inordinate Appetites: and *Thirdly*, let but any Creature Conſider, how pitifully out of Countenance that Great Man look'd, when he found himſelf Fool'd by a Woman, into an *April-Errand*; and that his Purchaſe at laſt, was only *Infamy*, and *Contempt*, inſtead of *Wealth*, and *Glory*.

96. Boccalini's Way for Thriving in the World.

HE that would Thrive in the World, muſt live in a Conformity to Times, Perſons, and Humours. Let him but Gain his End, and no matter by what Means; for Succeſs carries Virtue and Reputation along with it. It is the Maſter-piece of a Courtier, or a Man of Buſ'neſs, to Play with *all Biaſſes*; for he that Riſes by Siniſter Arts, Gets more Credit in the Carrying of his Point, then he Loſes by the Indirect way of coming at it. *Morals* are as much thrown away upon *Politicians*, as a Lecture of *Chaſtity* would be upon a *Common Stewes*; and to no more purpoſe then it would be to treat the *Blind* with *Fireworks*, or the Deaf with a Band of *Fiddles*.

The MORAL.

THE Wiſe Men of This World do the Buſ'neſs of This World, according to the Ways and Methods of This World, without ever troubling their Heads about the *Puntillos* of Honour and Conſcience. And all this is no more at laſt then following the Faſhion, and ſpeaking the Language of the Place where we live. There muſt be no thought of Incorporating Honeſty with Politicks, and *Every Man for Himſelf*, holds as well in practical Prudence, as it does in Common Speech. The whole Miſtery, in fine, of Humane Wiſdom, is but a Dextrous Faculty of accommodating Matters to ſerve

a Turn. Men of *Intrigue*, we ſee, Sail with all Winds: ſo that let the Weather-cock look which way it will, the Mill ſhall be ſtill kept going.

97. No Fence againſt the Wit and Will of a Woman.

AN Old Doting Fop, that had a Sparkiſh Young Wench to his Wife, would be every foot making his Brags, that what with Guards, Spies, and Other Artificial Ways of Diſcovery, and Prevention, he had ſo ſecur'd the Main Chance that he defy'd the Devil himſelf in a Petticoat to deceive him. He counted every Hair of his Wive's Head, Morning and Evening; and kept ſuch a Watch upon her in the Night too, that he ſlept with One Eye Open. And then in the Day-time, ſhe was never out of his Sight, without a *Governante* at her Heels, that kept as cloſe to her as her Shadow: over and above a Huge *Common-place-Book*, with a Table to't, of all the Slippery Tricks that were ever put upon Poor Husbands by Woman-kind, ſince the Days of *Adam*.

The Wife happen'd to be coming from Church One Day, with her Keeper at her Back-ſide, and down comes a Piſs-pot from a Window, upon the very Head of her. The Innocent Creature was forc'd by this Accident into the Houſe whence it came, where ſhe was receiv'd with Twenty Compliments, and Excuſes, for that Unlucky Miſchance. While This paſt, away trotted the Gammar as faſt as her Stumps would carry her, to her Maſter with the Story, and for Clothes to ſhift her Miſtreſs. The Husband cry'd out immediately. *A Pax upon all ill Luck*, ſays he; *for I am* Bubbled, *I perceive. This Device* is a Note beyond *Ela, and my Book ſays nothing on't.* This he ſaid, and This he found to be True, in the Concluſion, and that it was a Scene concerted betwixt the Wife and the Gallant, to get quit of the Old Woman only for a *Kiſſing-while*.

The

The MORAL.

THERE's no way of Curing a *Jealous* Husband, but by making him *Sure*; and it may be a Queſtion at laſt, whether is the Greater Plague of the Two, the *Jealouſy*, if it be not True, or the *Folly* of being *Troubled* at it, if it *Be*; for there is no contending with the Wit and Will of a Freakiſh Woman; eſpecially when ſhe is ſet *agog* by *Provocation*, *Spite*, and *Defyance*; as well as by *Inclination*. Nay it is a Point of Honour gain'd, on the Woman's Part, to get the Better of a Man that will be putting of Things to a Tryal of Skill betwixt Man and Wife.

98. A Poor Man's Laſt Will and Teſtament.

A Poor, Indigent, Beggarly Creature; Weak in Body but in ſound Senſe, ſent for a *Notary* to draw his *Will*, which was as follows.

There are Two ſuch Perſons, ſays he, (naming them) *Men of Quality and Eſtate, that have ever ſhew'd themſelves my Generous Friends, and I ſhall be much to blame, not to leave them ſome Token of my Love for a Remembrance, before I depart This Life.* This Formal Gravity ſet every body a longing to hear what Legacies; for they all knew the Man, (*Eudamidas*) not to be worth a Groat.

I do bequeath, ſays he, *my Aged Mother to the Care of* Aretæus, *my Particular Friend, to be by him provided for and Maintain'd, out of a Reſpect to my Memory when I am gone.*

And to another Friend of mine, (Philoxenus) *I bequeath my only Daughter, to be by him diſpos'd of in Marriage, with as Fair a Fortune as he can well ſpare.*

This *Teſtament* look'd liker *Romance*, then Matter of *Fact*, till the Two Friends appear'd, and undertook the Truſt. *Philoxenus* dy'd in Five Days, and upon his Deceaſe, *Aretæus* took the whole Charge upon Himſelf: and having a Daughter of his own too, he diſpoſed of her, and of his Friend's Daughter, both in a Day, and gave them *Two Talents a piece* for their *Portion*.

The

The MORAL.

IT is one Good Office to miniſter the Occaſion of Another; and a High Obligation, to furniſh the Opportunity, and the Means of doing a Generous Thing. How many Glorious Spirits are bury'd in Obſcurity, for want of Light to ſhew themſelves by! A Brave Man deſires nothing more then Matter well diſpos'd to work upon: Neither can we do any Honeſt and a Good Man a Greater Favour, then to put him in a way how we may honourably oblige another: beſide that it is a Singular Inſtance of the Good Opinion I have of the Man, and a Nicety well judg'd, with a Reſpect to Piety and Prudence, on Both Hands. It was, in ſhort, a Thought Sublime in it ſelf; Judicious in the Application, and as providentially Illuſtrated in the Execution.

99. Pythes an Avaricious Prince.

THere was a *Golden Mine* diſcover'd in the Grounds of one *Pythes*, a *Perſian Prince*, of an Ineſtimable Value; and his Heart was ſo ſet upon it, that there was nothing but Delving and Refining, Day and Night, without ſo much as allowing, either Himſelf, or his Workmen, Liberty for the moſt neceſſary Offices of Nature; inſomuch that divers of them Periſh'd for want of Food, and Reſt. In This Diſtreſs, the Wives and Relations of Theſe Poor Men joyn'd in an Addreſs to the Wife of *Pythes*, to intercede with her Husband on their Behalf. She gave them the Hearing, and bad them go their ways Home again, and hope the beſt.

She ſent at the ſame time for ſome of the moſt Exquiſite Artiſts among the *Goldſmiths*, that ſhe thought might be truſted with a Secret ſhe had to Impart. So ſhe gave them a Particular Account of her Husband's Diet, with orders to provide an Entertainment, all in *Gold*, according to That Bill of Fare. By the Time that the Precious Collation was prepar'd, Home comes the *Husband*, tir'd, and half ſtarv'd; and calls for *Supper*. The Word was no ſooner ſpoken, but in comes

Gold

Golden Table, with a wonderful variety of Delicacies upon it, all of the ſame Mettle. *Pythes* ſtood in Admiration at the Curioſity of the Workmanſhip. But *Wife*, ſays he, after a little Pauſe, *prethee let me have ſomewhat to* Eat, *as well as to* look upon: and ſo he call'd for one Thing after another, and it was all brought in *Plate* ſtill. This Mockery (as he underſtood it) put him into a Fret, and ſo he told his Wife, over and over, that he did not call for *Gold*, but *Meat*. Why Sir, ſays ſhe, ſure you talk Idle. There's no ſuch Thing as *Meat* in *Our Country*. Here's no *Planting*, no *Plowing*, or *Sowing*, no *Fruit*, no *Corn*, no *Vintage*, no *Harveſt*. Here's nothing but *Digging*, and *Mining*, and That which comes of it, is all we have to truſt to; ſo that we muſt either Eat *Gold*, or *Starve*. The pretty Sharpneſs of This Hint wrought ſo effectually upon the Husband, that from thence forward he divided his Cares, betwixt his own Separate Intereſt, and the Publique Good.

The MORAL.

AVARICE is ſo *Boundleſs*, and *Inſatiable*, that in a Narrow Soul the Love of *Mony* takes up the whole Man: The Fetching of it out of the *Mine*, and the Tranſporting of it into the *Coffers* of a *Miſer*, is but the Removal of it from one *Hiding-place to another*, and from the Bed where *Nature* had lodg'd it, into a *Hoard*, where it lies every jot as *Dead*, and *Uſeleſs*. *Propriety*, without Enjoyment, is not one jot better then a Pinching *Penury*. For the Owner lives in *Want*, though in the *Poſſeſſion*, of that which he neither Does, nor Dares, make uſe of: and it is to Him the ſame Thing, as if it were utterly Loſt. He is no longer a Member of the Community, but ſets up a Private, and a Diſtinct Intereſt againſt Mankind, in withdrawing himſelf from all the Offices of Humane Society. This Cuts ſo ſenſibly upon Men of Place, and Figure, that there's no way but under the Maſque of an *Embleme*, or a *Fable*, to ſcape a *Scandalum Magnatum*, and bring Theſe Muckworms to their Wits again.

100. The Chineſes Immortality.

THe *Chineſes* are ſo ſtrangely poſſeſs'd with the Phancy of a State of *Immortality*, to be acquir'd by *natural Means*, that though they ſee the Patrons, and the Aſſerters of This Doctrine, daily expiring before their Eyes, ſuch is their Madneſs yet, that they go on, Believing, and Embracing it, even in a Contradiction to Common Senſe, and in contempt of the very Death it ſelf.

This was the Caſe of an *Emperour* we read of in the Hiſtory of *China*. His Heart was ſo ſet upon the Perſuaſion, that he took-up up a Reſolution of parting with *One Life in Hand*, for the Gaining of *Another to Come:* a Practice frequent among Thoſe People. There was a *Quack-Impoſtor*, it ſeems, that had prepar'd the Draught that was to do the King's Work; and there it ſtood upon the Table before him, ready for his Hand. But in the mean time, a Particular Friend of his lay upon the Watch, adviſing him againſt it, to try if it were poſſible to prevent the Miſchief; and finding that neither Argument, nor Importunity, would prevail upon him, he took his Time, as the King was looking Another way, ſnatch'd up the Cup at unawares, and Drank-off the *Doſe* at a Gulp. The King immediately in a Rage laid his Hand upon his Dagger, with Bloudy menaces for preſuming to ſupplant him in the Right he had to That Bleſſed Draught. *How's That Sir?* ſays he, with an Honeſt Aſſurance, *will you pretend to take away the Life of a Man that has* a Potion of Immortality in his Guts, *and* Cannot Dye? *If it be poſſible for* you *to kill* me, *do but ſay wherein I am to Blame:* for *either I am* Immortal, *or* You *are* Impos'd *upon.* This *Dilemma* brought the King to his Wits again, and to a True, though a Late ſenſe of underſtanding the Treaſure of ſo Excellent a Friend.

The

The MORAL.

WE have here a Glorious Inſtance of the Heroical Bravery of a Tender Friend, and a Loyal Subject, both in one: for what could be greater, then for a Servant to lay down his Own Life to ſave his Maſters; and at the ſame time to deliver him from the Snare of ſo Deſperate a Miſtake.

It ſhews likewiſe how miſerably a Prince may be miſled, in being wrought upon to take a *Friend* for an *Enemy*, and an *Enemy* for a *Friend:* and when he's once out of the way, there's nothing like Sedate Councel and Experience to bring him to himſelf again: not but that he that buys his Wiſdom with the Loſs of ſuch a Miniſter, pays dear for his Learning.

We have here likewiſe an Inſtance of a *Pagan*, doing more for the acquiring of a *Phantaſtical Immortality*, then many a *Chriſtian* would do for the Purchaſing of a *Bleſſed Eternity*. But *Enthuſiaſts* are *Deaf* to the Dictates of *Common Senſe* and *Reaſon*, and to the *Beſt Offices* of *Friendſhip* and *Advice*.

101. A Country man to Jupiter.

A *Country fellow* ran Bawling to *Jupiter* with an Outcry, that *the Sheep eat-up all his Graſs*. *Jupiter* gave them a Check for't, and bad 'em take that Rebuke for a Warning. But they went Gutting-on ſtill nevertheleſs: and upon a *Secoud Complaint*, *Jupiter* order'd the *Wolves* to look after them. The *Wolves* were no ſooner in Office, but up comes the *Bumpkin* again, with *Another* Diſmal Story, what Havock they were a making, juſt at That Inſtant, with the Whole Flock. Why then, ſays *Jupiter*, we muſt e'en get *Huntſmen* to take Care of the *Wolves*. Well, ſays the *Countryman* again; but what if the *Huntſmen* at laſt ſhould prove *Mutton-mongers Themſelves* too? Where ſhall we be next?

The MORAL.

LEVITY is a Reſtleſs Sickneſs of the Mind, that makes a Man Uneaſy whatever he does, and which way ſoever he turns himſelf. He ſhifts, only for Variety, and One Change is as Irkſom to him, as Another. He governs his Life by Humour,

Humour, not by Conſideration, Choice, or Judgment; and acts, not only *Without Reaſon*, but *Againſt* it: for he paſſes as well from Good to Bad, as from Bad to Worſe, and ſtill Weary of the *Preſent*, whatever it is.

If the *Sheep* muſt Eat no *Graſs*, *the Maſter* muſt Eat no *Mutton:* ſo that for a Revenge upon his *Flock*, he goes the ready way to ſtarve *himſelf*. But Nature muſt not be put out of her Courſe, to gratify the Caprice, or the Avarice, of a Phantaſtical Churle; who had rather the Bounties of Providence ſhould be Perverted, or Loſt, then Employ'd upon the Ends they were intended for. But ſo it is, that the very Granting of our Prayers, generally Speaking, would be one of the Heavieſt Judgments could befal us.

Grudge the *Sheep* their *Graſs*, and the next Work will be to turn them over to the *Wolves* to look after them; and then from the *Wolves* at laſt, to the *Huntſmen*, to ſecure the main Chance: that is to ſay, we Pray our ſelves out of a Happy Condition into a Miſerable, and from That, into a Worſe; and ſo Proceed till we are undone paſt Recovery: ſo that upon the whole Matter, we are Ungrateful to Providence, Enemys to our Selves, and Malevolent one toward another.

Now this is for want of Searching into, and underſtanding the Nature of Things, and the True Meaſures of Humane Affairs. It is the Great Art, and Philoſophy of Life, to make the Beſt of the *Preſent*, whether it be Good or Bad; and to *Bear* the One, with Reſignation, and Patience, and to *Enjoy* the Other, with Thankfulneſs, and Moderation.

102. A Courtier and a Flock of Sheep.

AS a Courtier, a Divine, a Phyſician, and a Lawyer, were taking the Air together; they made a Stop in their Walk, at the Sight of a Flock of *Sheep*; and ſo entertain'd themſelves a while, with Obſervations upon the Humour of That Creature. Look ye, ſays one of the Company, which way ſoever the Leader goes, the Reſt follow, and upon this Ridiculous way of Proceeding, the *Virtuoſi* took an Occaſion to Reaſon the Matter with theſe *Animals*. Pray'e, with your leave, Good People, ſays one of them, why do you not rather Govern your ſelves by *Choyce*, and *Inclinati-*

on,

on, then by *Chance*, and *Example*; without ſo much as conſidering whether you do Well or Ill? If your Leader happens to be in the Right, much Good may it do you, but if not, you are all Loſt.

When he had gone Thus far, a Grave *Ramm* at the Head of the Company took the Word out of his Mouth; and turn'd the Argument upon the *Doctors*. Gentlemen, ſays he, you that are ſo Severe and Critical upon Others, ſhould do well in the Firſt place to examine your ſelves. Where's the Virtue, I beſeech you, of your Formalities, your Caps, and your Habits; and what was the Original Invention of them, more, then a Phantaſtical Whimſy? Or what is there more in your following, and continuing the ſame Mode, and Faſhion, then one Mimick treading upon the Heels of Another? Briefly, what are you, in your Doctrines, Maxims, Practices, and Preſidents, but ſo many *Two Footed Sheep*, that Govern your ſelves more by *Imitation*, then *Reaſon?*

The MORAL.

LET no Man preſume to Cenſure, or Deſpiſe Another, without putting it firſt to the Queſtion, whether He Himſelf be not Guilty of what he Blames in his Neighbour. Here's an Expoſtulation betwixt the *Doctors*, and the *Sheep*; and upon the Ballance it appear'd that the *Virtuoſi* have the more to anſwer for of the Two. We are to gather from hence, that *Men*, Generally Speaking, are led by *Example*, as well as *Brutes*; and follow their Leaders at a Venture, without any Regard to the Equity of their Proceedings; provided they do but tread in the Steps of him that marches before them. So that at This rate, we Live at Hap-hazzard, without either *Choyce*, *Judgment*, *Rule*, or *Meaſure*.

103. Two Ramms Fighting.

THere paſs'd a Quarrel betwixt a Couple of *Ramms*; partly upon Honour, partly Provocation: inſomuch that they put themſelves in Poſture like a Brace of Bulleys, and fell to beating one another. This Combat was

no

no ſooner over, but a Second Couple of Theſe Sparks enter'd the Liſts, and did the like. When the Humour was once a foot, the whole Flock took the ſame Freak, and fought it out, from the Captain himſelf, to the Puny of the whole Troup. But in the concluſion, a Good Tender Charitable Wretch puts in with a Word of Wholeſome Advice, to make all Friends again. Good People, ſays the Bigotted Mediator, do but think what a Shame it is, for the very Embleme of Innocence, and Patience, to behave it ſelf ſo Outrageouſly, and liker *Wolves* and *Tygers*, then *Muttons*. *Doctor*, ſays one of the Ramms, *pray'e give me leave to tell you that Diſcord is as natural to Us, as the very Bloud in our Veins; and that without Fighting and Scuffling, the World it ſelf could not be kept alive. And pray'e obſerve, that where-ever you ſee People live in Peace, 'tis not for want of Good Will to be Troubleſom, but for want of Force. And for your Better Satisfaction, do but take a Sober View of the World we live in, and then tell me, which is the Quieter Company of the Two*, Men, *or* Beaſts.

The MORAL.

HERE's a Short Account of almoſt all the Quarrels under the Sun, Publique or Private; ſome, for a Crown, Others for a Miſtreſs; and *Example* works with *Men*, juſt as it does with *Ramms* and *Bulls*; beſide that, as ſmall a Matter puts the Humour in Motion. A Spark from the Stroke of a Flint ſets the whole Town in a Flame: A Match at Foot-Ball puts the whole Body of the People in a Tumult. One Box, and One Provoking Stroke draws on Another: And This Ungovernable Rage, when the Bloud is once ſtirr'd, turns Reaſonable Creatures into Brutes. To talk of *Religion*, *Morality*, *Humanity*, or *Good Nature*, is quite beſide the Purpoſe: for we live by Preſident, and learn to be Quarrelſome one of another:

104. A Conteſt betwixt Gold and Iron.

THere was a Mortal Quarrel betwixt *Gold* and *Iron*, and the Queſtion was This: which of the Two was the Greater Curſe to Mankind, or the Greater Bleſſing

Bleſſing. The Diſpute would have been Endleſs, if the Court they appeal'd to, had not Ty'd them up to This way of Proceeding: that they ſhould be heard in their Turns, only allowing Gold the Privilege of leading the Cauſe.

Curſed be the Hour, ſays *Gold*, that Firſt brought *Iron* out of the Bowels of the Earth; and Curſed be the Finder, and the Workman, as well as the work it ſelf: for what is it upon the Main, but the Common Inſtrument of Wars, Murders, Maſſacres, Aſſaſſinations, Sacrilege, and Rebellion, without putting any Difference betwixt Things Sacred and Prophane! The Profeſs'd Enemy of Peace, and Order, the Embroiler of States, and the Subverter of Governments; an Advocate for Rapine, and Violence; a Promoter of Tyranny, and a Supporter of all manner of Wickedneſs!

You ſhould do well now to conſider, ſays the Other Party, that *Iron* is only Paſſive, in all the Harm it does, and no more then a Tool in the Hand of the Maſter-workman; acting in Subordination to the Ends of *Gold*. What is it but *Gold*, that fetches it out of the Mines, and brings it to Light? That Models, Faſhions, and applyes it? What is it in War, but the Author of Bloud and Confuſion! What is it in the Hands of a Rebel, a Bravo, or a Cut-Throat, more then a Proſtitute Mercenary that ſerves for Wages? Is a Church, or a State, to be Betray'd? Is a Friend, or a Virgin, to be Corrupted? Is a Vow, an Oath, or a Contract, though never ſo Sacred, to be made Void? Why 'tis the very Province of *Gold*, to Bind, and to Looſe; to Diſpence, to Diſcharge, and to Abſolve, in all Theſe Inſtances. Neither is the Court, the Bench, the Camp, or any other Body of Men, any better Proof againſt that Irreſiſtible Temptation.

But to paſs now, ſays *Iron*, from the Miſchiefs that Occur in the Abuſe of Things, to the Advantages that naturally flow from the Right Uſe of them. How were it poſſible for Mankind to ſubſiſt, without Navigation, Building, Tillage, Digging, Planting, Sow-

ing, Arts, Manufactures; Arms to Defend their Rights, Lives, Liberties, Religion, Laws, and Country, againſt Uſurpation, and Oppreſſion. Nay, and I might have ſaid, without Neceſſaries for Food and Rayment! In fine, This does ſo naturally depend upon the Help and Service of *Iron*, that there were no living in This World without it.

Now to take you at your own way of Reaſoning, ſays the Other ſide, If, upon the Whole Matter, *Iron* be only Subſervient to *Gold*, in all the Hurts it does, it may be ſo likewiſe in all the Good it does, ſince it is *Gold* that ſets *Iron* at Work in whatever it does. To ſay nothing of a Thouſand other Offices of Bounty, Charity, and Humanity, over and above, that are caſt into the Account by Providence, in Favour of *Gold*.

The MORAL.

ALL the Works of *Providence*, and *Nature*, are Good, and God Himſelf hath pronounc'd them ſo, in the very Creation of them. 'Tis the *Right Uſe*, or the *Abuſe* of Things, that makes them either *Profitable*, or *Hurtful* to us; and it is the Pravity of our own Corrupt Affections, that draws Evil out of Good, and turns the Bleſſings of Heaven to our Condemnation. The ſame Reaſon holds in the Caſe of Wine, and Women, Fire, and Water, *&c.* as it is here with *Gold*, and *Iron*; all depends upon the Application of Things in Due Time, Place, and Meaſure.

105. A Deaf and Dumb Gardner.

A Diſſolute Cavalier, that had a Month's Mind to a Little *Nun's-Fleſh*, bethought himſelf of This Stratagem for the Compaſſing of his End.

There was a Monaſtery of Delicate Virgins, which, as he underſtood, wanted a *Gardner*. He took up the Habit of a Day-Labourer, and ſo went to This Cloyſter, as by Chance, to look for Work. The Firſt Man he met with was the Steward of the Houſe; whom he gave to underſtand that he was both *Deaf*, and *Dumb*, and

and in very great *Neceſſity*. The Officer gave him to eat, and made ſome little Tryal of him about the Grounds, wherein he acquitted himſelf much to the Steward's Liking. As he was up and down the Houſe, the *Lady Abbeſſe* took Notice of him, and enquir'd what he was, and what might be his Bus'neſs. Why Madam, ſays the *Steward*, it is a Poor *Deaf* and *Dumb* Creature, that I phancy would make a very Good *Gardner*, and we want one at preſent: Beſide that there would be no Danger of bringing a Scandal upon the Monaſtery, for entertaining a Miſerable Wretch, under his Circumſtances. The Lady told him ſhe was much of his Opinion, and therefore, ſays ſhe, pray'e let him be taken-in, Cloth'd and Provided for. Now the Man was all This while within Hearing of the Diſcourſe. *So Said, ſo Done*; and the *New Gardner* was put immediately into Poſſeſſion of his Charge.

The *Nuns* were wonderfully pleas'd with the Thought of ſo innocent a Diverſion, in the Company of a Man that was *Deaf* and *Dumb*, and whatever they ſaid or did, would be ſure to keep Councel: ſo that they had their Tongues more at Liberty then before. The Little Officer, in the *Interim*, whether he was Digging, Weeding, Planting, or whatever elſe he was a doing, took Care to Emprove every Thing to his Edification; till in the End he was able to give almoſt as Good an Account of the whole Encloſure, as either the Fathers, or the Phyſicians themſelves.

This *Gardning-Trade* went on, till the Death of the Steward; but the Cavalier, finding by this Time that he had a Great Charge upon him, apply'd himſelf to the *Lady Abbeſſe* to be diſmiſs'd, which with ſome Difficulty he obtain'd. It was a Surprize, no doubt on't, to the Good Lady, to hear a *Dumb* Man *Speak*: but by the Favour of the *Convent*, This Recovery of his Speech was enter'd upon the File, as a *Miracle*, and ſo he departed.

The MORAL.

THE Moral of This *Nouvelle* will lye in a little Room. Love is Freakiſh, and Induſtrious; and Fleſh and Bloud is as Frail in a Cloyſter as in a Palace. It is not to be Imagin'd that *Boccace* ever intended the Hiſtory of This Romantick Adventure, as an Invective againſt any ſort of People, or againſt any State of Life; but to ſhew that we carry Humane Frailty about us wherever we are: and to mind us at the ſame time, that the Holy Diſciples themſelves were not without a *Judas* in the Number. But when the Worſt comes to the Worſt, 'tis but covering the *Intrigue*, we think, and bringing it off with a *Miracle*.

106. Exemplary Juſtice in Cambyſes.

Cambyſes, the Son of *Cyrus*, was a Prince Famous for the Severity of his Government, and the Strictneſs of an Inexorable Juſtice. This Prince had a Particular Favourit that he made a *Judge*; and This *Judge* reckon'd himſelf ſo ſecure in the Credit he had with his Maſter, that without any more ado, Cauſes were Bought and Sold in the Courts of Judicature, as openly as Proviſions in the Market,

So ſoon as *Cambyſes* came to underſtand how this Ungrateful Wretch had Proſtituted his Royal Dignity for Gold; together with the Liberty and Property of his People, and the Honour of his Adminiſtration; he caus'd his Minion to be taken-up, and Degraded, his Skin Strip'd over his Ears, and the Seat of Judgment Cover'd with it: and he order'd his Son, in the Concluſion, to ſucceed the Father in his Character and Office.

The MORAL.

Exemplary Crimes require *Exemplary Juſtice*, but the Puniſhment ought to be likewiſe Inſtructive. There's a Great Difference betwixt the Fierceneſs of a Cholerick Out-rage, and the Solemnity of a Severe Animadverſion: ſo that the *Rigour* here, upon the *Father*, is well diſtinguiſh'd from the *Grac*

Grace ſhew'd to the *Son:* for it would have been moſt Unreaſonable to Confound the Guilt of the One, with the Innocence of the Other, and to Deſtroy the Family for the Perſon.

107. Dionyſius Robb'd a Temple.

Dionyſius enter'd a Temple of Idols, and took a *Golden Cloak* from the Principal Image of the Place: It was too *Heavy* for *Summer*, he ſaid, and too *Cold* for *Winter*. He took away *Æſculapius's Golden Beard* alſo: for his *Father*, *Apollo*, *wore None*, he ſaid, *that might better have afforded it.*

The MORAL.

'TIS the way of the World to Cover the Fouleſt Things and Deſigns with the Faireſt Names, and the moſt Plauſible Pretences. Have we not heard of *Church-Lands* Seiz'd to *Prophane* Uſes, under the Specious Colour of a *Neceſſity of State? Bareſac'd Sacrilege* Countenanc'd, and Committed, for fear of an *Inviſible Idolatry?* And what is there more in't upon the main, then Firſt, a Diſſolution of Order and Government paſt all Recovery; and afterwards, giving a Frivolous Reaſon for't.

108. A Courtier to Simonides.

A Great Man belonging to the Court, that had a mighty Mind to paſs for ſome body in the World, was Tampering with *Simonides* to write a Copy of Verſes in his Commendation, and he'd be thankful to him, he ſaid. *Simonides* told him, that he had a *Box* at Home with *Two Drawers* to it, one for *Thanks*, and t'other for *Mony*. When I open the one, ſays he, there comes out, at firſt, a Delicious Fragrancy, but then 'tis immediately gone again, in *Fumo*. But in the *Mony-Drawer*, I find Meat, Drink and Clothes, and all Neceſſaries for the Uſe and Comfort of Humane Life. Now pray'e Sir let me know, that I may be upon ſome Certainty, which of the Drawers am I to truſt to for my Acknowledgment?

The MORAL.

MANY a Man would be glad af a Fair Reputation in the World, that's loth to go to the Price of it: ſo that there's no dealing with Courtiers and Great Men, altogether upon Truſt. *Court-pay* is but *Smoke*, or as *Barclay* has it, *a Civility that coſts a Body nothing*. Wherefore it will become a Wiſe Man to take Care of the Main Chance, and to provide the beſt he can, in the firſt place, for Things Neceſſary and Uſeful: We live in a World of Intereſt and Deſign, and that which we call *Court-Holy-water*, will not keep the Devil out of a Man's Pocket.

109. Cambyſes and Praxaſpes.

Cambyſes was a moſt Intemperate Drinker, and *Praxaſpes* took the Freedom to adviſe him againſt it, as a Practice that puts People out of the Command and Government of Themſelves, Body and Mind. Well! ſays *Cambyſes*, but to Shew you that Wine has not ſuch a Power over me, fetch your Son hither. The Young Man was brought; and now, ſays he, let him ſtand before me with his left Arm over his Head. As he ſtood in That Poſture, *Cambiſes* took a mighty Draught, and follow'd it with an Arrow, that ſtruck him directly thorough the Heart. *Look ye*, ſays *Cambiſes* to the Father, *Wine does not ſpoil my Aim, you ſee.* No, no, Sir, ſays *Praxaſpes*, *Apollo* Himſelf could not have mended that Shot.

The MORAL.

'TIS a Dangerous Poſt, That of a Prime Miniſter, to an Intemperate, Freakiſh Prince; that will neither underſtand Jeſt nor Earneſt, any further, then as it gratifies his Humour. He takes Good Councel, for an Affront, or a kind of Reproche; as who ſhould ſay, *That Man thinks himſelf Wiſer then his Maſter.* He makes no Difficulty of Sacrificing the Beſt Friend he has in the World, to a Frolique; and in This Wanton way of Cruelty, he makes it Death to be Honeſt: not but that it highly concerns a Prince to ſupport the Dignity of his

his Crown and Authority, by all Reaſonable Severities, where the Juſtice of the Caſe ſhall require it. But to Trifle away Mens Lives in a *Banter*, as we call it, and to ſpill *Humane Blood*, purely for the *Blood-ſake*, This is to turn *Governours* into *Tygers*, and *ill-order'd-States*, only into *more Tolerable Deſarts*.

110. Columbus's Diſcovery.

WHen *Columbus*, to his Immortal Honour, had newly perfected his Diſcovery of the *Weſt Indies*, the *Spaniards* went up and down in Clubbs and Cabals, vilifying the Action, and Derogating from the Glory of the Work. *They ſaw nothing in the Buſ'neſs*, they ſaid, *but Another body* might *have done it as well as He. The Paſſage*, they cry'd, *was Safe and Eaſy? the Thing it ſelf Obvious, and it lay every jot as fair for a* Spaniard, *as for an* Italian. *Columbus* had the hap to be *Incognito* at one of Theſe Meetings, and when he had ſet ſtill a while, as a Perſon not at all concern'd in the Diſcourſe, he call'd for a *Hen's Egg*, which was immediately brought him. He took it; and after viewing and turning of it one way and t'other, *Gentlemen*, ſays he, *I would gladly ſee any Man here ſet This Egg upright now upon the Table.* They fell to Whiſpering, and Fleering one upon another, and after ſeveral Tryals, concluded the Thing was not to be done. Pardon me, ſays *Columbus*, there's nothing eaſier in Nature: and ſo he took the Egg, Crack'd it, and ſet it up-an-end. The Company upon Second Thoughts, took the Hint as he intended it.

The MORAL.

NONE ſo forward to Leſſen other People, as Thoſe that are good for nothing Themſelves. Every Thing is Eaſy, they ſay, when 'tis Done once, without conſidering the Envy and Reproche that attends all Honourable Undertakings. Thus goes the World, and Thus it is like to go, ſo long as the Labours and Services of Worthy Men are Subjected to the Cenſures of Ill natur'd Fools.

If we were but half ſo Solicitous to Advance the Reputation of our Neighbours, as we are to Depreſs it, or but half ſo Careful to Mind our own Manners, as we are to ſpy Faults in Other People's, we ſhould find Work enough at Home: but our Buſ'neſs is Scandal, and Defamation: never conſidering, that Detractors are Falſifyers over and above. *Calumniators*, in Short, live upon the Spoyl like *High-way-men*, that have nothing *Themſelves* but what they take from *Others*.

111. A Huntſman and a Stag.

SOme body had put it in the Head of a Weak Lord to ſet-up for a Huntſman: He provides himſelf an Equipage upon it; and ſo away over Hedge and Ditch to the Chaſe; with his Wood-men, his Currs, and his Tew about him. He kept up with the Doggs to the very Fall of the *Stagg*; but ſo Bruis'd, and Batter'd, with preſſing through the Buſhes, and ſo Sick of his Adventure, that Tir'd and Harraſs'd as he was, he turn'd his Rage upon the Poor *Animal*, after This Manner. *Sirrah:* ſays he to the *Stagg*; *I may thank you for all This: but upon my Honour. I'll be Reveng'd upon your whole Generation: for I will not leave you ſo much as a Cops, or a Thicket, to put your Heads in.* The Words were no ſooner out, but People were immediately employ'd to cut up the Woods and lay all Waſt. It was not long after This, before the Hunting-Humour took him again as before, and wonderfully pleas'd he was, to think what Riding he ſhould have, now there was nothing left to hinder him in his Carreer. And he had *Field-room* enough, 'tis true, but the *Game* was gone.

112. A Country-man and Bees.

THere was a Plodding *Country-fellow* that was pretty well to paſs in the World, and he might thank a Good Stock of *Bees* for't. As he was ſucking a Comb one day, a *Bee* caught him by the Tongue: The Pain

put

put him into ſuch a Rage, that he threw down all his Hives upon it. The *Bees* fell to expoſtulate the matter with him, what a Fool he was to do himſelf a Miſchief becauſe he was Angry at another body: eſpecially conſidering that it was Their Labour and Induſtry that both Rais'd and Maintain'd him, and if he would not take the Sweet and the Sowr one with another, they'd e'en leave him to ſhift for himſelf. Upon This Diſguſt, they forſook the Poor Man, to his utter Ruine.

113. A Burgher and a Pear-Tree.

A Shatter-Brain'd Rich *Burgher*, but a Man Curious enough in his Gardens, Pluck'd a *Pear*, and Taſted it: but the *Pear* it ſeems was ſtark Naught: He took This ſo Heynouſly, that he order'd the Tree immediately to be digg'd up by the Roots. Alas Maſter! ſays the Tree, if the Fruit be not good, it has not been a kindly Year, you know, and pray'e do not make me anſwerable for the Iniquities of the Seaſons? Beſide, that the Burden of Sound, and Pleaſant Fruit I have upon me, might have compounded, methinks, for here and there One Rotten Piece.

The MORAL.

THE *Three Phancies above* are much upon the ſame Turn. But ſhall we call it *Anger* now, or *Madneſs*, for a Man to Pick a Quarrel with the *Buſhes*, and the *Brambles*, for *Scratching* him; the *Bees*, for *Stinging* him; a *Pear-Tree* for putting his Mouth out of *Taſt?* and when all is done, for wreaking a Revenge upon himſelf. This may ſeem to be an Extraordinary Caſe, but in truth all Paſſions in Exceſs have the ſame Effect upon us, in Proportion to that of a Furious Choler, only they work ſeveral ways.

But the moſt Glorious Exploit of This kind, was the *Countryman's Revenge* upon his *Landlord*. He was the Laſt Life in the Leaſe of an Eſtate, in his Patron's Poſſeſſion. He took ſomewhat ill of his Landlord, and immediately Poyſon'd himſelf, to defeat the other of the Eſtate.

Montagne.

Montagne tells a Horrid Story of a Certain King, that Renounc'd God Himſelf upon the Loſs of a Battle, and Prohibited his People, either to *Worſhip*, or ſo much as to *Name* him, for ſuch a certain Time, in his Dominions. An Execrable Blaſphemous Out-rage, and not to be thought of without Horrour.

114. A Blind Man that would not be Cur'd.

A Surgeon that had undertaken the Cure a *Blind Man*, was juſt entring upon the Operation: but the Patient, upon Second Thoughts, bad him hold his Hand a little; and *pray'e tell me*, ſays he, *before you go any further, what kind of World is it that I am like to ſee, if I recover my Sight?* Juſt the ſame World over again, ſays the Doctor, that you ſaw before you fell Blind. Nay then, ſays the Patient, e'en leave me as you found me: for I had rather ſee nothing at all, then the Second Part of the ſame Story.

The MORAL.

THIS is that which we call *a Cure worſe then the Diſeaſe*: for it is moſt certain, that the Bleſſings of Sight will not always Countervail the Miſerys that attend it, in the View it gives us of a Vain and a Wicked World. But we have This at laſt for our Comfort, that in all Conditions of Calamity and Misfortune, we are not without ſome Providential Advantages or other to Ballance the Inconvenience.

115. Ambs Ace.

THere were Two Priſoners Sentenc'd to throw the Dice for their Lives, and the Firſt Caſter threw *Deux Ace*, which put him into ſuch a Fit of Repentance, Vows, Promiſes and Reſolutions, that there never was ſo Saint-like a Penitent. While he was in the Middle of his Ejaculations, the Other throws *Two Aces*. The Dice were no ſooner upon the Table, but up ſtarts the *New Convert*, from his Prayers, with a Bloudy Oath in his Mouth. *Ambs Ace* by—— ſays he.

The MORAL.

THIS Story has in it the very Image of Humane Nature. It lays us open in our Frailtys, and Corruptions; the Vanity of our Pretenſions, and the Weakneſs of our Reſolutions.

How

How Tender, and Devout we are, when we find our ſelves upon a Pinch; How Ready to *Promiſe*, and how Backward to *Perform*; how Falſe, in fine, and Fickle we are upon the Main.

116. A Battle betwixt the Birds and the Beaſts.

THere happen'd a Battle once betwixt the *Birds* and the *Beaſts*, with the *Lyon* and the *Eagle* at the Head of them, and it was a Battle hard-fought: The *Beaſts* being terribly Gall'd from above, with Darts out of the Air, and from the Tops of Houſes. In the Heat of the Encounter, up comes a *Griffon*, toward the Place of Action, which put Both Generals to a little Plunge what to do: for betwixt his *Wings*, and his *Fore-feet*, the *Eagle* was afraid he would have join'd with the *Beaſts*; and the *Lyon*, on the other hand, as Suſpicious that he would have taken part with the *Birds*. Upon This, they Both ſent Deputies to the *Griffon* by conſent, to know what he was, and to learn his Bus'neſs. His Anſwer was, that being neither *Bird* nor *Beaſt*, he could not concern himſelf in the Quarrel; but as he was a *Partaker* of *Both*, he could not but have a Kindneſs for the one as well as the Other; and ſo advis'd them to bethink themſelves of an Accommodation. They took his Counſel, and made the *Griffon* the Umpire of the Controverſy: who immediately order'd Both Armyes to Disband, and ſo put an End to the War.

The MORAL.

'TIS hard, that *Humanity*, and *Good-Faith*, ſhould be found only in *Emblem*, and in *Fables*; and that Reaſonable Creatures ſhould be ſent to School to Birds and Beaſts (as in This Caſe here of the *Griffon*) to learn their Duty. Mankind, either Is, or Ought to be, all of a Piece; ſo that every Individual is bound to promote the Common Good, and the Well being of the Univerſe. This was the *Griffon*'s Part and Province. He had a Fellow-feeling of the Calamities of Both Parties, and made it his Bus'neſs, as well as it was his Intereſt, to Reconcile them: not like a *Trimming Incendiary*, to play Faſt and Looſe on Both Sides, and without either Honour or Conſcience to make the Beſt of a Bad Game.

117. Two Chimeras.

TWo *Whimſical Chimeras*, that were abroad upon Adventure, happen'd to encounter, head to head, *full-Butt*, upon the way; They gave one another, the Time of the Day, enquir'd what Bus'neſs, and the like: and to be ſhort, their Queſtions and Anſwers were all Freakiſh, and the very Counter-part, the one of the Other.

What a Jaunt have I had, ſays one of them, *up and down the World, to look for Lodgings! I have been among the Men of the* Long-Robe, Church-men, Lawyers, States-men, Projectors, School-men, Muſicians, Chymiſts, Small-Poets, *and what not! I took a Ramble from thence among the Sparks of* Love, *and* Pleaſure; *and every Nook was ſo crowding full of* Whimſy, *that there was not Room enough left in all their Skulls for ſo much as one Maggot more.* Very Good, ſays t'other, and juſt ſuch another Job have I been upon, and juſt to as much purpoſe too: for take them one with another, Men, Women, and Children, Young and Old, Rich and Poor, there's *never a Barrel better Herring*.

The MORAL.

THIS is to tell us, that there is nothing Pure or Perfect in This World: But he's the *Wiſeſt* Man that is the leaſt a *Fool*; the *Honeſteſt*, that's the leaſt a *Knave*; the *Holyeſt* that's the leaſt an *Hypocrite*; and the *Sobereſt* that's the leaſt a *Mad-man*. That is to ſay, the Virtue and the Knowledge of This World, is all but Viſionary, and Phantaſtick. Man, at the Beſt, is but a Compoſition of Good and Evil, and that which we call *Humane Wiſdom*, we find to be little more then *Vanity*, and *Illuſion*.

118. A Cuckow and a Nightingal.

IT was a Doleful Story that a *Cuckow* told a *Nightingal*; how Barbarouſly ſhe was us'd in the World. People would ſtand Staring and Gaping at her, like an

an Owl ſhe ſaid; and Twitting her for bringing up other People's Brats at her Fire-ſide. Nay if I do but happen to perch my ſelf over any Body's Head, 'tis as much, they ſay, as if I call'd him *Cuckold*. Now, ſays the *Cuckow*, if I were but put into your Dreſs a little, and into your way of Singing, I phancy, I might redeem my Credit. Alas for thee, thou poor Ignorant Creature ſays the *Nightingal*; there goes more to the making of a Songſter then thou art aware of: The *Cuckow's Pipe*, I tell thee, was never made to bear a Part in a *Conſort* of *Nightingals*.

The MORAL.

ALL Creatures are uneaſy, for want of ſomewhat or other; and we find them ſtill as Uneaſy when they have Compaſs'd it, as they were before: for in truth, it does not prove to be the Thing they took it for. Now This comes of indulging our ſelves in Extravagant Appetites. The *Cuckow* would be a *Nightingal*; that is to ſay, *Heaven has made us One Thing, and we had rather be another.* Now This Reſtleſſneſs is not only Vexatious, but Vain, and Impious, to the Higheſt Degree: There's no preſcribing Rules and Meaſures to the Doings of the Allmighty; but the Laws of God, and Nature, are Firm, and Unchangeable.

119. A Cock Boaſting of his Services.

A *Cock* was making his Braggs how much all People were beholden to him, from the very Prince to the Beggar: as *Church-men*, *States-men*, *Merchants*, *Mechaniques*, &c. for calling them up a Mornings to their Tasks and their Bus'neſs: by which means, they make their Fortunes, and Qualify themſelves for all Functions, Publique and Private. This Vanity paſs'd well enough, till People came to conſider, that he did as much Miſchief to the Sick, with his Bawling, as Good to the Sound, with his Crowing: for That which was a Benefit to the One, was Death to the Other.

The

The MORAL.

IT is the Good Will that ſtamps the Obligation, neither is it, in truth, to be call'd an *Obligation*, when the Good Office is done, more by *hap-hazzard*, then by Intention, and Choice. The ſame Action falls out many times to be the Making of One Man, and the Ruin of another: ſo that as a Man may *Mean well*, and yet do a *Shrewd Turn*, on the *one* hand, he may likewiſe do *Good*, with *Malice* in his *Heart*, on the *Other*.

120. A Dog Trepann'd.

THere was a notable Fierce *Dog*, that had the keeping of a Caſtle in a Wood; and look'd ſo well to his Charge, that ſo long as he kept his Station, there was not a Wolf durſt ſhew his Head near That Quarter; but the Difficulty was, how to remove him. The *Wolves* call'd a Councel about it, and came to This Reſult, that the Cur was too Brave, and Generous, to be wrought upon by any Thing but Ambition. Upon This Conſideration, they ſent a Couple of the Graveſt of their Brethren, to the Dog with a Compliment from the whole Body, giving him to underſtand, that out of the Reverence they had for his Wiſdom and Courage, they were now to preſent him with a Tender of the Crown, if he would but ſhew himſelf in the Field in the Head of his Subjects, and do them the Honour to receive it. By This Artifice they drew him out into an *Ambuſh*, where the whole Herd fell upon him, and tore him into a Million of Pieces.

The MORAL.

EVERY *Man* living has his *Blind-ſide*, as well as every *Dog:* only One Man is led by his Ambition, Another by his Pleaſure, a Third by ſomewhat elſe, and provided the Poynt be gain'd, no matter whether it be by one or the other. Here's a Premeditated Treachery, Form'd, and Executed, againſt a Generous Creature; whoſe very Generoſity was the Temptation and Encouragement to That Conſpiracy; ſo Powerful and

Sacred

Sacred is the Conſcience of *Virtue*, that the Baſeſt of Actions paſs many Times for Juſt, and Glorious, under the Recommendation of That Cover.

121. A Penitent hard put to't.

A Poor Fellow was chid by his Ghoſtly Father, for not coming oftner to *Confeſſion*. Well! Sir, ſays he; *It ſhall go hard, but betwixt This and to Morrow Morning, I'll rumidge out ſomewhat or other for you.* He was as Good as his word, and the next Morning he diſcharg'd his Conſcience upon it. I have indeed, ſays he, Eaten Roots and Drunk Water with more Pleaſure then became a Good Chriſtian, but he was heartily ſorry for it, he ſaid, and deſir'd Abſolution, which was not refuſed him.

The MORAL.

THIS is a Right *Phariſaical* Holyneſs, that *Strains at a Gnat, and Swallows a Camel*; but That which is Pride and Vanity in one Man, may be pure Simplicity in another: As a Poor Woman that was call'd upon to ask God Forgiveneſs at the Point of Death. Alas! ſays ſhe, I never offended him in my Life. Now as to the Abſolute Neceſſity, as well as to the Chriſtian Uſe, and Practice of *Confeſſion*, it paſſes for a kind of a *Popiſh* point; not but that it ſeems as Reaſonable, to lay open our *Souls* to our *Ghoſtly Fathers*, as our *Carcaſſes*, and *Eſtates*, to *Phyſicians*, and *Lawyers*.

122. No Miſery like an Unſettled Mind.

A Woman that was as Happy in every Body's Opinion, as the Bleſſings of This World could make her, fell into a Deſperate Melancholy all on a ſodain, and no Mortal could imagine the Reaſon of it. Now her Misfortune was This. Her Husband, in a kind Fit, bad her ask him any One Thing in This World, that was in his Power, and ſhe ſhould have it, provided ſhe came to a Reſolution in *Twelve Hours* what it ſhould be.

be. *Eleven* of the *Twelve Hours* were already gone, and This Miſerable Wretch directly at her Wits End what to pitch upon.

The MORAL.

IF an Angel from Heaven ſhould offer us the Choice of any One Thing, (One and but One) out of the whole Creation, it would almoſt break our Brains to be ſo Confin'd. And yet at the ſame time we find our ſelves Uneaſy under the Diſpenſations of Providence, without ſo much as Knowing what we would be at; only the Preſent does not pleaſe us, and we are conſequently never to be pleas'd; beſide that the *Compaſſing* of what we Wiſh, is not more Difficult then the *Reſolving* upon it.

123. No Medlers in Other People's Matters.

A Gentleman's Servant was taken Notice of to be ſauntring up and down the Garden, one time, with his Hands in his Pocket, when his Maſter's Houſe was a Fire. The People of the Houſe call'd out to him for Help, and his Anſwer was, that *he never car'd for Meddling in Other People's Matters.* It was the Anſwer of a Girl too, upon the Burying of her Mother Alive. She confeſs'd indeed that ſhe ſaw the Body Heave when it was laid into the Grave, but it was none of her Bus'neſs; and truly for her part ſhe was loth to make any Words on't.

The MORAL.

THERE's no Rule that is not lyable to ſome Exception or other, ſaving That very Rule it ſelf. A Man has Room enough to Avoid being Pragmatical and Troubleſome, without being Inhumane. But in all Theſe Caſes, Reaſon has a Diſtinguiſhing, and a Diſpenſing Power; and we are left to the Government of Ordinary Prudence, in Agreement with Common Honeſty, and Good Manners.

124. An Invitation for To Morrow.

A Grave Holy-man was invited over Night to a Dinner Next Day. *If you have any Thing*, ſays he, *to command me at* [PRESENT,] *I am at your Service*, but This ſame [to MORROW] *is a Thing I have not thought of This many a Year; for I have expected every Day ſhould be my Laſt.* It was well ſaid of *Dionyſius*, to one that deſired to ſpeak with him if he were at *Leiſure*. His Anſwer was, *he had no Time to Spare, and conſequently was never at Leiſure.*

The MORAL.

THERE is no ſuch Thing as *to Morrow*, to a Man that Huſband's his Time, and knows how to make a Right uſe of it. And *to Morrow*, is not only out of our Power, but our Bus'neſs lies with the *Preſent*, for otherwiſe, we ſhall ſpend One Day in computing upon Another. The Man does not live as he ſhould, that does not reckon upon every Day as his Laſt. Or I might have ſaid [*every Moment*;] for Time is but a Flux of Inſtants, and every Breath we draw is a New Life.

125. A Hopeful Match.

THere was a Treaty of *Marriage* ſet a-foot betwixt a Well-willer to Good-fellowſhip, and the Father of a Briſk Laſs. The Affair went comfortably forward, on Both ſides; only the young Man was afraid the Girl might be ſomewhat of the Youngeſt for a Marry'd State. But the Father bad him ſet his Heart at reſt for that Matter, for my Child, ſays he, has had Three Brave Boys already by the Clerk of the Pariſh.

The MORAL.

NICETIES of This Nature are better let alone then Medled with; not but that a Man is as uneaſy in the Ignorance of the Truth, as in the Knowledge of it. It is, in ſhort, an Irkſom, and a Dangerous Curioſity: but we have This for our Comfort however; that at the worſt we are ſure to be Miſerable in Good Company; and Neighbours-fare is no Scandal.

116. No Match like a Deaf Man and a Blind Woman.

A Club of Good Companions were diſcourſing at Liberty upon the Subject of *Matrimony*, and when they had talk'd over all the Joys and Hazzards of That Bleſſed, or miſerable State, it came at laſt to This Reſult: that conſidering the Common Licence and Practice of Marry'd People, and the Inſupportable Plague of That Condition, where they cannot agree; the only *Happy Match* under the Heavens would be a *Deaf-Man*, and a *Blind Woman*, which at the ſame time puts the Husband out of Reach of the Womans Tongue, and the Wife out of ken of her Husband's Debauches.

The MORAL.

THIS is to tell People what they are to truſt to in a Marry'd State, at the Ordinary rate of Man and Wife. Happy is the *Match*, ſays our Author, where the One is Deaf, and the Other Blind: which imports no more, then, that where they cannot agree, 'tis their Wiſeſt Courſe to *Hear and See, and ſay Nothing.*

There was a Body of a Malefactor hanging in Chains, and Two Men under the Gibbet, Gaping at the Spectacle. One of them was the Husband of a Shrew, and the Other a Diſcarded Courtier; and there did they ſtand bleſſing the Man upon the Gallows, that was now paſt the Danger of falling into either of their Conditions.

127. Mnemon's Grace.

ARtaxerxes *Mnemon* was a Great Inſtance of Moderation: and much in the Right, certainly, in his Daily Practice of giving Thanks, for the Bleſſings of *Courſe Fare*, and a *Good Stomach*; which was his Conſtant Grace.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Pleaſure to ſpeak of, in the moſt Delicious Exceſſes of Eating and Drinking, without the Bleſſings of Health,

Health, and Appetite, to give them a Reliſh: all the Reſt is but Qualm and Surfeit, with a Vitiated Palate, and a Falſe Digeſtion, to take off the Edge of the Delight. It is no more, in ſhort, then a Plain and Inſtructive Lecture upon the Text of Temperance, Sobriety, and Moderation, and the Bleſſings that attend a Virtuous Life.

128. A Sovereign Antidote to Prevent the Pox.

TAke a Well-drawn Picture, ſays *Boccalini*, of the moſt Faultleſs Beauty that ever appear'd in Fleſh and Bloud: and then touch it over again, with *Rotten Teeth*, *Bleer Eyes*; *no Noſe at all:* let it be as Lothſom, in fine, as Venom and Corruption can make it. Carry This Picture ſtill about with you, and whenever you have a Phancy for a Woman you ſuſpect, do but take a Sober View of This Piece, and my Life for yours, it ſhall keep you Safe and Honeſt.

The MORAL.

THIS Preſervative againſt the *Pox*, will ſerve us every jot as well in a Thouſand other Caſes: and a Sober Conſideration, in the Emprovement, and Application of the Hint, will do the Office of ſuch a Picture. 'Tis but ſaying at laſt, This comes of Drinking, Blaſpheming, Quarrelling, Cheating, Lying and Slaundering: Oppreſſion, Sacrilege, Murder, Rebellion, *&c.* and it will do the Work every jot as well as [*This comes of* Whoring] with a Picture to ſet it out. For This Precaution, or Foreſight, would have the ſame effect upon us, in all other Caſes of Vice, and Iniquity, if Men would but duly examin what they are about, and the Conſequences of their Miſdoings. In one Word, it would be enough to keep a Man Honeſt, and Virtuous, if he would but ſay to himſelf before it be too late, that *the End of Theſe Things is Death*: and if he would but do what he Ought to do, out of a Senſe of Conſcience, and Honeſty, rather then wait to be Frighted into't by the Phancy of a Squeamiſh, and a Beaſtly Diſguſt.

129. Trade and Empire Inconſiſtent.

AS one of the Emperours was taking the Air by the Sea-ſide; up comes a Goodly Ship with her Sails aloft, and Sweeping along before a Fair Wind into the Harbour. The Statelyneſs, and Bulk of the Veſſel, together with the Depth of her Lading, Occaſion'd a very Particular Enquiry after her Cargo, what ſhe was, and to what Owner ſhe belong'd. Anſwer was made, that ſhe was Built, Rigg'd, ſet-out, and Maintain'd, upon the Account of the Empreſs. The Emperour ſtomach'd the Scandal to the Higheſt Degree, and call'd his Wife to him; but in a Temperate way, and without any Shew of Diſpleaſure. *Pray'e my Dear*, ſays he, *do but ſee to what a Pittiful State I am reduc'd here: I took my ſelf for* a Roman Emperour, *and I am no more, I perceive, then a Miſerable* Broker. Prethee what Trade are we to drive next? And at That Word, he gave a Peremptory Order for the Burning of both Ship and Lading.

The MORAL.

THE Privileges of Sovereignty are Incommunicable: and it is not for the Dignity of a Prince to Prophane the Sacredneſs of his Character with Common Thoughts and Buſ'neſs. The Line of Partition betwixt Kings and Subjects, cannot be too tenderly touch'd: for wherever the Rights of Prince and People come to enterfere, the Order of Government is Confounded, and the Political Union Diſſolv'd.

130. Love and Death.

AS *Love* and *Death* were Travelling the World, they happen'd to take-up in the ſame Inn together. Next Morning they Poſted away in a Hurry, and by Miſtake chang'd Arrows, ſo that *Love* kill'd the *Young* People, and *Death* made the *Old* Men in *Love*. The Fable tells us, that ever ſince This Unlucky Adventure, *Love* and *Death* have ſhot at Random.

The

The MORAL.

Love and *Death* are the Great Bus'neſs of the World; which is all but *doing* and *undoing*, and the One finds work for the Other. But there's a Time for all Things, and nothing can be either Natural, or Graceful, but as it anſwers That *Criſis*.

131. A Wonderful Cure.

THere were Two Men lay deſperately Ill, the one of a *Lethargy*, the Other of a *Phrenſy*. They were Both given over by the Doctors, and for the laſt Experiment, put to Bed together. The One was ready to Periſh for want of Sleep, and the other for want of ſomewhat to Rowze, and keep him Waking. The *Mad Man* fell ſo Outrageouſly upon his *Bed fellow*, with Kicking and Cuffing, that in the end, he tir'd himſelf quite out, and dropt inſenſibly into a Slumber: while the other, by the Force of This Agitation, was brought out of his Dozing Fit to ſomewhat of Senſe and Motion: ſo that in the Concluſion, *Nature*, and *Providence*, did the Part of the *Phyſician*.

The MORAL.

IT is no New Thing for the Divine Wiſdom to draw Good out of Evil; and to emprove the very worſt of Calamities to our Advantage: and yet This Providential Interpoſition does not hinder Nature all This while from going on in her Courſe; but by a Regular Mediation of Cauſes and Effects, turns One Diſeaſe into a Remedy for Another, and makes Two Sick Men each the Other's Doctor.

132. A Diſcourſe upon Charity.

THere was a Queſtion ſtarted in very Good Company, upon the Subject of *Charity to the Poor*. They all agreed upon the Main, as to the Piety, the Humanity, and the Neceſſity of the Office, only there appear'd ſome Difficulty about the Regulation of it.

This Diſcourſe led naturally to the Caſe of Common Beggars; and as the Point was managed, the Scandal on the One hand, was look'd upon as a Diſcouragement to the Virtue on the Other. *What are Thoſe Vagabond Beggars, they cry'd, but the worſt of Cheats and Impoſtors; that couſen People in God's Name, and make a Trade of their Hypocriſy! A Pack of Unprofitable, Slothful Drones, that are only a Burden to the Publique, and take the Bread out of the Mouths of the Induſtrious! Counterfeits, to all intents and purpoſes, in the Story both of their Wants, and of their Misfortunes; and ſo ſhamefully Falſe, that they turn Good Nature it ſelf into a Snare. They are the Men of the World that have the moſt of Heaven and Holy Things in their Mouths, and the leaſt of it in their Lives. Their Religion, in fine, carryes them no further then the Church-Porch, and there they Drop it; for not one of a Hundred of them, ever goes further.* The Converſation, in ſhort, Ended juſt where it Began. They had all unanimouſly a High Veneration for *Good Works*, in the *General Notion*; but there were ſo many Rubs thrown in the way, they could never agree upon the Practice.

The MORAL.

THERE's a Great Difference betwixt Speculation, and Practice; and no Reconciling of our Conſciences to our Converſations. We are all agreed upon the *Piety* of *Good Works*, but mightily at a Loſs for want of a Rule to guide us in the *Ordering* of them: that is to ſay, with a Reſpect to The *Quantum*, the *Seaſon*, the Perſon, the *Proportion*; the *Duty* I owe to my own *Family* and *Relations*, and That which in Tenderneſs and Humanity I owe to *Mankind:* and all Theſe Niceties fall naturally into That Queſtion.

133. A Memorable Exploit of Zopyrus.

Zopyrus was highly celebrated by *Darius* for a Trick he put upon the *Babylonians*. He Hackt and Mangled himſelf all over; Cut-off his own Ears, and Noſe, and in This Ruful Condition went over as a *Deſerter*, to the *Babylonians*. He was known to be a Man

Man of Skill, and Courage, and, upon the Credit of That Character, they made him Governour of the City, which he afterwards betrayed to *Darius*.

The MORAL.

THE Character of *Zopyrus* here, is not all of a Piece. It was kind, and Brave, to ſtand the Shock of ſo Extravagant an Experiment, for the Publique Good. But let the World ſay what they will of the *Man*, the *Action* is not to be brought into Preſident: for *Good Faith* is the ſame Thing indifferently either to *Friend*, or *Foe*: and *Treachery* is nevertheleſs *Treachery*, becauſe it is to an *Enemy*. But it was Pity however yet, that *Zopyrus* was not as Honeſt, as he was Brave, and that his Courage had not a more Illuſtrious Matter to work upon.

134. Tame Pigeons and Wild Birds.

THere paſs'd a Debate once betwixt a Flight of *Tame Pigeons*, and a Troup of *Wild Birds*, which led the Happier Life of the Two. The *Pigeons* were utterly againſt the Beggarly way of living upon the Ramble, and lying expos'd to Guns, Snares, and Doggs, and all the Injuries of Wind and Weather: beſide the Fatigue of ſcouring up and down the Fields for Meat, and the Tedious Hazzards of Hard Winters. Now if you'll come over to us, they cry'd, and do as we do, you'll find your Meat and Drink ready provided for you; Neſts made to your Hands, and a Good Houſe over your Heads to keep you Warm and Dry, with a Hearty welcome, over and above.

So far 'tis well enough, ſays one of the Birds, but what ſays mine *Hoſt* all This while? Who pays the Reckoning? Nay for That, ſays a Formal *Pigeon*, we have it all *Gratis*; without any manner of Payment, Tax, or Duty. 'Tis true indeed, we commonly Breed once a *Month*, and Preſent our Landlord with a Brood for an Acknowledgment, ſo ſoon as they are fit to be Eaten. Truly a Notable Bargain, ſays one of the Other Party, to Sacrifice your Children for Meat, Drink and Lodging!

The MORAL.

EVERY Thing is Beſt in its own Natural State, and here's a Queſtion ſtarted betwixt a Servile, Lazy, Luxurious Condition of Eaſe, and Plenty, and a Generous and Induſtrious Courſe of Freedom, with all the Comforts that attend a Life of Exerciſe and Health. There are but too many *Men* of the Humour of Theſe *Pigeons*, that Pamper their Own Carcaſſes, and never care what becomes of their Poſterity.

135. A Dog and a Bitch.

A Gentleman had a Brave, Truſty *Houſe-Dog*, that had ſtood all Tryals, of Flattery, Menace, and Reward, and nothing could ever Corrupt him in his Duty to his Maſter, till an old Experienc'd Sharper, that had ſerv'd his time out to the World and the Fleſh, bethought himſelf of a Certain *Court-Trick*, that he had heard of. Who knows, ſays he, but the ſame Bait that ſerves for a *Man*, may ſerve for a *Dog* too: and ſo he Liſted himſelf with a Gang of Goodfellows, took a Bitch along with them, and away they went upon Adventure. The *Houſe Dog* had his Miſtreſs no ſooner in the Wind, but away he ſteals after her, like a Diſcreet Whoremaſter, without Barking or Baying, or ſo much as one Word ſpeaking. When the *Houſe-keeper* had once quitted his Poſt, the Thieves took the Opportunity and Robb'd the Houſe, while the whole Family were all aſleep in their Beds.

The MORAL.

EVERY Man living has his Inclination; as a *Bag*, for the Purpoſe, a *Bottle*, a *Wench*; ſome Appetite in fine or other; and ſome Bait or other will do the Work. The ſame Temptation ſerves alſo to Betray and Expoſe Palaces and Governments, as well as Private Houſes: where Proſtitutes do the very Office of This Bitch in the Fable, and Corrupt the Guards. There is nothing ſo frequent in Hiſtory, Sacred and Prophane, as Inſtances of Humane Frailty upon This Topique.

David

David was a Man after God's own Heart. *Solomon* was pronounc'd the *Wiſeſt* of Men, and *Sampſon* the *Strongeſt*; but they were all Three Captivated and Overcome by *Women.*

136. Religion is for Gentlefolks.

A Sober Good Woman, that was treating with a Maid-Servant about Work and Wages, ask'd her, among other Queſtions, *what Religion ſhe was of?* Alack-a-Day! ſays the Poor Innocent Girle, *Religion is for Gentlefolks.*

The MORAL.

THERE's a Pretty Air of Simplicity and Reſpect, in This Poor Creature's Anſwer, and the Application of it may be This. That the Religion of a Servant is one Thing, and the Religion of a Miſtreſs is another: for all People are to ſerve God according to their Talent, and in their Station. She might as well have ſaid that her Buſ'neſs was to live Honeſtly and Dutifully in her Calling, without prying into Myſteries that ſhe does not underſtand. When it comes to That once that every Private Perſon ſhall ſet-up for a Guide, we ſhall e'en have as many ſeveral Churches, as there are Whimſical Noddles.

137. A Perſian Law.

THE *Perſians* paſs'd a Law that left the People at Liberty to do what they pleas'd, for the Firſt Five Days after the Death of the preſent Governour: upon a Preſumption, that the Miſery of ſo Licentious a Confuſion, would make them more ſenſible of the Bleſſings of Order and Peace.

The MORAL.

THERE's no ſuch Judgment to be made of the Good or Ill of Government, or Confuſion, as by Comparing them; and there's no Expedient like an *Interval* of *Anarchy*, to ſhew the Neceſſity of a Regulation.

138. An Ape and Cupid.

AN Old Crafty *Ape*, that had been dogging *Cupid*, in ſeveral of his Walks, and Adventures, found an Opportunity at laſt of Filching away his Bow and Arrows, and other Enſigns of his Commiſſion, with a Deſign to get the Trade out of his Hand, and ſet up for a *Cupid* Himſelf. This *Mimical Droll* had already Conn'd, by obſervation, the way of Handling his Arms: ſo that there was little more now to be done, then immediately to enter upon the Ramble, and ſo abroad in the World to try his Fortune.

There happen'd to be a very Pretty Laſs, juſt in our New Archer's way; and the Mark lay ſo Fair, that he Struck her to the very Heart. Never was Poor Girle in ſuch a Taking! She could neither Eat, Drink, nor Sleep, nor give any Account all This while what it was that ail'd her, but Sighing, Weeping, and Exclaiming was her whole Entertainment. This Proof of his Power made him take him for a *God indeed*; and ſuch was his Vanity, that he would have diſputed *Beauty* with him as well as *Divinity*. The Languiſhing Looks of This miſerable Creature, gave him to underſtand her Secret Thoughts, and Longings, while *Pug*, for his Part, was as Nice and Inſenſible as Another *Narciſſus*. But his Reign however laſted not long, for no ſooner had *Cupid* found out This Sacrilegious Impoſtor, but he ſtript him of his Borrow'd Equipage and upon the Unmaſquing and Uncaſing of This Counterfeit, the Poor Woman found the way to her Wit again.

The MORAL.

THIS Story of *Cupid* with his Trinkets about him, may pa for an Invention diverting enough, to palliate the Scandal many a Phantaſtical Piece of Fleſh and Bloud. The Phan of the *Boy Cupid* here, and his *Archery*, points at *Youth* a *Appetite*, in ſome Caſes, and at a Sicklyneſs of *Imagination* a *Humour*, in ſome others; which conſiders neither *Beau Shape*, nor *Perſon*, but like the *Green Sickneſs*, feeds upon *Ch* a

and *Char-coale*. How many Men have we ſeen, little better then *Apes* to look upon, and yet making Love to Delicate Fine Women? Nay, which is more yet, Succeeding in their Addreſſes too; while the Phancy ſupplys all Defects on the one Hand, and the *Ape* as Conceited of himſelf on the other, as the moſt Accompliſh'd Cavalier. But Time and Satiety will bring People to their Senſes again, though too late many Times, to recover either their Peace, or their Credit; after ſo Groſs, and ſo Mortal a Miſtake.

139. The Alchymiſt.

A Chimical Pretender, that had written a Diſcourſe Plauſible enough, upon the *Tranſmutation of Mettles*, and turning *Braſs* and *Silver* into *Gold*; thought he could not place ſuch a Curioſity better then in the Hands of *Leo the Tenth*, and ſo he made his *Holyneſs* a Preſent of it. The Pope received it with great Humanity; and with This Compliment over and above. Sir, ſays he, I ſhould have given you my Acknowledgment in your own Mettle, but *Gold upon Gold* would have been *Falſe Heraldry:* ſo that I ſhall rather make you a Return of a Dozen of Empty Purſes to put your Treaſure in; for though you can make *Gold*, I do not find yet that you can make *Baggs*.

The MORAL.

PRESENTING, in many Caſes, is but a more reſpectful way of *Begging*; and Preſents, in Thoſe Caſes, are rather Affronts, then Obligations: eſpecially when they reproche the Receiver with the Want of That which all People would be thought to Have. There are ſome Preſents, of Heart, and Good Will, and Others again, that are Mere Mockery and Banter. Where the Preſent it ſelf is either Slight or Sharp, or carrys ſome Severe *Innuendo* along with it, the Return to it may be allow'd to be ſo too, as in our Philoſopher's pretending to teach the Pope to make Gold; what does it but intimate an Avaritious Diſpoſition in him, that could be pleas'd with ſuch a Preſent! The *Pope* gave him ſo many *Empty Baggs* for a *Reward*, which was only Another way of telling the

Mountebank

Mountebank he was a *Fool* for his Pains. Beſide that there's as great Nicety in the *Manner* of doing the Thing, as in the *Thing it ſelf*. But the Faireſt *Medium* that I know in all Theſe interchangeable Reſpects, is to keep within the Compaſs of Prudence, and Convenience; without either making them a Burden to the Giver, or a Reproche to the Receiver.

More Phyſicians then of any other Profeſſion.

UPon a Diſcourſe in *Ferrara* about Men of Trade and Buſ'neſs, and how mightily That Place was over-ſtock'd with People of that Quality: it came to a Queſtion at laſt, what Employment had moſt Profeſſors of it. One ſaid, *Lawyers*, Another, *Divines*; ſome ſaid one Thing in fine, and ſome another; but in the Concluſion, upſtarts one *Gonella*, a pleaſant Kind of a Companion, and offers a Bett on the *Phyſician's* Side againſt any other Calling. How can That be, ſays one of the Company, when to my Certain Knowledge there are not above a Dozen of them in This Populous City. It came at laſt to a Wager betwixt a Nobleman and *Gonella*, and the Caſe left to a Tryal.

Gonella went out early the next Morning to the Church-Door, with his Chops all muffled up in Searcloth, and Flannel. Every body would be asking the Poor Man what he ail'd, as they went to their Devotions, whoſe Anſwer was, that he had upon him at That Inſtant, a moſt Tormenting Fit of the *Tooth-Ache*. One told him *This* was good for't, and t'other *That*: and ſo as they gave him their Opinions and Advice, he took all their Names, and Preſcriptions in Writing. When Church was done, he wandred up and down the Streets, picking-up more Names and Receits, till he had a Matter of Five Hundred upon the Roll.

In This Pickle, he went to the Count Himſelf with whom he had the Bett; who, without ever Dreaming of the Frolique, preſently took the Hint of his *Tooth-Ache*, and gave him a Remedy that he call'd an *Infallible Cure*; with Directions how to uſe it. Away goes

Gonella

Gonella at that Inſtant, puts his Trade and his Trinkets together, and all under the Title of [*A Liſt of the Famous Phyſicians of the City of* Ferrara] After a Three-Days-pretended Tryal of the *Infallible Cure*, back goes *Gonella* to the Count again, to Acknowledge the Sovereign Virtue of his Medicin; and at the ſame time preſents the Nobleman with a Formal Catalogue of his *Doctors*, and their *Remedies*. When the Count came to find his own Name at the Head of the Liſt, and ſeveral other Perſons of Quality marſhall'd in their Order under him, he was ſo well pleas'd with the Conceit, that he yielded the Wager Loſt, and order'd the Payment of the Mony.

The MORAL.

THERE's *Quacking* in all Trades; and *Mountebanks* in *Religion*, and *Policy*, as well as in *Phyſick*. What are all our *Empirical Church and State Reformers*, but ſo many *Corn-cutters*, and *Tooth-drawers*, in another way of Dabbling? One values himſelf upon Remedies for all Diſeaſes, and Playſters for all Sores: Another, for Expedients in Caſes of Miſgovernments, and Mal-adminiſtration, and the one preſcribes juſt as much to the purpoſe as the Other. And what's the Ground now of all This Oſtentation, Vanity, and Pretence, but that People take more Pains to *Appear Wiſer* then they *Are*, then really to *Be* what they *Ought* to be: as the *Hot-headed Enthuſiaſt* takes the *Spleen* for the *Spirit*, and impoſes upon the World the Fumes of his *Melancholy*, for *Revelations*.

141. A Thief and a Hang-man.

IT ſtuck moſt abominably in the Stomach of a *Thief* at the Gallows, to think of going to Pot Himſelf, and leaving his Maſter behind him that taught him his Trade. But the *Hang-man* told him, he was well enough ſerv'd for conning his Leſſon no better. Nay, for that, ſays the Priſoner, the Bench will bear me witneſs that I am Maſter of my Profeſſion. Yes, yes, ſays t'other, you are pretty good at the *Hanging-Part*, but you ſhould have ſtudy'd the *Shifting* Part of it, and That would

would have taught you to do the ſame Thing in a Whole Skin, that would have brought Another Man to the *Pillory*; Nay the *Whipping-Poſt*, or the *Gibbet it ſelf* perhaps.

The MORAL.

MANY a *Little Rogue* is Hang'd, when a *Great* one comes Off: and the *Greater Rogue* commonly Hangs the *Leſs*; and not ſo much for *Stealing* neither, as for *Bungling*, and hampering himſelf needleſly in the Nooſe of the Law. *Penal Laws*, in ſhort, are Snares, only for Woodcocks; and ſo far from endangering Men of *Senſe*, and *Intrigue*, that they are at the ſame time, as Inſtructive, on the one hand, as they are Pinching on the other: inſomuch that the Lawyers are effectually of Councel for the Criminals: and the Nicety of the Caſe is no more then This, which way a Man may Break the Law, and yet ſcape the Forfeiture.

142. A Spaniſh Gravity.

A *Spaniard*, under the Laſh, made a Point of Honour of it to mend his pace for the Saving of his Carcaſs: and ſo march'd his Stage out, with as much Gravity as if he had been upon a Proceſſion: Inſomuch, that one of the Spectators advis'd him to conſider, that the longer he was upon the Way, the longer he muſt be under the Scourge, and the more Haſt he made, the ſooner he would be out of his Pain. Noble Sir, ſays the *Spaniard*, I kiſs your Hand for your Courteſy: but it is below the Spirit of a MAN to *Run* like a DOG. If ever it ſhall be your Fortune to fall under the ſame Diſcipline, you ſhall have my Conſent to walk your Courſe out at what rate you pleaſe your ſelf. But in the Mean time, with your Good Favour, I ſhall make bold to uſe my own Liberty.

The MORAL.

THERE are certain Affectations of Gravity, and Form, that ſome People had rather Dye then depart from; and provided they do not ſhrink at the *Execution* of the Puniſhment, they

they never trouble their Heads at the *Shame*, the *Scandal*, or the very *Conſcience* of the *Crime*; but make a vanity of it to bear the worſt of Extremities with a Stout Heart. We have a Generous Inſtance of an *Aſtrologer*, that foretold his own end, to the very Year, Month, Day, and Hour. He liv'd perfectly in Health, till the laſt Minute of his Time, and then Hang'd himſelf, for the Honour of his Prediction.

There goes a Story alſo of a *Gentleman-Thief* under a Sentence of Death for a Robbery upon the High-way; that petition'd the Court for the Right Hand in the Cart, to the Place of Execution. Nay we have heard of a Gentleman Cobler too, that charg'd his Son upon his Death to maintain the Honour of his Family. And ſo of a *Cavalier-Libertine*, that had the Choyce offer'd him out of Three very Fine Women for a *Miſtreſs*. He was ſo Tender upon a Pure Point of *Honour*, and *Good Breeding*, that he had not the Heart to meddle with any One of them, for fear of Diſobliging the Other Two.

143. A Spaniard without a Shirt.

THere happen'd a Quarrel about a Miſtreſs, betwixt a *Spaniſh Virtuoſo*, and an *Italian Poet*: they fought upon't, and the *Spaniard* was mortally Wounded: who finding his Condition deſperate, gave it in Charge to a Friend of his, by all that was Dear and Sacred, to ſee his Body decently Bury'd, without Stripping. The Man was a proper Handſom Fellow, well-Dreſs'd, and a very Rich Ruff about his Neck: Now Theſe Things being put together, made the People ſo much the more Curious to ſee his Skin. And what was the Secret at laſt, but the *Spaniard* had never a *Shirt* to his Back; ſo much was the Affectation of a Phantaſtical Puntillo of Honour, dearer to them then his Life.

The MORAL.

A Man without a *Conſcience*, is not half ſo Scandalous in the Eye of the World, as a Man without a *Shirt*: provided there be a *Lac'd Ruff* in the Caſe, to attone for the want of Other Linen. In one Word, we are made up of Appearances, from Head to Foot, and Falſe at Bottom too. We are *Hypocrites* in our very *Clothes*, as well as in our *Manners*, and take a Pride

to

to be thought *Finer* then we are, as well as *Better:* ſo that 'tis but turning the Beſt ſide Outward to make a Scoundrel paſs Muſter for a Man of Honour: for all that's out of Sight goes for Nothing. The *Spaniard*, we ſee, made leſs Difficulty of the *Sin*, (the *Bloud-ſhed* I mean) then he did of the *Shame:* ſo great was the Care he took, to go to the Devil like a Gentleman, and with a Good Grace.

144. An Aſs and a Little Boat.

THere was an *Aſs* that was ready to Choak for want of Drink, by the Side of a Deep River; but the Bank was ſo Steep, there was no coming at the Water. This *Aſs* Stept into a *Boat* that lay moor'd there among the Willows, to Refreſh himſelf. When he had taken his Soup, and Cool'd his Mouth a little, he fell to Knabbing the Oſyer that faſtned the Veſſel; till in the end, he looſen'd the Band, and ſet the Boat *a drift:* ſo away goes the *Aſs* with the *Boat*, and the *Boat* with the *Aſs*, down the Current; and they were Both caſt away together, in the Sight of ſeveral Lookers-on. This Caſe came to a *Law-ſuit*, betwixt the *Two Maſters*, of the *Aſs*, and the *Veſſel*. What has Another Man's *Aſs* to do with my *Boat*, ſays the One? And what has Another Man's *Boat* to do with my *Aſs*, ſays the Other? It came, in ſhort, to a Tryal, and upon hearing the Cauſe, and Councel on Both ſides, it was found *ſpecial*.

There goes a Story of Two Drunken Graſiers in a Bright Starr-light Night, that looks much the ſame way. *Ah* ſays one of them, *would I had but as many Fat Bullocks as there are Starrs in the Sky yonder!* With all my Heart ſays t'other, if I had but a Meddow as large as That Sky is. And pray'e what would you do with your Bullocks then? Why I'd put them in your Paſture ſays he. *But you ſhould not*, ſays one. *But I would*, ſays t'other: and ſo they went on and on, till they came at laſt to Loggerheads, and Beat one anothers Brains out.

The MORAL.

WHAT a Madneſs is it, to Laugh at that in a Tale, or a Story, that we make the Earneſt and the Buſ'neſs of our Lives! For what, in truth, are all our Warrs and our Diſputes, and Moot-points, in School-ſubtilties, Philoſophy, Law, Phyſique, and the like, but more or leſs the Adventure of the Aſs and the Boat, or the *Gotham Quarrel* here, in this Embleme! It is, Effectually, but playing the Fool in Both Caſes alike: only the one is a Squabble for *Bullocks*, and the Other perhaps for *Kingdoms*; and what matters it at laſt, whether the Conteſt be for the One, or for the Other? When the Reaſon of the Thing is the ſame either way.

145. Semiramis and Ninus.

Semiramis, the Wife of *Ninus*, begg'd a Boon of her Husband, out of a Pretended Curioſity to try how well he lov'd her. Now the Requeſt was This, *that he would lay down his Sovereignty only for one Single Day, and give her leave in That* Interim *to Reign in his ſtead.* Her deſire was granted, and the Firſt uſe ſhe made of her Power, was to put her Husband to Death: which ſhe did, and kept the Government a long while after. But her End at laſt was Infamous; for her Son *Ninus* put her to Death with his own Hand, for tempting him to the moſt Execrable Act of *Inceſt* with her.

The MORAL.

SOVEREIGN *Power* is, in it's own Nature, *Inalienable*, and a Prerogative not to be parted with for One Single Hour. 'tis neither Fair to *Ask* it, nor Reaſonable to *Grant* it; in reſpect, both of the Danger, and of the Preſident. The very Requeſt carries Malice and Miſchief in the Face on't. Crowns are Holy Matters, and not to be play'd withal: for People do not uſe to *Borrow* Royal Authority, with an Intent to Reſtore it; but when they have once gotten a Parent, to ſit, and Govern, till they ſhall Diſſolve Themſelves, the Work is done. This was the Caſe of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*; to ſay nothing of that of Forty One.

146. A Turtle and a Ring-Dove.

NO, *no*, ſays the Inconſolable *Turtle*, *my Dear is Dead, and ſo is the whole World to me, and all that's Good in't.* In this Tranſport of Sorrow, away ſhe flyes to an Old Ruinous Tower, among the Owls, and the Bats, and with a full Reſolution never to move out of her Hole again. But it ſo fell out, that a Beautiful *Wood-Pigeon* had taken up his Quarter in the ſame Retreat: and as he was not altogether a Stranger to the Art of working upon the Paſſions; ſo he made uſe of the Occaſion to give the Comfortleſs Widow a Taſt of his Skill That way, though, for any Thing that ſhe minded him as yet, he might as well have Preach'd to the Dead.

When he had made his Approches by Degrees, and came to amplify upon the Subject of the Defunct, in the Loſs of ſuch a Bleſſing, and the Miſery of ſo Unſupportable an Affliction, the Widow began by little and little, to lend an Ear to the Diſcourſe; and, of her own accord, with Sobbs and Tears, to enter upon the Hiſtory of their *Amours*, with the Charming Virtues, and Tenderneſſes of the Perſon that was now gone: never conſidering that while ſhe was enlarging upon her own Calamity, on the One hand, ſhe taught the *Pigeon* to manage his Pretence on the Other. The *Ring-Dove*, in a word, acted his Part ſo well, that the Turtle was by Degrees prevail'd upon, to try if ſhe could Recover Thoſe Satisfactions in the One, which She had Loſt in the Other.

The MORAL.

THERE was never any ſuch Thing under the Sun, as an *Inconſolable Widow*. Grief is no Incurable Diſeaſe, but Time, Patience, and a little Philoſophy, with the Help of Human Frailty, and Addreſs, will do the Buſineſs. Lamentations and Out-cryes, are but matter of Courſe, and Good Manners; and the Pudder that is made all This while for the Death of *one* Husband, is but a Turn of Art toward the Inveigling of Another

Another: especially when the Passion is regulated according to the Methods of Skill and Good Nature. But let it go as it will in other respects, the same Providence that hath made the Separation of Friends Necessary, hath order'd it so likewise, that the Wound shall not be Mortal. Life and Death are but according to the Course of Nature. The Loss of Friends, and Relations, may be Grievous, but not Deadly. Thus it is, and it is the Will of God that it should be so; and consequently our Duty to Submit, and Resign: over and above that it is to no purpose to Contend.

147. The Inconsolable Widower.

'TIs a Common Thing for Men to love their Dead Wives better than their Living ones. As for Example. There was a Certain Cavalier and his Lady, that had liv'd a matter of Five or Six Year together, in a kind of a *Conjugal Snip-snap* one with the other. The Woman at last fell desperately Sick, and the Man, in Appearance, ran stark Mad upon't: especially when the Nurse brought him the Dismal News that his Poor Lady was departed. The Word was no sooner said, but away flyes the Widower like Lightning to his Wives Chamber: Tears off all his Buttons for hast, Strips, and to Bed to her, with a Thousand Vowes and Protestations, that Death it self should never part them. He carry'd the Jest so far, that the Woman came to her self again, and liv'd many a Fair Day after; but the Husband however took it for a Warning, and parted Beds upon't.

148. A Cuckold by the Courtesy of England.

THis minds me of Another Widower too. The Breath was scarce out of his Wive's Body, but the whole Town rung immediately of his Lamentations, and Outcryes, and particularly of the Incompatible Virtues and Qualities of the Deceased. A Familiar Friend of his spake a word of Comfort to him in

the Heat of his Paſſion, and told him, that he hop'd his Loſs would not be ſo heavy as he phancy'd it: for I have been told, ſays he, that This Incomparable Lady of yours was Fleſh and Bloud as well as other People Why truly ſays the Husband, I have heard as much my ſelf: but pray'e what ſays the Law in the Caſe? If a Man be a *Cuckold* by a former Wife, does he remain a *Cuckold* as long as he lives? Yes ſure, ſays t'other, *by the Courteſy of England*, he does: for *whatever a Man has in the Right of a Former Wife, he holds it for Life.*

149. A Warm Wife for a Cold one.

I Have heard of another Man alſo, that was upon the very point of breaking his Heart for the Loſs of ſuch another Wife. When he had tir'd out all his Friends with the Hiſtory of his Misfortunes, one of his Companions took him up bluntly, and ask'd him what he would be at? If, ſays he, you would have your Wife again, that's impoſſible, for ſhe's Dead and Gone paſt all Recovery: but if you find your ſelf diſpos'd to deal upon the Truck; *what Boot now, betwixt my* Warm *Wife, and your* Cold *one?*

The MORAL.

THE *Three Stories above*, are much of an Air and Humour and a body might have furniſh'd Ten times as many of the ſame Make and Complexion, as Good Cheap: beſide that they are Matter of Fact, as well as of Morality, and Alluſion. But whether they be taken as a Reality, or as a Fiction, they are nevertheleſs Edifying, either in the *Embleme*, or by the *Example:* beſide that they agree alſo in This Neceſſary and Inſtructive Precaution, to have a Care whom, and how far we Truſt.

Now *Embleme* in This Caſe duly conſider'd, is but a kind of *Hiſtory* in *Diſguiſe*, and may paſs one way for the Semblance of what we would Repreſent, and the Other way for the Thing it ſelf. But whether it be a *Copy*, or an *Original*, matters not, ſo long as it is made ſubſervient to the Cond

of Humane Life. We are to be taught in ſhort what we are *Not* to do, as well as what we *Are*; and even from the Lewdeſt of Practices to draw Salutary Doctrines. Theſe Inſtances of Hypocriſy, Perfidy, and Fooling, are nevertheleſs Odious: for being at the ſame time whimſical and Ridiculous. As there are many Accidents a body cannot forbear Laughing at, though they make his Heart Ake. But Men of *Parable* and *Myſtery*, walk ſafe however under the Protection of That Cover. *Mythology* does the Office of a *Dark Lanthorn*, *I ſee Every body*, *and No body ſees Me.*

150. The Modeſty of the Perſians.

THE Kings and Queens of *Perſia* Din'd conſtantly together, unleſs upon ſome extraordinary Appointments, of Frolique, and Debauche: and in Thoſe Caſes, the Queen ſtill retir'd, and none but *Singing-Wenches*, *Drolls*, and *Proſtitutes*, allow'd a part in the Entertainment.

The MORAL.

IF Princes or Husbands will be taking unwarrantable Liberties Themſelves, their Wives however are not upon any Terms to be admitted, either as Parties, or as Witneſſes to the Exceſs. This has ſomewhat in it of the Humour of a *Libertine-Cavalier*, that wanted a *Lacquey*. A Friend of his told him of a Pretty Ingenious Youth that was newly out of Service, and the Honeſteſt Poor Wretch too that ever was born. Nay now you have ſpoil'd all, ſays t'other, for I muſt have a Boy that is to go to the Devil whether he comes to me or no. There is a kind of Tenderneſs and Reſpect, in the doing of *Ill Things*, only in *Ill Company:* as there are Thoſe that make leſs Scruple of having to do with Twenty Looſe Proſtitutes, then of Corrupting one Wife or Virgin.

151. A Young Eagle and a Falconer.

A *Young Eagle* that had got a Rambling Head, and would needs be Wiſer than her Mother, took a Phancy to quit the Crags and Solitudes ſhe had been brought up in, and take a Turn in the World at Li-

berty, to ſee Faſhions. In This Humour, ſhe gives a Spring, and up ſhe mounts into the Air as high as her Wings would carry her; and at That Pitch ſhe fell to Reaſoning the Caſe after This Manner.

Oh the Difference betwixt Barren Rocks, and Mountains, and the Deliciouſneſs of Fruitful Meadows, and Valleys! Betwixt Hideous Precipices, and Magnificent Palaces, and Caſtles; betwixt Wilderneſſes, and Wall'd Cityes; Uncouth Deſarts, and Lovely Groves! Why at This rate the Meaneſt of our Subjects are Happyer far then their Sovereign. Well, well! Let my Mother ſay what ſhe Will, That Turret there, from This time forward, ſhall be my Habitation. In the ſame Moment ſhe made a Stoop, and took Poſſeſſion of it, and there ſhe Timber'd for That Bout. Now the Maſter of the Place, happening to be a Faulconer, watch'd the Airy ſo cloſe from the Egg to the Bird, that taking his time when the Damm was abroad a Forraging, he Diſlodg'd the Eagle, and deſtroy'd the whole Brood.

The MORAL.

THIS is to ſay, that Youth is Raſh, and Inconſiderate; and conſults neither the Reaſon, nor the Nature of Things, but wholly abandons it ſelf to the Tranſports of Paſſion and Appetite, without any Regard to the Power, Wiſdom, or Authority, either of God or Man.

It holds forth likewiſe Another Doctrine to us, which is, that we judge only by outward Appearances, and Sacrifice the Peace and Comfort of our Lives, to vain Opinions, and Miſtakes.

The Ramble of This Eagle, from a *Rock* to a *Palace*, out of a Diſguſt and Contempt of her Former Courſe of Life; together with the Mortal Conſequences that Enſu'd upon it, may paſs for a Reflection upon the Levity, the Pride, and the Ambition of thoſe Men, that when they might be Safe and Quiet, in the Innocent Simplicity of a Private Retirement chuſe rather to expoſe themſelves to the Snares and Difficulties of a Court-Life; and to the Extreme Hazzard of Body, Soul and Eſtate.

152. A Swallow and a Duck.

A *Swallow*, that had a little out-ſtay'd her Time of changing Air, took Wing at laſt, and away. As ſhe was in her Courſe, ſhe met a *Duck*, in the Head of a Troup of Fowl of the ſame Feather, and took her to task, for ſo extravagant a Ramble. Why what a Mad Fool art thou, ſays the *Duck*, to be wandring now for Relief, into a Place where thou wilt be burnt to Death; when thou ſeeſt Us, at the ſame time, clipping away into Froſt and Snow to avoid Thoſe Heats.

The MORAL.

INCLINATIONS, and Averſions, are the Inſtincts of Providence; which has ſo order'd it, that One body's Meat is another body's Poyſon, and at the ſame time, repleniſh'd all Parts of the Univerſe with People agreeable to the Climat, and the Seaſon: ſome for one place, ſome for another; ſome for Summer, ſome for Winter, and ſome for Both, and yet Theſe very Diverſities, and Diſcords, have their Share in the Beauty and Entireneſs of the Whole. God and Nature never made any Thing in Vain, and there is not one Spire of Graſs upon the Ground, but the Entire Maſs of the Earth would have been Imperfect without it.

153. A Spark would be a Starr.

A *Spark*, that was carry'd up by a Cloud of Smoak a Mighty Height into the Air, flatter'd it ſelf all the way it mounted, with the Hope of being a *Starr*. And what was the End on't? But ſo ſoon as ever it was gotten as High as the Fire could carry it, down it fell again with Noiſe and Sputter, into Duſt and Aſhes.

The MORAL.

NOTHING can be more Lively, then the Reſemblance of a *Popular Pretender*, to the Circumſtances of This *Phantaſtical Starr*. It is the Breath of the Common People that elevates the One, as the Exhalation does the other. And what is the

Aſpiring Humour of mounting ſtill higher and higher, till the whole Project drops into a Final, and a Fatal Diſappointment: what is it, I ſay, but the Laſt Twinkling of a Falſe Light, that vaniſhes in That very Moment into Duſt and Smoke. This is the Phancy, and the Fortune, ſooner or later, of all Thoſe People that take Sparks for Starrs, and venture the Whole Summ of their Well-being upon That Iſſue.

154. A Peynter and a Hare.

A *Peynter* had drawn a Brace of Grey-Hounds upon the Courſe, ſo to the Life, that a Strange Dog gave a Snap at the Hare, and Tore the Picture. The Maſter of the Houſe fell to Rating and Beating the Poor Cur in a moſt Violent Manner. *Here have you deſtroy'd a whole years Work*, ſays he, *in one Quarter of an Hour*. Alas Sir! ſays the *Dog*, it was your own Fault, to draw the Picture ſo like the Hare, that there was no knowing one from t'other.

The MORAL.

THIS is the very way of Popular Factions toward Publique Miniſters. 'Tis but drawing Great Officers like Wolves and Bears, and then ſet the Rabble to worry them under that miſtake: as they did with the *Chriſtians* that were Baited to Death in the *Amphitheaters*.

155. A Pyramid would change Top for Bottom.

IT blew a Hard Wind, that ſhook a *Pyramid*, and the Top of it would fain have chang'd End for End, with the Bottom, for fear of being blown down. No, no, ſays the *Lower End*; That's a Thing as Impoſſible to Compaſs, as it is unreaſonable to Propoſe: for when the Poſition is once aſſign'd, we are ty'd up in Spite of our Hearts to the Order of the Maſter-Work-man.

The MORAL.

PROVIDENCE has allotted to every Particle of the Univerſe it's Proper Place and Station; and there muſt be no refining upon the Methods of Divine Inſtitution. Now if This Pillar had been turn'd *Topſyturvy*, to have pleas'd One end, it muſt have been turn'd once again to pleaſe the Other: for the Lower end would have found it ſelf as uneaſy under the fear of being Cruſh'd to pieces by the Weight, as the Top was under the Apprehenſion of being blown down with the Wind. So that we are never the better for Shifting neither; but the Miſchief upon the Main is This; we do not *Know* when we are well, and then 'tis no wonder if we never *Think* our ſelves ſo.

156. Agathocles the Son of a Potter.

AGathocles, from the Son of a *Potter*, came afterwards to be King of *Sicily*. Now the Difficulty was, under Theſe Circumſtances, how to reconcile the Honour of his Dignity to his Trade and Bus'neſs. Upon This Advancement, he call'd his People often together, and ſhew'd them a Choice Collection of *Earthen*, and *Golden Veſſels*, that he kept by him in Store. Look ye, Good People, ſays he; Theſe Pieces (pointing to the Former) are the work of my *Hands*, and Theſe Other, of my *Induſtry*.

The MORAL.

A Mean Extraction is no Blot upon any Man that is not aſham'd of himſelf, and Ambitious to be thought Greater then he is. The Modeſty of owning the Truth, attones for the pretended Defect. No Man is to blame, for what he cannot help: but on the contrary, to be highly Honour'd for Illuſtrating his Birth by his Virtue. The People were ſo Senſible of the Stroke of This Alluſion, that all Diſagreements were compounded upon it, betwixt the *King*, and the *Potter*.

157. Amaſis an Ægyptian Prince.

HErodotus tells a Story much of the ſame Turn with That Above. There was, he ſays, one *Amaſis*, an *Ægyptian Prince*, that was advanced to the Crown from ſo Mean a Condition, that he was hard put to't at firſt, to gain the Love and Reverence of his People: but he bethought himſelf in the end of This Invention.

There was a Large Golden Veſſel, provided expreſly for the Service of the King's Friends to waſh their Feet in. *Amaſis* order'd That *Baſin* to be melted down, the Mettle to be caſt into an Image, and that Image to be ſet up in a Publique Place, and Dedicated to Divine Worſhip. It was no ſooner erected, but People came flocking from all Quarters, with a Paſſionate Zeal and Devotion, to This *New Idol*. The Thought ſucceeded ſo well, that the King call'd his Subjects together upon't, and in a ſhort Speech made a Pertinent Application of it to his Own Caſe. *Look ye, good People*, ſays he, *the God here that you at preſent Adore, was no more the other Day then a* Common Utenſil, *but as it now ſtands Conſecrated, and ſet apart to Holy Uſes, 'tis but according to your own Practice, and the Natural Reaſon of the Thing, to repute it Sacred.* By This *Innuendo*, he brought them to a Love and Underſtanding of their Duty.

The MORAL.

IN Caſes of Imperfections, or Defects, which we cannot help, as in *Bloud*, *Fortune*, or the like, 'tis good Diſcretion for a Man to begin with Himſelf; provided it be done with ſuch a Spirt of Generoſity, and Addreſs, as may turn the Matter to his Honour, inſtead of a Reproche, as we find it for Example in the Caſe before us.

And we may gather further from it, that it is *Wiſdom* and *Juſtice* that fits a Man for *Government*, where Prudence, and Virtue, ſupply the Want of Fortune, and Quality. Now he that advances himſelf by a Conſciencious, and an Honourable way of Deſerving it, is a much Greater Prince then he that's barely Born to't. 'Tis the Royal *Character* that makes the *Perſon* Sacred; for Sovereignty purges all Defects, and conſecrates the Head, whatever it be, that Honeſtly wears it.

158. Extreme Juſtice in Charonda.

ONe *Charonda*, a Great Man among the *Sibarites*, took a Walk into the Fields one Morning, with his Sword by his Side; and found the People, when he came back again, all in a Deſperate Tumult. Upon This, an Aſſembly was preſently call'd; and *Charonda* hurry'd away in ſuch haſt to the *Councel-Chamber*, that he forgot to leave his Sword at the Door. He was no ſooner in the Room, but there was a *Hubbub* rais'd againſt him. *No marvel*, they cry'd, *that* Charonda *ſhould be ſo eager to have it* Death *for any Man to enter the Councel with his Sword on, and He himſelf the Firſt Man to break his own Law: but* Charonda *made that Law*, they ſaid, *for Other People, not for Himſelf.* No, no, my Maſters, ſays *Charonda*, I made it for my ſelf in the Firſt place, and it ſhall be my Care to ſee it put in Execution too; and in That very Inſtant he threw himſelf upon his Sword in the Middle of the Court.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE are Clamorous many times againſt *Tyranny*, without Feeling it, and, generally ſpeaking, without ſo much as underſtanding what it is. But of all ſorts of *Tyranny*, the forcing of the *Letter* of the Law againſt the *Equity*, is the moſt Inſupportable. The only Proper Interpreters of the Law muſt be the Judges of it: for it is otherwiſe an Appeal from Authority to the Multitude, and the People are made the Umpires of the Controverſy. Now This Violence of *Charonda*, was not ſo much an Act of Juſtice, as of Indignation, and Stomach; and to ſtop the Mouths of his Unreaſonable Enemies. There is ſomewhat in the Reſolution, 'tis true, that makes it look Great, and Heroical; but it is, at the ſame time, ſo Freakiſh, and Irregular, that there's no bringing of it into Preſident.

159. The Treacherous Box-Tree.

ONce upon a Time, Nature call'd a Councel-Repreſentative of all the Trees and Plants upon the Face of the Earth; and the Debate came to This Iſſue. The *Box-Tree* was diſpatch'd away with a Petition to *Jupiter*, in the Name of the reſt, to grant the whole Body of them a Perpetual Verdure, and that they might continue Freſh and Green all the Year long. This was the *Boxe's* Commiſſion, but inſtead of moving for the Common Benefit of the *whole*, ſhe play'd a Game for her own *a part*; and Sollicited the Privilege ſingly for her ſelf. She ply'd her Bus'neſs ſo cloſe, that with much Importunity *Jupiter* was prevail'd upon to grant her Requeſt. And away ſhe goes upon't, as full of Pride and Vanity as her Skin would hold. This Treachery made her Odious, but yet the Promiſe, and the Promiſer, being Both Sacred, there was no recalling the One, nor Trifling with the Other. But tho' *Jupiter* could not undo what he had done, Nature had it yet in her Power to lay This Curſe upon the Perfidious Plant, that it ſhould never bear *Fruit*.

The MORAL.

THIS Caſe of the *Box-Tree*, is the Caſe of a World of Repreſentatives, Deputies, Truſtees, and the like, that Act in the Name of their Principals, and then ſet up for Themſelves. But it is natural for the Diſpoſers of other People's Fortunes not to Forget their own. The Fraud however, was in the End, we ſee, attended with a Malediction, and there are few Cheats that ſooner or later come-off better.

160. Drones and Bees.

THere was a Parcel of *Drones* Buzzing about the Hives, in a Conſpiracy to Debauche the *Bees*. Why what a Senſleſs Humour is it for you, they cry'd, to lye Moiling and Toiling your Hearts out, like ſo many

many Slaves, for the Service only of Apothecaryes, Druggiſts, Confectioners, and other Liquoriſh and Phantaſtical Palates? If nothing elſe will ſerve 'em but they muſt have Wax and Hony, let them e'en make it themſelves. Had not you better paſs away your Time eaſily as we do, that neither Want any Thing, nor Fear any Thing, but reckon our ſelves ſecure, without either Tax, or Pillage?

The *Bees* gave them the Hearing, and This Short Anſwer: that the Oſtentation of their Scandalous Sloth, was no Argument againſt the Exerciſe of an Honeſt Induſtry. 'Tis true, they ſaid, we work for others, but it is upon ſuch Terms, that we our ſelves have the Firſt Fruits of our own Labours, and our Maſters are well enough pleas'd with our Leavings. Now ſo long as we have ſufficient for our own Familyes, what do we care who has the Reſt, which is only Superfluous?

The MORAL.

THEY that conſult their Eaſe, and their Appetites, in Preference to Particular Duties, and the Good of the Community, are thoſe Drones in the World, that are here figur'd out to us in This Fable: beſide that the very Project is againſt Common Senſe and Honeſty, over and above. They would have the *Bees* leave working, which is the ready way to ſtarve the *Drones*. But This is the Courſe and Over-ſight of Thoſe People, that ſet up for Lives of Eaſe and Pleaſure, in Oppoſition to the moſt neceſſary Offices of Humanity and Virtue.

161. An Ant and a Lyon.

THere was a Time when a Pittiful *Piſmire* had the confidence to read a Lecture of Good Advice to a *Lyon*. I do not ſet-up, ſays the *Ant*, for a *Politician*, but if you'll take my Councel upon the Point of *menage*, and *Good Husbandry*, my Life for yours, you ſhall never Repent it. Alas! I am but a Diminutive Creature, you ſee, and a ſmall Matter you'll ſay will maintain me; and yet I have enough to do, let me tell you, with

with hard Labour one part of the Year, to keep my ſelf from Starving the other. Now, to my thinking, you ſhould do well to go the ſame way to work, and lay up ſomewhat in ſtore for a Rainy-Day. *Soft and fair, my little Fool,* ſays the Other; *This may do well enough for a* Piſmire, *but not for a* Lyon: *for the Rules of* Providence and Thrift, *were never made for* Princes, *but for* Beggars.

162. An Ant and a Mouſe.

THe *Piſmire* was no ſooner turn'd off by the *Lyon*, but away ſhe trudges to a *Mouſe*, upon the ſame Errand. How comes it, ſays ſhe, that you that are a kind of a Corn-Merchant your ſelf, with a Pair of Good Shoulders to bear a Burden: that you, I ſay, ſhould lye Idling all the Harveſt-Time, without making any Proviſion for a Hard Year, as we do, you ſee, and I thank my Starrs for't, our Stores are never empty. Well, well: ſays the *Mouſe*, but That's none of my Bus'neſs; for I am under another way of Government. There is a Certain Perſon of Quality that joyns with me, and we Two keep Houſe together. We have a matter of Thirty Servants for the getting-in of our Harveſt: beſide thoſe that ſtow it up afterwards in our Granaryes and Barns. Now This is all for the Service of the *Mice* in the firſt place. And were not we a Company of fine Fools do you think, to drudge out a Livelyhood by our own Labour, when we may have it better Cheap by the Sweat of other People's Brows!

The MORAL.

WE may gather from Theſe Two Phancies, that it is but loſt Labour for People to inculcate Good Husbandry to Thoſe that live upon the Spoil, where the Servile Induſtry of the One, ſerves only to ſupport the Pomp and Luxury of the Other: beſide that it does not become Private Perſons to break in upon the Functions of Publique Miniſters, which is the ſame Thing with an *Ant* preſcribing to a *Lyon.*

And

And the ſame *Piſmire* again, to the *Mouſe*, is the Caſe of many a Well-meaning Officious Wretch, that is more Bold, then Welcome, out of a Publique-ſpirited Zeal to the Common Good. And what comes on't at laſt, but the turning of him off from one to another, with his Labour for his Pains: and aſſigning him a Reward for his Services in the other World? unleſs he had rather content himſelf with the Empty Character in This, of an officious Conſciencious Fool.

163. A Man and his Wife Parted.

A Man and his Wife were parted, and the whole World could not prevail with the Husband to take the Woman Home again: ſo good a Creature, they ſaid; ſo Modeſt, ſo well Humour'd, ſo Agreeable a Companion, and the Mother of ſo many Pretty Children, *&c.* The Husband ſaid nothing to the contrary, but gave them This Short Anſwer. *Look ye*, ſays he, holding out his Foot. *Here's a Clever, well-made Shoe, and a Pretty Thing it is to look upon; but all This while I am very uneaſy in it: Pray'e good People*, ſays he, *do but lay your Heads together now, and tell me where it wrings me.*

The MORAL.

'TIS a Nice Office, That of a *Match-maker*, unleſs a Man has the Spirit of a Prophet to Foreſee all Events, or the Gift of Intuition to read the very Souls of People through their Bodys. It is not *Virtue*, *Fortune*, *Beauty*, *Quality*, *Good Wit*, *Good Nature*, *Good Humour*, and a Thouſand Good Things beſide, joyntly or ſeverally, that makes the *Happy Couple*, but the *Woman* muſt be FIT, to be *Eaſy*, and of That *Fitneſs*, the Parties concern'd are the only Competent Judges. Now there's a Great Difference in this Caſe, betwixt the *Comforts* of a *Happy Life*, and the *Prudentials* of *making the beſt of a Bad Game*; over and above, that at the beſt, *Levity*, and *Satiety*, ſpoyls all.

164. The Old Man's Almanack.

A Reverend Judge, that had Books, Baggs, and Infirmities without Number, and phancy'd, there

there went no more to the Managing of a Brisk Young Lady, then the ſplitting of a Law-Caſe, or the turning over of an Old muſty Record. This Judge, in Cold Bloud, and for fear of a worſe bus'neſs, as he pretended, committed *Matrimony* with the Fam'd Beauty of the Country. The Story tells us; his Habitation was in *Piſa*, his Name *Ricciardo Chinzica*, and his *Wive's Name*, *Bertolomea*. They had no ſooner pronounc'd the Words [*I Ricciardo*, and *I Bertolomea take thee*, ſo and ſo] but away goes the New-marry'd Couple Home in Courſe, to Celebrate the Nuptials.

The Firſt Part of the Virgin's Entertainment, was the Hiſtory of her Husband's Doughty Exploits, in Times gone and paſt: and the Firſt *Preſent* This Man of Law and Morals, made his New Spouſe, was a Gay *Almanack*, with the Bride-grooms grave Readings upon't. He took a great deal of Pains to make it appear, that there was *One Saint* at leaſt for every Day of the Year, beſide *Martyrs*, and *Confeſſors*; *Feaſts*, *Vigils*, and *Common Faſting Dayes*, appointed by the *Canon*. He preach'd Night and Day to her upon Texts of *Temperance*, and *Mortification*, and was ſtill laying it before her, how great a Part it was of a Chriſtian Duty to keep Thoſe Times Holy, by abſtaining from the Vanities of the World and the Fleſh.

The Woman could not but Edify under This Doctrine, and Diſcipline; and ſo, for Meditation-ſake, ſhe got her Husband out of Town to a Country-Houſe he had near the Sea-ſide, where ſhe might be at Liberty, both to divert her ſelf, and to Con her Leſſon. While they were in This Retreat, the Good Man took the Opportunity of a Glorious Day, and with Two Boats, one for Himſelf, and Another for his Lady, and her Friends, they put out to Sea a Fiſhing. As they were at their Sport, up comes a Notorious Pirate, and carrys off, Lady, Veſſel and all, in the Sight of her Huſband, who immediately made all the Sail he could for *Piſa*, with a Complaint in his Mouth, that the Action was againſt Law. The *Pirate's Name* was *Pagamino*; who

who was ſo charm'd with the Good Graces of his Fair Priſoner, that he treated her with all poſſible Softneſs, Affection, and Reſpect; and ſo Tenderly, in fine, that the *Saints*, the *Almanack*, and the *Faſting-Dayes*; and the whole Trade of *Mortification-Stuff*, in one Quarter of an Hour, were all run out of her Head.

The Lady it ſeems was carry'd away to *Monaco*, and the Judge no ſooner heard of it, but away goes he after her, to treat with the *Pirate* about her Ranſom. I cannot deny, ſays the *Pirate*, that I have a Young Woman in my Houſe; but for matter of Wife, or Widow, or whether *your* Wife, or *whoſe elſe*, I can ſay nothing to't. You ſeem however, ſays *Pagamino*, to be a Man of Honour, and if you pleaſe to have it ſo, ſhe ſhall come to you her ſelf. If ſhe owns you for her Husband, you ſhall have her again upon your own Terms; but otherwiſe, you muſt not think to take away my Wife (for ſo ſhe is in effect) upon a Pretence that I have taken away Yours. Nay That's very Fair, ſays the Judge, and I am content to caſt my Cauſe upon That Iſſue.

The *Judge*, and the *Pirate*, upon This, took their Places in the Hall, and the Lady was brought into the Room, where ſhe talk'd freely enough to *Pagamino*, but not one Word to the *Judge*, (to his very great Amazement) any otherwiſe then as to a Stranger. Wo's me, my Life! ſays he, am I ſo alter'd by my Sorrow and Affliction for the Loſs of ſo dear a Wife, that thou haſt quite forgotten thy poor Husband *Ricciardo*, that has taken This Journey now to purchaſe thy Redemption at any rate!

Indeed, ſays *Bertolomea*, with a ſmile, (as if *Ricciardo* had talk'd Idle) if you ſpeak to me Sir, you are miſtaken in your Woman. Do you not know me then, ſays t'other to be *Ricciardo de Chinzica*, and *your Huſband?* Sir, ſays ſhe, I do not care for ſtaring Men in the Face, but I cannot ſay that ever I ſaw you in my Life before. The Husband, imputing This to the Awe ſhe ſtood in of *Pagamino*, begg'd the Favour of a

Word or Two by her ſelf, which was readily granted, upon Condition, that he ſhould not offer to Kiſs her without her own Good Will and Conſent. Upon This, they went together; And when the Old Formal Fop had laid on all the Rhetorique that Love and Law could inſpire him with, only to make her own him for her Husband. The Lady told him in one Short Word, that ſhe knew very well who he was, and that in the Eye of the Law, in truth, he was her Husband; but in all other Reſpects, no more to her then the greateſt Stranger in the World. But briefly, ſays ſhe, Here I am, and Here I am belov'd, and pleas'd, and Here I am reſolv'd to continue. *Ricciardo* minded her of her Honour, Family, and Relations: the Mortal Sin of *Adultery*, and a Thouſand deſperate Conſequences, but This was talking to the Deaf, ſaving only that it brought the good Man to a Sight and Senſe of his Folly, and ſo away he goes back again to *Piſa*, as he came; where he found himſelf already the Scorn and May-game of the Town. The very Thought of This Indignity brake his Heart, and his Widow he left to *Pagamino*, who made a Match on't, and liv'd afterward together a very *Happy Couple*.

The MORAL.

IF This *Judge* had but been as good a *Philoſopher*, as he paſſes here for a *Lawyer*, he would have known, that the *Fundamentals* of *Nature* are at leaſt as *Sacred* as thoſe of *Government*; without troubling his Head with *Almanacks*, inſtead of *Proclamations*. But when an *Old Fop* will be ſetting up for *Beau* again, at Fourſcore, we ſee what comes on't; and let him e'en take what follows. Now if his Gravity had but conſulted the *Blood in his Veins*, when he took Counſel of the *Maggot* in his *Head*, he would have gone another way to work without affronting the *Wiſdom* and *Order* of *Providence*, that appoints all Things to be done in their *Proper Seaſons*. And then for his Diſcipline of *Mortification*, and *Temperance*, it makes the *Remedy* look more *Ridiculous* then the *Miſtake*. This a long Story, but carry'd on from end to end of the Adventure with the *ſame Byaſs*, as it Points all the *ſame Way*. This makes me think of *Boccalin's Jolly Old Fellow*, that was taken up for

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reading *Bawdy Songs in Spectacles*; and found *Guilty of perverting the very Courſe of Nature, in making the Levities of a Young Fool, the Buſ'neſs of an Old one.* Nay there are that value themſelves upon the *Reputation* of being *Thought Whoremaſters*, when they are paſt the *Danger of* ſo being.

165. One had a Mind to ſee Bedlam.

IN the Year One and Forty, there was a Country-fellow that had been to ſee almoſt all the fine Sights about the Town; as the Lyons, the Bears, the Play-Houſes, the Lord-Mayors Show, the Tombs, and the like, but all was as good as nothing, till he had ſeen *Bedlam* too. So they had him one Morning, in a *Banter*, to the *Commons Lobby*, and told him *Bedlam* was *within* there, and if he did but peep into the Next Room, as People went in and out, he might ſee the *Mad-men*. The Houſe it ſeems was in a Heat, and ſuch a Noiſe and Hurry along with it, that upon opening the Door, the *Bumpkin* ſcour'd off at the Fright of it, with an Outcry all the way he went, that the *Mad Men were all broke looſe.*

The MORAL.

WHEN the *Principals* themſelves are *Mad*, it is but natural for their *Deputies* to be ſo too: and the Country-fellow, that in thoſe Days took *St. Stephens Chappel*, for *Bedlam*, might very well be excus'd a Miſtake in Two Things ſo near alike. The Phancy was diverting enough, but not much Edifying, unleſs with This Application of it, that the Whimſy of the Conceit, anſwers the very Earneſt of Common Practice: and that the People were every jot as *Mad* as they ſeem'd to be.

166. The Sheep League againſt the Wolves.

A Shepherd found his Flock ſo infeſted with *Wolves*, that he call'd his *Sheep* together, and Reaſon'd the *Matter* with them in a Formal Speech, *You are a Great Number*, ſays he, *and your Heads are arm'd, the* Wolves

not near ſo many, *and they have no* Horns; *ſo that if you would but pluck up your Hearts, and ſtand upon your Guards, they would not dare to meddle with you.* The *Sheep* were *one and all* for putting it to a Puſh, and upon the *Firſt Wolfe* that appear'd, they were *one and all* again, for betaking themſelves to their Heels.

The MORAL.

THERE's no contending with the Order of Providence, or the Inſtincts of Nature. *Wolves* will be *Wolves*, and *Sheep* will be *Sheep* ſtill, in deſpite of all Arguments, and Reſolutions to the contrary; and without any Regard to the *Many*, of the One, and the *Few*, of the Other. This Project has ſomewhat in the Face on't, of one of *Cromwell's Plots*; with a Confederacy of *Sheep* on the *one ſide*, againſt a Herd of all ſorts of *Beaſts of Prey*, on the Other; never conſidering the Diſproportion of an Unarm'd Innocence, to the Force of Diſcipline and Power. Now the Mortal Miſtake at laſt was in the *Shepherd*, not in the *Sheep*, in the very ſtarting of ſo Impracticable a Propoſal. But This was it however that the Poor People call'd *Liſting*, and which we find celebrated in our Hiſtory from time to time by the Glorious Name of ſo many RISINGS.

167. An Embaſſy from the Wolves to the Sheep.

A Certain *Wolfe*, that was better at *Hocus-Tricks*, then at *Feats of Arms*, was ſent from the Body of his Brotherhood upon an *Embaſſy* to a Flock of *Sheep*. And the Account he gave of his Commiſſion was to This Effect. *I am come hither*, ſays he, *in the Name of my Principals, to offer you a Peace; upon Condition you break off your Allyance with the Dogs, which are my Maſter's Sworn Enemyes.*

I am likewiſe, ſays the *Envoy*, to mind you that the Greateſt Adverſary you have in the World, is the Creature that takes upon him to be your Patron, and Protector; and calls himſelf your *Paſtor*. He leaves you neither *Wooll* upon your Backs, nor *Bloud* in your Veins; but firſt Fleeces you, and then gives you up for a Sacrifice, either to the Prieſt, or to the Butcher.

The

The *Sheep* conſider'd of the Propoſal, and return'd their Anſwer by one of the Dogs that Guarded the Flock.

The MORAL.

THE Caſe of *King Charles the Firſt*, is the direct Moral of This Fable, and it is but turning the *Embaſſy* into a *Remonſtrance*, to make out the Parallel. This Propoſal of the *Wolves* to the *Sheep*, is juſt the Method of Thoſe Days, in Tampering with the Multitude. The Condition of their Caſting off their *Dogs*, and their *Maſters*, is no other in plain *Engliſh*, then the Removing of the King, and his Miniſters; and by the Fleecing and Fleying of them, is only meant the Exerciſe of an Arbitrary Power over the Lives, Fortunes, and Liberties, of the People. Theſe were the Pretences of Thoſe Times, which ended in the univerſal Ruine, both of Church, and State; and there is no better to be expected where the *Wolves* are of Councel for the *Sheep*.

168. A Peacock and a Swan.

AS a *Peacock* was ſtrutting along the Bank of a Delicate ſmooth River, and Priding himſelf in the Beauty of his Plumes, all the Swans thereabouts came ſailing up towards him, in Admiration at the Majeſty of his March, and the Gracefulneſs of his Perſon. When they had ſpoken a World of Fine Things of him, in *Their way*, one of the Company, in the Name of the reſt, pronounced him the moſt Glorious Creature under the Canopy of Heaven. The *Peacock* anſwer'd vainly enough, that Nature had done her part, but yet upon the Compariſon, that a *Peacock* was not to be nam'd the ſame Day with a *Swan*. Alas! ſays the *Swan*, if you ſpeak of the Whiteneſs of our Feathers, there are Hundreds of other Creatures that may vye Beauty with us upon That Account: but for the Curioſity and Enamel of your Colours, 'tis an Excellence Peculiar to your Selves; beſide that if you ſaw us Under Water, as you do Above, I am perſuaded you would change your Opinion. At That Word, the

Swan ſtept aſhore, and ſhew'd the *Peacock*, an Ill favour'd Pair of Black Leggs, enough to turn his Stomach. The *Peacock*, that was Conſcious to himſelf of the ſame Blemiſh, turn'd it off in a Blunt Careleſs way, that he was as Free to ſhew his Black Leggs, and his Feet, as his very Train.

The MORAL.

WE have all of us a Mixture of Good and Bad, as well in our Manners, as in our Shape, Colours, Conditions, *&c.* which may ſerve to keep us from being either Vain, on the One hand, or deſponding on the Other. People do naturally think well of themſelves, and as naturally deſire to be thought well of by others: but ſtill every Man has his Defects, and there is as much Art ſhew'd in the Expoſing of them on ſome Occaſions, as there is in Covering, and Diſguiſing them in others: but in what Caſes, and in what Manner, muſt be left to the Direction of Ordinary Prudence.

169. Simonides preſerv'd by Providence.

Simonides found a Dead Body upon the way in his Travels, and out of pure Humanity put himſelf to ſome Trouble and Coſt to give a Decent Burial. As he was going a while after to put himſelf abord a Veſſel for a Voyage, This Man appear'd to him in a Viſion, and precaution'd him as he lov'd his Life, not to ſet Foot in ſuch a Certain Boat, which was the Ship that he deſign'd for his Paſſage. Upon telling his Dream next Morning, the Company Laugh'd at him, and went on their way, but *Simonides* ſtay'd behind. The Veſſel was ſcarce clear of the Port, but the Ship was broken all to Pieces by a Terrible Storm, and the Paſſengers drown'd every Man of them.

The MORAL.

PROVIDENCE hath ſo order'd it, for the Well-being and Comfort of Mankind, that all Good Offices are, ſooner or later, or in ſome manner or other, attended with a Reward: ſo

ſo that we are the better ſeveral Ways for doing our Duty, provided only that it be done out of a Right end; and without either Vanity, or Hypocriſy, at the Bottom.

170. A Religious Intrigue.

THere was a Haughty High-ſpirited Dame, and an Honeſt Wealthy Tradeſman, that, as Luck and Friends would have it, came to be Man and Wife. The Woman was Handſom and Agreeable enough, but one that valu'd her ſelf more upon her Family then upon her Beauty. She did vouchſafe however, now and then for Faſhion-ſake, to keep her Husband Company; but upon ſuch Terms, he might have had a Miſtreſs better Cheap. While This Wambling and Uneaſy Humour was upon her, ſhe took a Phancy for a Man that fell in her way by Chance, and reſted neither Day nor Night for the Thought of him, but how to come at him was the Queſtion; Letters or Meſſages, ſhe durſt not venture upon, but choſe rather to obſerve his Haunts, and Walks, and ſo, by Tracing him from place to place, to get ſome Knowledge of his Wonts, and Acquaintance. While ſhe was upon This Train of Diſcovery, ſhe found no Man ſo great with him, as a Certain *Capuchin Frier*, a well-meaning Creature, and conſequently the fitter for her purpoſe; as a Perſon, by his very Character, the beſt qualify'd Agent for a Goer-between. The Firſt Thing ſhe did, was to find him out on his *Convent*, where ſhe deſir'd him to receive her Confeſſion: and after Abſolution, ſhe told him, that, with his Leave, ſhe had ſomewhat further to ſay.

Sir, ſays ſhe, *there is a Certain Perſon, ſuch a kind of a Man, and he goes commonly in ſuch and ſuch Clothes*, (marking him ſo to the Life, that the Frier knew him by the Deſcription.) *This Gentleman*, ſays ſhe, *as I underſtand, comes often to your Reverence. He has the Look, I muſt confeſs, of a Sober, Virtuous Man; but I could wiſh he would leave Dogging me up and down as he does. I cannot ſo much as ſtand at my own Door, or Window, or hard-*

ly walk the Streets, but he's putting his Tricks upon me. Alas Sir, a Lady's Honour is ſooner Loſt then Recover'd; and a Modeſt Woman cannot be too tender of it. I was thinking to have told him my Mind another way, but upon Second Thoughts, one Word of yours, I phancy, will do the Work: at leaſt if you can gueſs at the Man, as perhaps you may. If he deny the Thing, pray'e let him know that I am ready to Juſtify it, and I beſeech you Sir, rattle him ſeverely. I have Friends in a Condition, I thank Heaven for it, to acknowledge the Good Office: with That Word, ſhe dropt Two Pieces of Gold into his Hand, and ſo with the Holy Father's Bleſſing for That Time, ſhe departed.

It was not long before the *Frier* had an Opportunity of Schooling the Gentleman upon This Lady's Account, who was ſo Tranſported at the Story, that the *Frier* was forc'd to ſtop his Mouth, for fear he ſhould laſh out into Oaths, and Imprecations. Hold, ſays the Religious, let us have no denying of Things, for I have it from the Lady her ſelf, who is certainly one of the moſt excellent Women under the Sun: wherefore Repent in Time for what's paſt, and mend your Manners for the future. The *Cavalier*, that ſaw further into a Mill-ſtone then the *Religious*, put-on a face of Confuſion upon This Reproof, and, promiſing to do ſo no more, away he went according to the Direction of the Hint, and found the Lady at her Window, waiting for his coming, which was a Circumſtance that expounded the Riddle.

Soon after This, away goes the Woman to her Ghoſtly Father with a Freſh Complaint, that This 'Wicked Man would be the Undoing of her. Alas! 'Sir, ſays ſhe, where he came once before he comes 'Thrice now: nay and for a further Inſtance of his 'Shameleſs Impudence, This Gallantery (ſhewing him 'a Purſe and a Girdle) was brought me yeſterday by 'one of his Bawds for a Preſent. I could have torn 'the Slut's Eyes out. Away you Jade you, ſaid I, 'do you come to me with your Trumpery, go your 'ways with it back again to the Beaſt that ſent it. In

'this

'this Rage I was juſt about to throw it at the Head of 'her; but then, ſaid I to my ſelf, what if this Carrion 'ſhould keep it now, and ſay I have accepted of it? 'So that, upon Second Thoughts, I beſeech you Sir, 'give him his Fooleryes again, and pray'e tell him, if 'you pleaſe, that I want for no ſuch Things, and how 'much he is miſtaken in his Woman. He'll never 'leave, till he forces me to Complain to my Husband. 'But I'll do nothing raſhly, and therefore pray'e ad-'viſe me Sir, what Courſe I am to ſteer. Daughter, ſays he, have Patience, and not one Word to any Mortal of this Unlucky Affair; your Honour is in Safe Hands, and pray'e leave it to me to menage with this Gentleman. The Lady took Heart at this Encouragement, and ſo ſlipt *Ten Ducats* more into the Hand of the Holy Man, for a Farewel. He ſent immediately upon This, and gave the Gentleman another Scouring.

Why what's all this for? ſays the *Frier*. Cannot an Honeſt Woman be Quiet in her own Houſe, but you muſt be teizing of her with Meſſages? How long have you been a Dealer in *Purſes*, and *Girdles*, I beſeech you? The Gentleman not being inſtructed in this Myſtery, was fain to fiſh it out, with Doubts, and put-offs. As for his Part, he ſaid, he knew nothing of any *Purſes* and *Girdles*. Why then, ſays the Frier, in a Paſſion Falſe Wretch as thou art; This is the very *Purſe*, and this the *Girdle*, ſhewing him Both. You know your own Trinkets again ſure when you ſee them. The Man took the Matter now by the Right Handle, and looking extremely out of Countenance, own'd the Preſents, ſubmitted, and begg'd Pardon, with a Solemn Oath, that he would never trouble the Lady again in that Kind. The Frier took his Word; gave him his Bawbles again, as he call'd them, bad him be Wiſer hereafter, and ſo diſmiſs'd him for that Bout.

Away goes the Gentleman once again, as before, finds the Lady at her Window, and in his Paſſage gives her a Sight of the *Purſe*, and the *Girdle*, as by Chance, to the Full Satisfaction of them Both. The

The Husband of this Perſecuted Lady being call'd out of Town about Bus'neſs, ſome Short time after, away goes the *Wife* to the *Frier* again, in a more Forlorn Plight then before. 'Sir, ſays ſhe, This Devil 'has heard of my Husband's being gone out of Town, 'and what does He, but over the Garden-Wall this 'Morning by Break of Day, mounts a Tree that leads 'to my Window, opens the Caſement, and had cer-'tainly got into my Chamber, if I had not wak'd 'that very Moment, and threaten'd to call out [*Thieves.*] 'Why there's no living for a Virtuous Woman, at 'this Lewd rate. Good Dear Daughter, ſays the Religious, make no more Words of what's paſt, but leave him yet once again to my ordering, and if ever he troubles you any more make an Example of him. Well! Father, ſays ſhe, I am all Obedience, and ſo ſhe went her way.

It was not long before the *Frier* gave the Gentleman another Schooling, and he laid it on to ſome Tune too. Art not Thou aſham'd, ſays he, thou Beaſtly Man, that a Woman's Husband cannot be out of the way a a little, but thou art preſently ramping over the Garden-wall, Climbing of Trees, and creeping in at Windows, like a Common Houſe-breaker. Nay you are diſcovered, let me tell you, in every Step you ſet: wherefore out of my Sight once for all, and never look me in the Face again. He might as well have ſaid nothing: for this was the Laſt Scene of the Fryer's Part in the Story. So that the Other had no more now to do, but to follow the Inſtructions, and to go about his Bus'neſs.

The MORAL.

THIS Story points at the Danger of *Unequal Matches*, whether in Reſpect of *Age*, *Birth*, or *Fortune*: for inſtead of creating an *Union*, it eſtabliſhes a *Faction*; that ſets People's Heads at work in a Phantaſtical Emulation how they may Out-Trick one another, under the Countenance and Privilege of that *Holy Maſque*. When People find themſelves uneaſy once, upon This Account, and that what is *once Done* cannot be *Undone*;

done; it is but Natural to try if they can mend themſelves *Abroad*, when they find there's no Quiet to be had at *Home*.

In the Manage of *Conſtance* with the *Frier*, is excellently well ſet forth, the *Mercurial Humour* of a *Witty Woman*, when that wandring *Maggot* has once taken Poſſeſſion of her Brain. And it was then Another Piece of Art, to pitch upon a *Religious* to go between, and aſſiſt in the Good Office: for there's no ſuch *Pimp*, as a *Reverend Fool*, where that which is arrant *Bawdery* on the *one* ſide, is pure Matter of *Conſcience* on the *other*.

In one Word more; This *Romantick* way of *Shuffling and Cutting*, has *Two Handles* to't: for it both *Teaches* Villany, and *Detects* it, and at the ſame time, ſerves both for a *Caution*, and a *Leſſon*.

171. The Love of Ricciardo and Catharina.

Catharina, according to *Boccace*, was a Beautiful Young Lady; the Hope and Comfort of her Aged Parents, and as Good as ſhe was Handſome. *Ricciardo* was a Cavalier of Honour on the other hand, and had ſo fair a Reputation with the Father and Mother of this Lady, that he was as Free in the Houſe with them as a Child of the Family. They were Both well deſcended, and by the Frequency of Viſits and Interviews, had contracted ſuch an Agreement of Inclinations and Manners, that they thought they could not place their Affections better then mutually One upon the Other. It was very rarely, that they could get a Private Word together, and their Time was ſo ſhort too, that their Talk was rather *Hint*, then *Diſcourſe*.

Such an Occaſion Preſenting it ſelf to *Ricciardo*, Well! Madam, ſays he, in a ſoft Whiſper as he paſs'd by her; *I am Dead if you do not Love me*. And That's my Caſe too, ſays ſhe, in the ſame way of Myſtery: but how ſhall we meet? *Do but you get leave*, ſays he, *to Lodge in the Garden-Gallery, and let me alone for the Reſt*. And there the Dialogue brake off.

Catharina

Catharina took Occaſion next Day to tell her Mother that her Chamber did not agree with her; ſhe was Hot in't, and out of Order, for want of Reſt. Now the Gallery-Chamber, ſhe ſaid, was Open and Airy, and the very Chirping of the Birds would be ſome ſort of Relief to her, when ſhe could not ſleep. They Reaſon'd the Matter a while, till her Mother promis'd to move her Father about it, and ſo ſhe did, but the Old Man was ſo Froward, and Croſs-grain'd, that there was no enduring of him. Here's a Stir indeed with a Phantaſtical Fop, ſays he, as if the Girl could not ſleep without a Fiddle.

The Peeviſhneſs of This Reply kept *Catharina* waking the next Night, in Good Earneſt: and ſhe fell ſo ill upon't, that the Mother preſs'd her Husband yet once more about it. Why what are you a doing, my Dear, ſays ſhe? We have but one Poor Child in the World, you ſee, and That's to be caſt away it ſeems. What is it to us, I prethee, whether the Girl lyes in one Chamber or in another? At this rate ſhe lay Teizing of him, till at laſt, all in a Fret, *Well!* ſays he, *Young Laſſes are like Watermen, they look one way, and Row another. But if nothing elſe will ſerve, let but me have the Locking of her up a Nights, and letting her out again next Morning, and you may e'en lodge her where you have a mind to't.*

Ricciardo, underſtanding that his Miſtreſs had gain'd her Point, mounted the Garden-Wall that Night, and ſo got up to the Chamber-Window, where he poſted himſelf upon Duty till toward Break of Day, and then drew-off again. This went forward, Night after Night, till at length, having quite overwatch'd themſelves they fell faſt aſleep, Hand in Hand, at the Window.

While they were in This Poſture, in comes the Maſter of the Houſe, before any of the Family were ſtirring, with the Tidings to his Wife, that *his Daughter was turn'd Birdcatcher, and had caught a Nightingale*, Pray'e, ſays he, come along with me now, and tell me if the Girl

Girl was not much in the Right to take the Gallery-Chamber for the Better Sleeping-Room. This put the Mother into ſuch a Freak, that the whole Town ſhould have rung of the Story, if her Husband had not given a Timely ſtop to't. Come come ſays the Old Man, *ſome Wiſer then ſome.* In ſuch a Caſe as This, the leſs Noiſe the better. Here's an Innocent Love carry'd on, without either Fraud, or Diſhonour; the Attempt indeed is Capital to the Poor Fellow, but by my Faith, I ſhould be loth to take the Forfeiture. I ſee no Exception at all to the Young Man, either in matter of Years, Bloud, or Fortune; and for the reſt, what have we more to do, then to call a Prieſt immediately, and make a Match on't. The Wife was of the Husband's Opinion. And the Reſolution was no ſooner taken, but the Young People awak'd in the greateſt Confuſion imaginable. There paſs'd however ſome Neceſſary Decencyes of Supplication and Submiſſion, to the Father and Mother, and all was afterwards made up by the Solemnity of a Formal Marriage, to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

The MORAL.

WE have here the *Riſe*, the *Progreſs*, and the *Conduct* of a *Virtuous Faultleſs Love:* without any Subſtantial Exception, either to the *Parties*, or the *Manage*. The Plot was Innocent, and carry'd on within the Bounds of *Modeſty*, and *Good Manners:* and after ſome pretty Harmleſs Turns in the Courſe of the Relation, here was a *Match* Conſummated at laſt, to the Honour of the Proceeding, by the Voluntary Conſent of *Parents*. So that the *Romance* in the *Fiction*, may paſs nevertheleſs for a *Preſident* in the *Embleme*, and an *Exemplary Recommendation*, upon the main, to others to Govern themſelves according to the *Innuendo* of This Story.

172. A Mole and Spectacles.

A Poor Short-ſighted *Mole*, that had try'd Surgeons, Occuliſts, and Receits innumerable for the helping of Weak Eyes, and never the better; came at length

length to make Tryal of Glaſſes, and provided the moſt Artificial Spectacles were to be gotten; but when all was done, that which was a Help to a *Man*, did no Good at all to a *Mole*.

The MORAL.

ART may *Cover*, or *Diſguiſe Natural Defects*, but it can never *Supply* them; for the Works of Nature are all Perfect in their Kind, and whoever goes about to Mend them, makes them Worſe: beſide that it is a Folly, and a Preſumption, unpardonable, to pretend to the *Curing* of Thoſe Eyes, that in the very Forming of them were *created Blind*.

173. A Lyon, an Aſs, and a Wolfe.

A *Lyon* that had been hard preſs'd by a Faction among the Beaſts, came at laſt to have all his Enemies under his Feet. This *Lyon* was too Generous, not to do ſome ſort of Honourable Right to his Friends and Allyes that ſtood by him in the Action: and ſo thought it reaſonable, for thoſe that had born a part in the Hazzard, to have their Share likewiſe in the Glory. Upon This Conſideration, he invited his Fellow-adventurers to a Collation with him in a Wood near at hand there, where he provided an Entertainment of all Varieties anſwerable to the Occaſion: as *Bread* for the *Elephants*; *Oats* for the *Horſes*; *Hay* for the *Oxen*; *Soup* for the *Doggs*, *Nutts* for the *Squirrels*, *Apples* for the *Monkeys*, and the like: The Gueſts were all highly pleas'd with the Treat, only a *Wolfe* and an *Aſs* took it in Dudgeon, that there was neither *Carrion*, nor *Thiſtles*.

The MORAL.

UNDER This *Apologue* of the *Wolfe* and the *Aſs*, is fairly repreſented to us a Diviſion of the Captious Part of the World, into Men, that want either Honeſty, or Brains: for there are no People ſo Peeviſh and Capricious, as they that have the leaſt in them of Worth or Good Manners: who in truth are never to be pleas'd without diſobliging all Reaſonable Creatures

tures beſide. The People I ſpeak of, are Men of Singular and Deprav'd Appetites, that Reliſh nothing but in Oppoſition to the Sober Part of Mankind. That which is other People's Nouriſhment, is their Poyſon, and ſo on the Contrary: for they take Delight in the Mortifications of other Men, and yet Theſe are the Male-contents that complain the moſt of hard Meaſure Themſelves.

174. One Quitted the World upon Reading the Fifth of Geneſis.

'TIs written in the *Fifth* of *Geneſis*, that all the Days that *Adam* liv'd, were *Nine Hundred and Thirty Years*, and he DY'D: and *all the Days of* Seth *were Nine Hundred and Twelve Years*, and he DY'D: the Days of *Enos* were *Nine Hundred and Five Years*, and he DY'D. The Days of *Methuſalem* were *Nine Hundred and Sixty Nine Years*, and HE DY'D. One *Guericus*, upon the bare hearing of This Chapter read; quitted the World, and Retir'd.

The MORAL.

THERE needs no more then the Hiſtory of Life and Death, to make a Man Sick of the World; upon the very Satiety of doing the ſame Thing over and over again: as Eating and Drinking, Sleeping and Waking by Turns, *&c.* And what's the whole Story at laſt, but a Scene of Vanity, which a body can hardly think of without a Glut; beſide the Bleſſed Proſpect of a New and a better Life after This.

175. A Penitent that gave his Confeſſion in Writing.

THere was a Formal, *Outſide-Chriſtian*, that under Pretence of an Ill Memory, kept a Diary of his Sins in *Writing*: and when he had fill'd a Large Roll with the Hiſtory, he went to his Ghoſtly Father with it for *Abſolution* by *Content*. The Holy Man found it was like to be a Tedious Bus'neſs, and ſo for Brevity-ſake *Abſolv'd* him by the *Lump*: enjoyning him, for his

his Penance, to read that Catalogue over thrice a Day for Six Months to come from the Date of his *Abſolution.*

The MORAL.

PEOPLE do with their Sins, as Unthrifts do with their Debts; they never think of them till they grow Heavy and Dangerous, and then they blunder up an Account in General, and ſo make Even indifferently with God and Man, upon the Groſs: as if *a Formal Confeſſion, at the Laſt Gaſp*, were a Sufficient Compoſition, for the Corruptions, and Miſcarryages, of a Long Life.

176. Daphitas and the Oracle.

THere was one *Daphitas*, a Foul-Mouth'd Ill-natur'd Fellow, and of ſo Ungovernable a Tongue, that he never ſpar'd any Thing Sacred or Prophane that came in his way: no not *Crowned Heads Themſelves*; as he fell upon the King of *Pergamus* for One; nay and his Inſolence went yet higher.

He pretended an Errand one time to conſult the Oracle about a Horſe he had loſt: and the Anſwer he received was This: that he ſhould find his Horſe very ſodainly. Upon This Anſwer, he put it preſently about, that the *Oracles* were a Pack of *Cheats:* for *he had loſt no Horſe*, he ſaid, *neither had he any Horſe to Loſe.* Upon his return he was taken up by the Order of *Attalus*, and caſt down a Precipice that was call'd the *Horſe.* This convinc'd him in the End, that the Oracle was ſo far in the Right, And it may ſerve for a Caution to us all, how we Trifle with the Divine Power, under what Form or Diſguiſe ſoever.

The MORAL.

THERE muſt be no Bantering, or Buffoning, with Holy Things: neither is Religion it ſelf ever the leſs Sacred for being expos'd in a Superſtitious, or an Idolatrous Dreſs: provided we do but preſerve a Veneration for the One, without partaking in the Corruptions of the Other. But be it as it will;

will; This Lewd Phantaſtical Wretch would be trying Experiments, and he loſt his Life for a Conceit.

177. A Huntſman and an Old Bitch.

A Famous Dog-maſter, as he was abroad one Day upon his Sport, happen'd to caſt his Eye upon an Old Decrepit Bitch, that lay Languiſhing, and Three quarters ſtarv'd by the Way-ſide upon a Dung-Hill. This Miſerable Creature had been once his Servant, but ſo alter'd, by Age, Neglect, and Hard Uſage, that ſhe was hardly to be known: The Gentleman however ſtood ſo long muſing, and bethinking himſelf, that the Bitch gave him to underſtand, by the Licking of her Lips, the Wagging of her Tayle, and her Creeping to him upon her Belly, what ſhe would have ſaid if ſhe could have ſpoken. The Maſter was ſo delighted with the Good Nature and Tenderneſs of the Creature, that he took every Thing by the Right Handle, and put her ſome Queſtions, to which, in her way, ſhe return'd This Anſwer.

Sir, ſays ſhe, I had once the Honour to eat of your Bread, but betwixt my Preſent Condition of Want and Miſery, and a Broken Leg over and above, I may well be out of your Memory; unleſs I ſhould preſume to mind you of an Old Servant, by This Notable Token; that at the Fall of a Mighty Stagg, (much ſpoken of in thoſe Dayes) I had Forty Teizers in the Field, that came out of my own Loins, and the Picture of them all is at This Day to be ſeen in the Prince's Gallery. The Gentleman had ſo great a Kindneſs for the whole Strain, that he immediately order'd the Bitch to be Waſh'd and Clean'd, taken into the Houſe, and provided for from his own Table. The Preſident of This Bounty to a Try'd Servant, encourag'd another to put in for the like Proviſion; but the Maſter march'd off, and adjourn'd the Second Cauſe till Another time.

The MORAL.

OLD *Friends*, and *Old Services*, *are never to be forgotten*, and it is the *Intereſt*, as well as the *Duty* of all Men of Honour and Humanity, to Live, and Act, according to That Principle: for Gratitude is not only the Recognition, or the Requital of a Good Office, but it Creates, and Strengthens Friendſhip over and above.

Here is likewiſe recommended to us an Inſtance of a Generous Juſtice, under the Direction of a Diſtinguiſhing Bounty, which does yet more enhance the Value of the Favour; for the Refuſal of the ſame Thing to One, which is granted to Another, makes it a work, not of Facility, but Choyce, It would be well all This while, if Men would Live as they Preſcribe, and Govern themſelves by Juſt and Grateful Meaſures.

178. A Gardner and a Dog.

A Widow-Woman, that had nothing to live upon but the Profit of her Orchards and Garden-ſtuff, was forc'd abroad once, and mightily at a Loſs whom to entruſt, with the Care of her Fruits and Plants in her Abſence. She had in the Houſe, a Tame *Fox*, a *Hog*, an *Ape*, and a *Goat*; and they all offer'd their Services to look to the Yards, and keep all Safe when ſhe was away.

For my Part, ſays the *Ape*, there can be no Danger of Me; for a Handful of *Nuts*, and an *Apple* a Day, is enough to do my Bus'neſs. And then for my Particular, ſays the *Hog*, I am no Climber of Trees, but a little Rotten Fruit, and a Few Wind-falls will ſerve my Turn. Well! ſays the *Fox*, and no body will Tax me, I am ſure, for a Ravener of Roots, and Apples. No nor me neither, ſays the *Goat*, I am no *Coſtard-monger*; I rob no Orchards; but a Handful of Herbs is as good to me as a Feaſt.

The Widow thank'd them all for their Good Will; but ſays ſhe to the *Fox*, you'll be too Crafty I fear, for a Poor Country-Wench; beſide that you are ſo Falſe and Sly, there is no Truſting of you: and then for the

Ape

Ape, ſays ſhe, he'll be too Laviſh and Expenſive; the *Goat*, I muſt confeſs, is no *Pippin-Merchant*; but then he'll do more Hurt with Knabbing, and ſpoiling the *Trees*, then he could do otherwiſe with Eating the *Apples*; but now in the laſt place, the *Hog* is utterly Intolerable, for he ſhall Rub more Plants to Death in one Day, then a whole Herd of Swine is worth. So that I muſt e'en leave the Care of all to my Dog: for he is no Guttler of Fruit, He kills no Plants, but keeps Thieves at a Diſtance, and finally for his Honeſty, the whole Earth is not able to Corrupt him.

The MORAL.

THERE's no Danger in truſting a Servant that lies under the Double Tye of Honeſty and Intereſt, to be True to his Maſter: that is to ſay, when a Juſtice of Inclination is ſupported and encouraged by the Advantage he reaps from the doing his Duty, and nothing to be gotten on the other hand, by abuſing his Patron. Take Notice further, that the Woman's All was at ſtake here, and ſhe did well to deliberate, before ſhe came to a Reſolution.

179. An Athenian and a Spartan.

AN *Athenian* put *Five Queſtions* to a *Spartan*, and receiv'd Five Anſwers to them.

Q. 1. What Walls do you like Beſt?
A. Thoſe that will Defend Themſelves.
Q. 2. Why did *Lycurgus* give no Written Laws at all?
A. Becauſe Good Manners needs no Laws.
Q. 3. Why do you make uſe of ſuch Heavy Mony?
A. Becauſe Men ſhould be the ſooner weary of it.
Q. 4. Why do you wear ſuch ſhort Daggers?
A. To be ſo much nearer the Enemy.
Q. 5. And why ſuch Short Speeches?
A. To bring one another ſooner to the Point.

The MORAL.

WE may learn from hence, the Grace, the Force, and the Advantage of Brevity, and Reſolution. It ſurprizes an Adverſary; whereas a Tedious Story drawn out at Length, and in Flouriſh, tells a Man where you will be at laſt, Half an Hour before you come at it; and gives an Enemy time to think on't, and to prepare for a Reply.

180. A New Convert.

IN the Long *Inter regnum* betwixt *Forty Two* and *Sixty*, there was a Pleaſant Droll of a *New Convert* to the Church of *Rome*, that went very gravely to a Particular Friend of his with Theſe Words in his Mouth. *I am told*, ſays he, *within Theſe Three or Four Dayes, that thou art come over to be one of Us, prethee deal clearly with me now. Art thou a* Damn'd Heretique, *or a* Popiſh Dog?

The MORAL.

THERE is a Spirit of Contradiction, that turns *Religion* into a *Faction*, and makes *Chriſtians* no better then *Aſſaſſins*: a People that reckon upon the Killing a Man of another Religion, as the neareſt way to Paradice. Theſe Men lay more Streſs, in fine, upon the Oppoſition, then they do upon the Truth, as if it were a Mark of Grace to be violent, and Bitter. We tear one another to Pieces, under a Pretence of Zeal, and better Information; contrary to *Good Manners*, as well as *Good Nature*, and in Defyance of a *Profeſſion*, that hath *Charity it ſelf* for the *Foundation* of it.

181. A Man phancy'd himſelf Dead.

THere was a Man in a Deſperate Fit of the Spleen, that phancy'd himſelf *Dead*. There was *no Eating or Drinking in the Other World*, he ſaid, and ſo nothing of Meat or Drink would go down with him. The Phancy was ſo Strong upon him, that he was in a fair way to have ſtarv'd himſelf, if his Friends had not brought

brought-him-off by a Trick. *Come, Come*, ſays one, *let us lay the Dead People together:* and ſo they put him to Bed to a Man that was to act the Part of a Corps, and a Sheet thrown over them. When they had been a while in Bed together, in comes a Servant, and very formally Covers a Table in the ſame Room, and ſets Meat upon it. Upon This, up riſes the Counterfeit, goes his way to the Table, and falls to Eating. Why ſure This Man is Mad, ſays his Bedfellow, Dead People do not Eat I hope. Do not you Deceive your ſelf, ſays the Impoſtor, for the Dead have their way of Eating and Drinking as well as the Living. Do but you try a little your ſelf, and you'll find it ſo. That's more, I muſt confeſs, then I was aware of; and ſo up he gets to his Companion, and they Two together made a very Good meal on't. This Collation did the Work, and the Splenetick Man never heard more of his Vapours.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing Wonderful in This Story, to any Man that duly conſiders the Force of Imagination, and the Authority we have for the Credit of a World of Theſe Phantaſtical Reports: *One* Man phancies himſelf a *Merchant*; and His Head runs altogether upon *Shipping*, and *Accounts*. *Another*, with *Lucian's Cobler*, ſets up for a *Prince*, and takes State upon him accordingly. A *Third* conceits himſelf to be made of *Butter*; a *Fourth*, of *Glaſs*, and the One is afraid of Melting, and the other of Breaking. Now Theſe Whimſys 'tis true, are within one Degree of Madneſs; but as they are *Phantaſtical Diſeaſes*, they muſt be cur'd with *Phantaſtical Remedies:* that is to ſay, one Freak muſt be cur'd by Another, and when a Man is once Fool'd Into a Fit of the Spleen, there's no remedy in Nature like Fooling him Out on't again. This do I take to be the Hint of This Fable; as we find it upon Experience, to be the very Truth of the Caſe.

182. Democritus and Heraclitus.

THere were Two Famous Philoſophers, *Democritus*, and *Heraclitus*, that gave themſelves wholly up to

the Thought of the Vanityes, and the Miſeryes of Humane Life. The One was perpetually *Laughing*, and the Other *Crying*, and People would be asking them one after another the Reaſon of it. *It makes me Mad, ſays* Heraclitus, *to think of the Deplorable Condition of Mankind. We value our ſelves, 'tis true, upon the Prerogative of our Reaſon, and yet compar'd with other* Animals, *the veryer Brutes of the Two: Slaves to our Paſſions and Appetites; Blind and Deaf to the Wayes and Means of Happyneſs, and moſt Unfortunate in the very Enjoyment of our own Wiſhes. Nay the very Gods of This World, the Princes, I mean, do they not* Hear *with* other Men's Ears? See *with* other Men's Eyes? Walk, *and* Work, *with the* Hands *and* Feet *of* other Men? *Are they not Govern'd by other Men's Underſtandings? Led by* Paraſites *and* Buffons? *And finally, how do they maintain themſelves in all This Pomp and Greatneſs, but either upon the Borrow, or upon the Spoil? And now,* ſays he, *would not This Foolery make any Man Loath the World, that has but the leaſt Grain of Senſe in him?* Well, ſays *Democritus*, and This Wretched Stuff makes me *Laugh* as faſt as my Brother *Cryes*. As for Example.

Can any Thing be more Ridiculous, then for a Man not to know when he is well; and at the ſame time to ſet-up his Reſt upon Contingences, without any Certainty at all? Nay and without taking any Warning too, from the Caſe of one Misfortune, to the Avoiding of Another. The Merchant, and the Seaman, are no ſooner caſt aſhore out of One Wreck, but they are preſently refitting for Another. The Maim'd Soldier has no ſooner dreſs'd one Wound, but he's ready for Another. The Drunkard has no ſooner eas'd his Stomach of one Debauche, and ſlept out the Qualm, but the Firſt Thing he does the next Morning is, in the Good-fellow's Language, to call for a Hair of the ſame Dog, *to ſet him Right again. Whoever heard of a Loſing Gameſter that gave over Play: or of a Man, after the Death of one Shrew, that was not ready for Another, even before the Former was Cold in her Grave.*

The

The MORAL.

THIS Phancy is no other, in effect, then a Compendious Diviſion of the World into *Fools* and *Knaves*; under the Cover of a *Philoſophical Reading* upon the *Miſeries*, and *Weakneſſes* of *Humane Life*: in order to the bringing of People to a *True Knowledge*, and a *Right Senſe*, of their *Condition* and *Duty*. It tells us over again in the Words of the *Wiſe-Man*, that *All Things under the Sun are Vanity and Vexation of Spirit*; and that *Divine Authority*, as well as *Natural Reaſon* have pronounced them ſo to be.

183. Wine is an Univerſal Medicin.

IN the Freedom of Cups and Company, we are apt to miſtake the Drowning of Cares, for the Allaying of them. Now Two or Three Glaſſes does the one, but it will take as many Bottles perhaps, to do the other. There's a Great Difference betwixt the Right Uſe of Wine, and the Abuſe of it: and it is with This Remedy, as it is with all others, we are to keep within the *Doſe*: There are Thoſe, 'tis true, that cannot Sleep ſober, and upon any Pinch, either of Fortune, or of Conſcience, the *Good-fellow* flyes as naturally to his *Fuddle*, as the *Quack* does to his *Univerſal Medicin*. It was a Pleaſant Put-off, of a Droll when one told him he had gotten a very Plain Woman to his Wife. *Yes, yes*, ſays he, *I know I have, but I am now drinking to make her Handſom.*

The MORAL.

IN ſome Caſes we uſe *Wine* as a *Cordial*; in others, as an *Opiate*: If it cannot *Remove* the Trouble, it will at leaſt *Stupify*, and *Doze* it: which is, in ſome Meaſure, the Work of Philoſophy and Virtue, only it is Another way of doing it.

184. Water a Greater Good then Fire.

THere was a Time, in the Days of almoſt an Univerſal *Paganiſm*, when every Particular Nation had its Particular Gods: It was Then put to the Queſtion, which of Thoſe Gods ſhould have the Preeminence. And, for Quietneſs-ſake, they came to an Agreement among themſelves, that he that maſter'd all the Reſt ſhould have the Preference. Upon This Reſolution, the *Chaldeans*, that worſhip'd the *Fire*, carry'd their God about with them from place to place, to make Tryal of his Power; and gave quickly to underſtand, that the Gods of Mettle, Wood, Stone, and ſuch Materials, were not able to ſtand before him. This put the *Chaldeans* in ſuch a Huff, for the Advantage they had obtain'd, that an *Ægyptian Prince* ſet his Brain upon the Rack, how to take them down in the very Tranſport of their Vanity and Glory.

They had a ſort of Earthen Veſſels, with a World of Little Holes in them, that they made uſe of for *Percolation*; that is to ſay, for *dreyning Water* thorough them, ſo as to leave the Sediment behind. The Prieſt took one of Theſe Pieces, ſtopt the Holes with Wax, Painting it over with Curious Colours, and when it was Thus Dreſs'd up, he fill'd it with Water; Clap'd an Antick Head upon't, and ſo put it up for a God. The *Chaldeans* brought the Point quickly to an Iſſue, by ſetting Fire to't, and upon the melting of the Wax, the Water dripp'd thorough the Holes, and put out the Fire; which decided the Controverſy, and the *Ægyptian* God carry'd it.

The MORAL.

WHEN People are divided about their Gods, 'tis no Wonder to ſee Religion, and Religious Worſhip managed with Craft and Impoſture, and the Cauſe maintain'd by Trick. The Streſs of This Fable, ſeems to have ſomewhat in it of the Conteſt betwixt *Moſes* and the *Magicians*, though the One but in Favour of an *Idol*, and the Other in Proof of the *True God*.

The

The *Devil* has his *Mock-Prieſt*, his *Altars* and his *Sacrifices*, in a Counterfeit Imitation of the *Almighty Himſelf*; and never ſo Dangerous as in the Shape of an Angel of Light. The Doctrine will be This. Men ſhould have a Care, of being ſo far impos'd upon by *Falſe Semblances*, as to take one for t'other.

185. A Lyon and an Ape.

A Certain *Lyon*, when the Good Humour was upon him, ſent for an *Ape* to entertain him with a Lecture of *Morals*; and the Firſt Point he read upon, was the Subject of *Self-Love*: which, ſays he, is the Root of all Evil: and neither Prince nor Peaſant can acquit himſelf of his Duty, either Publique, or Private, till he has maſter'd This Weakneſs. But it muſt be the Work of Time, for *Rome was not Built in a Day*. The Advantage of it will be This, that whoever is once in Poſſeſſion of This Habit, he ſhall never do any Thing afterwards, that is Ridiculous, or Unjuſt. And now, ſays the *Ape* again, for a further Explanation; what is it that makes any Creature Ridiculous, but Unreaſonable Actions, and Falſe Opinions! which ariſe effectually, from no other Ground then a natural Propenſion to the indulging of our own Infirmities and Errours? And what is it again, but the ſame Vanity, that tranſports us to the Approving of Thoſe Failings in others, which we Practice, and allow of in our Selves? When at the ſame time, we reckon all People to be little better then Fools, that do not Act, and Think, juſt as we do? At This rate, we are link'd into a kind of Confederacy againſt Sobriety, Truth, and Virtue: out of an over-weening Partiality in Favour of our own Imperfections and Miſtakes. One Fool, in fine, crys up Another, only for what he finds, and values in Himſelf: as there's no *Muſick* in the Ear of *One Aſs* like the *Braying* of *Another*. What is it, in fine, but *Self-Love*, that has been the Foundation of all the Iniquities that ever were committed? Whether out of Ambition,

Ambition, Cruelty, Pride, Malice, Revenge, Avarice; or in ſhort out of any other Affection whatſoever? For it comes all to a Caſe, when we Sacrifice a Virtue for the Gratifying of a Luſt. This Reaſoning of the *Ape* brought him off with a whole Skin at laſt; for it imprinted in the very *Lyon Himſelf*, a kind of Reverence for the Morality of the Diſcourſe.

The MORAL.

THIS is not the Firſt Prince that has ask'd Councel of an *Ape*; but This is the Firſt *Ape* perhaps that ever gave his Maſter any Advice he was the Better for. Not but that *Balaam's Aſs*, in ſome Extraordinary Caſes may be allowed to Rebuke the Prophet. But be it as it will, we may gather This Doctrine from what is before us: *there is nothing ſo Ridiculous in Nature, but a Good uſe may be made on't: for Truth and Reaſon carry an Awe with them under what Shape ſoever they appear, and from what Hand ſoever they come.*

185. A Traveller alights to kill Graſs-hoppers.

BOccalini's *Traveller* was ſo Diſorder'd in the Heat of the Dog-Days with the Noiſe of *Graſs-hoppers* in his Ears, that he alighted from his Horſe in great Wrath to kill them all. Now This, ſays the Author, was only playing the Fool to no Manner of Purpoſe: for if he had but kept on his Way, without minding them, they would e'en have gone Sputtring-on till they Burſt, and the Man never the worſe for't.

The MORAL.

THIS is to ſhew us how ſmall a Matter puts us beſide our Buſineſs and our Duty. For what is Humane Life but a Paſſage toward Eternity, and all we have to do in this World, is only to lay a Foundation for the Bleſſings we hope for in the next, without either Wandring, or Loytring, upon the way? We meet with this *Horſe-man*, and theſe *Graſs-hoppers*, more or leſs in all Conditions of Life. Every Trifle diverts us from the Offices of the Great Work; and when we ſhould be attending the Duties of our Reaſonable Being, we are carry'd away

away by Vanities and Pleaſures, like Spaniels that run out at Check, after *Dawes*, and *Crowes*, without ever heeding their Game.

187. A Dog and a Crocodile.

THE *Doggs*, they ſay, about the River *Nile*, are fain to Drink running, and to take here and there a Lap, for fear of the *Crocodiles*. A Certain *Crocodile*, taking notice of a *Dog* that kept himſelf upon that Guard, gave him a Rebuke for't. Had not you better, ſays the *Crocodile*, take a Hearty Soup once for all, then run ſquirting up and down Thus, as if you were afraid ſomebody would do you a Miſchief? Why truly, ſays the *Dog*, I had rather go that way to work, but that I am not willing to venture my Carcaſs for a Mornings-Draught.

The MORAL.

WE ſhould do by the *World*, in ſome reſpects, as the *Dog* does by the *River*; that is to ſay, we ſhould content our ſelves with a Taſt of ſenſual Refreſhments, without making a Meal of them; and ſo to uſe them for a Reliſh, not for a Diet. *Too much* of the World, and dwelling too long upon it, are Both Equally Dangerous; and nothing but a Mad Man, will venture Body and Soul, for the Gratifying of a Liquoriſh Palate. *Fleſh and Blood*, ſays the very ſame thing to a *Man*, that the *Crocodile* does to the *Dog*; and in Caſes too, of the moſt Deſperate Extremities. [*What are you afraid of? Here's nothing will Hurt you*] This Fable, upon the Main, preaches Temperance, in the Gratifying of our Appetites: and it ſtrikes alſo at the Unſteady, Curſory Humour of Taſting Things, and then leaving them: and ſo Skipping from this to that, without ſuffering any Thing to Digeſt.

188. Crates's Will.

CRates depoſited Mony for his Children in the Hands of a Truſtee: *If they prove* Fools, ſays he, *let them have the Eſtate, but if* Philoſophers, *let it be given to the Poor.*

The

The MORAL.

THIS Conceit looks a little Phantaſtical, and yet, he that conſiders the General Practice of the World, will find moſt Eſtates diſpos'd of according to *Crates's Will.* This is not to be underſtood, as if Philoſophers were to live upon the Air, like *Cameleons*; but it preaches *Temperance* and *Good Government*, in the Hint, that Nature contents it ſelf with a little, and that the Endowments of the Mind are much above the Goods of Fortune, and a Poor Philoſopher much more valuable then a Wealthy Idiot.

189. The Fig Tree and the Olive.

THere are Natural Averſions among Trees and Plants, as well as among Men and Beaſts: and This was it that engag'd a *Pomgranate* once, as the Embleme of Union and Agreement, to try what might be done toward the Reconciling of the *Fig* and the *Olive*; Two Plants that will hardly live in the ſame Air. The *Pomgranate* fell to reaſoning the Matter, from the Practice of Other Trees, the Scandal of the Example, and the like: but when he ſaw there was nothing to be done that way, he charg'd the *Fig-Tree* with downright Croſſneſs, and Ill Nature. The Fig-tree excus'd himſelf, that the *Antipathy* was none of his Fault, but a Fatal, and an Incurable Oppoſition, betwixt the Two Families. It ever had been ſo, and ever would be ſo, and there was no Remedy.

Now whoever conſiders but the very Leaves of theſe Two Trees; the Shape, the Colour, the Fruit, the Taſt, or the Size, the Trunk, the Bark, and the Root, *&c.* he will find that no Two Things can be more Contrary then the One of theſe is to the Other: ſo that the only way to preſerve them, is to keep them aſunder, and He that brings them together is an Enemy to Both.

The

The MORAL.

HE that contends with *Natural Averſions*, does the ſame Thing as if he undertook to Cure *Incurable Diſeaſes*. There is no Forcing of Nature againſt the Biaſs, and thoſe that by the Virtue of This *Inbred Antipathy*, were *Born Enemies*, are never to be made *Friends*.

190. A Sea-man well Provided for.

A Poor *Terpawlin*, that was taken up for a Long Voyage, left a Bonny Young Wife behind him, but in a Miſerable Cottage, with nothing in this Earthly World but Bare Walls, not ſo much as a Croſs in her Pocket to keep the Devil out, and ſcarce a Rag to cover her Nakedneſs. After a matter of Five Years Abſence, the Sea-faring Man comes back again; finds his Habitation in Excellent Order, and Furniſhed from Top to Bottom, with a Brave Boy of ſome Three Year Old into the Bargain. The Maſter of the Dwelling was wonderfully pleas'd at the Sight of ſuch an Emprovement; only the Thought of a Child ſtumbled him a little. Upon this, he fell to ſhrifting his Wife from Point to Point; how This, and That, and t'other came about. Why my Dear, ſays ſhe, This is all by *Providence*. What? Child and all? ſays the Husband. Yes indeed, *Child and all*, ſays the Woman. Well! ſays the Good Man, what *muſt be*, *muſt be*, but yet by your Favour Wife, when Providence had furniſh'd my Houſe for me, I ſhould have been well enough content to have been the Father of my own Children.

This was much ſuch Another Providence, as That of the Good Woman's Great Belly in *London*, in the Revoſution of *Forty one*, when her Husband had been Three Years in *Plymouth*. 'Tis true, ſays ſhe, my Huſband has been Three Years away, but *I have had very Comfortable Letters from him.*

The MORAL.

PROVIDENCE, and *Religion* are made uſe of as a *Common Plea*, or at leaſt, a *Cover* for all manner of Wickedneſs, as well in the Contrivance, as in the Execution of it. Thus it was in the Troubles of *King Charles the Firſt*, when our Days of Humiliation, and Thankſgiving, ran directly contrary to the True Reaſon of the Caſe. But we are not now ſo much upon the Text of Hypocriſy as upon the Subject of Humane Frailty: and there's no need either of Argument, or of Embleme, to convince us of the Infirmities of Fleſh and Bloud.

191. Books Sold by the Foot.

A Country Gentleman, with more Mony then Brains that had a mind to be taken for a Man of *Letters*, built himſelf a Fair Spacious Room for a Library: and when he had ſhelv'd and fitted it up for his Turn, he contracted with a Bookſeller to furniſh it with Books, from Top to Bottom, at ſo much a Foot; the Books to be Bound, Gilt, and Letter'd after the Beſt Faſhion, and the Choyce of them left to the Stationer's Honeſty and Diſcretion.

The MORAL.

HE that Buyes *Books* by the *Foot*, may as well pretend to purchaſe Learning by the Pound; but he that's Maſter of a Fair Study of Books, values himſelf upon being Maſter alſo of all that's Good in't. This Freak has ſomewhat in it of the Humour of Another Perſon that I knew. (For this is all *Hiſtory*) He had a Great Mind to get himſelf the Reputation of a Hard Student, and ſo kept a Candle burning in his Study all Night ſtill, and He himſelf faſt aſleep in his Bed all the While.

This Whimſy, of Vanity, and Oſtentation, is no more then what we meet with every Day of our Lives, in all Shapes, and Places. In one Word for all, 'tis but the ſame Thing over and over again in a Thouſand other Inſtances; and the whole Buſineſs of our Lives is Semblance and Diſguiſe.

192. A Sexton and a Spider.

IT blew a Dreadful Tempeſt once of Thunder and Lightning, and there was a Drunken Blaſphemous *Sexton*, that would needs philoſophize himſelf, upon that Occaſion, into a Defyance of any Thing that look'd like Danger in it: for what's this Hideous Uproar in the Air, ſays he, but a natural Collection and Diſcharge of Vapours? And what, ſays he again, is the Terrible Flaſh, more then a Fire Struck by the ordinary way of *Colliſion?* Now the Clouds being form'd of Air, and the Body of that Air mov'd by the leaſt Breath; the Stronger Impulſe muſt of neceſſity drive the weaker before it: ſo that for the Laying of this Tempeſt, 'tis but ſetting my *Bells* a-going, and the Work is done.

This brought a Silly *Spider* out of her Hole in the Belfry, to give the Impious Wretch a Rebuke for the Inſolence of his Audacious Expoſtulation. How dare you, ſays ſhe, take upon you to chop Logick with the Powers and Methods of an Almighty Providence, and to talk of breaking the Force of Thunder with a Peale of Bells. This has been my Habitation here for a matter of Two Year now, and all your Clattering, and Jangling, has not been able to Diſcompoſe the Leaſt Thrid in any one of my Copwebs.

The MORAL.

THERE muſt be no Quibling upon the Ways and Operations of Almighty God. For the Queſtion is not, whether Divine Providence works by the Mediation of natural Cauſes, and Effects or not. Neither is it about the *How*, or the *Manner* of working: but how far the Supreme Governour and Diſpoſer of all Things is pleaſed to make uſe of Ordinary Means for the bringing of his Glorious Ends about.

It is to be noted likewiſe, that after all this Pedantick Vanity, and Pretence; This Huffing *Sexton* is at laſt *Non-pluſs'd*, and put to *Silence*, out of the Mouth of a *Silly Inſect*.

193. A Rat retires into a Holland Cheese.

A *Rat* that had been at Rack and Manger upon his Neighbours Cheese and Bacon, till he could live no longer upon the Spoil, took-up a Fit of Mortification; renounc'd the Vanities of the World, said his Prayers, and so retir'd into a *Holland Cheese*, that serv'd him both for a Cell, and a Castle, and supply'd him with Necessaries for Back and Belly, all in one. He was no sooner in his New *Hermitage*, but up comes a Troup of *Begging-Deputies* to him, in the Name of his Distressed Brethren, for a *Charity*, *let it be never so small.* They were so pester'd, they said, with *Cats*, and *Traps*, that they were e'en perishing for want of Sustenance. *Alas for you!* says the Recluse, *My Bus'ness is of Another World you see*; *but give them my* Prayers *however*, *and my* Blessing; and with that word, he shut the Door upon the Commissioners, and left the Brotherhood to shift for themselves.

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common Thing for People, when they are Old, and Uneasy, to turn *Religious*; and then call it *a Forsaking of the World*, when they are past the Gusto, and the Pleasures of it. But they have commonly the Wit at the same time to provide Necessaries, without troubling their Heads about Things Superfluous. Let this be understood with all Due Reverence, to the Right use, or Intent of a *Mortify'd*, and a *Monastique* Life: and with This, that *Christian Charity* is as much a Duty on the one Side of the Grate, as it is on the other; and that the bare *Benediction* will do little in such a Case as This, without the *Relief*.

194. A Fox and a Lyon.

THe *Fox* is an Animal qualify'd by Nature for a *Sharper* and a *Parasite*: And one of the Falsest, and Smoothest of the Kind perhaps, made his Court to a *Lyon* with a Design to supplant some of the most use-

ful

ful and neceſſary of his Friends and Servants that he had about him. He began with him upon the Ordinary Method of a *Court-Flattery:* as the Charms of his Perſon, the Majeſty of his Countenance, and Motion; the Tranſcendent Excellencies of his Mind, and the Generoſity that is ſo Inſeparable from his Family, and Extraction: But then Sir, ſays the *Fox*, Your Authority-Royal is above all the reſt, as is ſeen in the Extent of your Empire; for all Living Creatures are your Subjects, and it is at your Choyce whether they ſhall Live or Dye. Nay there are ſome Caſes wherein you cannot aſſert your Prerogative, but with your People's Necks and Liberties under your Feet. The *Lyon* was too Brave to encourage ſo Fulſome a Diſcourſe, and told him, with Indignation enough, that in the making of his People Slaves, he muſt be ſure to loſe their Hearts, and that he could not ſeize their Eſtates, without a moſt Intolerable Injuſtce. But in the Caſe, ſays he, of a Falſe, and a Fawning Miniſter, that lays ſnares for Honeſt Men, and creates miſunderſtandings betwixt a King and his Subjects, nothing can be more Reaſonable then to Sacrifice ſuch an Inſtrument to the Well being of the Publique; and in that Moment he ſtruck the *Fox* Dead at his Feet.

The MORAL.

CRAFT, or *Cunning*, is that which Sir *Francis Bacon* calls *Sinister, or Crooked Wiſdom:* which is all made up of *Trick*, and *Self-Intereſt*, without either *Faith*, or *Judgment*.

The *Fox*, here in the *Woods*, does the Part of an *Evil Miniſter* in a Poſt of *State*. That is to ſay; he gives Advice for his own Ends, without any Regard to the Honour of his Maſter, or to the Common Good of King and People.

This Fable here ſets before us the Danger of taking *Court-Foxes* into the Favour of the *Government*, for Princes muſt of Neceſſity either clear their Hands of Corrupt Miniſters, or run the Hazzard of being Undone Themſelves. But this is enough, ſaid he, to keep Both Sides upon their Guard, the One not to Attempt ſuch an Inſolence, and the Other not to Suffer it.

195. The Moderation of Epaminondas.

EPaminondas had a Summ of Mony ſent him for a *Preſent:* (the *Court-Word* for a *Bribe:*) He excus'd himſelf, as to the Mony, but invited the Commiſſioners that brought it, to Dinner with him. The Entertainment was a Choyce Collection of the Courſeſt, and the worſt-order'd Meats and Drinks that could be got. So ſoon as the Meal was over, the Maſter of the Feaſt bluntly deſir'd the Deputies to let him know their Bus'neſs; but they were ſo ſurpris'd at their Diſappointment in This Treat, that they had not one word to ſay. Well! my Maſters, ſays *Epaminondas.* If this be all, you had e'en beſt go back again to him that ſent you: and pray'e carry your Bill of Fare along with you; which will give him to underſtand, that *Epaminondas* is not to be Corrupted.

The MORAL.

VIRTUE is all of a Piece, and true to it ſelf in all the Parts of it: ſo that Temperance is no longer a Virtue, then while it ſtands good againſt all Appetites, and Temptations whatſoever. Upon this Ground it is, that *Epaminondas* drew an Inference from the Plain Simplicity of his Meats and Drinks upon the Account of that ſort of *Moderation,* to the Contempt of *Mony,* &c. beſide the further Illuſtration of the Matter, by the Grace of an *Emblem.*

196. The Contempt of Death.

'TIs to no purpoſe to *Fear,* what it is impoſſible to *Avoid:* beſide that upon the whole Matter, *Death* is the very ſame Thing ſtill, whether we *dread* it or *not.* There goes a Story of a Brave Man, that was threaten'd with an Infamous, a Lingring, and a Tormenting Death, unleſs he would ſubmit to the doing of a Baſe thing, below the Dignity of a Man of Honour and Juſtice. *You ſhall do well,* ſays he, *to frighten your* Courtiers

Courtiers *with Theſe* Bugbears: *for* Death *is but* Death *at* laſt, *and for the* Manner *of it, 'tis the ſame Thing to me, whether I Rot in the Earth, or upon a* Gibbet.

The MORAL.

NO Man was ever yet ſo Mad, as to think he ſhould never Die; or perhaps ſo unreaſonable, as but ſo much as ſecretly to *Wiſh* it, or to *Hope* for it, in Contradiction to the manifeſt Decrees of *Providence*, and the unalterable *Fate* of all *Created Beings*. So that if the *Mortality* be *Certain*, and the *Period* of Life *Uncertain*, what have we more to do, then to make every Hour of our Lives a Preparatory toward that Inevitable End! eſpecially conſidering, that when we have once maſter'd *That Terrour*, we have nothing left us in This World to *Fear*.

But we are now to Diſtinguiſh betwixt the *Reſolution* of a *Hero*, and the *Reſignation* of a *Chriſtian*: or, I might have ſaid, betwixt the Motions of *Philoſophy*, and the Impulſes of *Religion*; for That's the Point in Queſtion; betwixt the *Morality* of the *Caſe*, and the *Chriſtian Proſpect* of a *Future State*.

197. The Church Complaining of the Church Doors.

A *Church* was Robb'd, brought an Action againſt the *Doors*, for betraying their Truſt, and letting in the Thieves. The *Doors* held it out, they ſaid, till they were broken all to Pieces and Thrown off the Hinges: ſo that They, on the other hand, laid the Blame upon the *Church*, for *receiving* them, and letting them make ſuch Havock when they were got In. And then, why were they ſuffer'd at laſt, they cry'd, to go out again?

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common Saying in the World, when a Miſchief is done, that *no body did it*; and when we have ſhuffled the Blame off from one to another, as far as it will go; we betake our Selves in the Concluſion to the illnatur'd Satisfaction of Comforting our Selves that *others are as Guilty as we are*: as if it were ſome ſort of Mitigation, either of the Crime, or of the Calamity, to go to the Devil with Company.

198. Aſſes to Jupiter.

AS *Jupiter* was upon the Bench hearing of Cauſes, up comes a Troup of *Repreſentative Aſſes* to him, in the Name of their Companions, with a Long Story of their Grievances. They ſet forth in their Petition, that the World had taken up a Lewd Cuſtom, whenever People had a mind to mark any one for an Egregious Coxcomb, This or That Block-head, they'd ſay, was a very *Aſs*, and ſo caſt a Scandal upon the whole *Arcadian Brotherhood.* Why might not an *Oxe*, or a *Hog* have done every jot as well as an *Aſs?* Not that they pretended to ſet-up for *Philoſophers* neither; but they took it ill to be branded with a particular Reproche, when the Common Appellation of a *Beaſt* would have done as well. *Jupiter* took the Matter into Conſideration, and gave the Deputies this Anſwer: *Gentlemen-Commiſſioners*, ſays he, *you come to me for Redreſs, and I do not find you have* any Wrong *done you, but it ſticks in your Stomach*, I perceive, *that the Reſt of your Fellow-Brutes, are not Branded for Company.*

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common Thing for Men to Complain without Cauſe, and to find themſelves uneaſy in what Condition ſoever they are: without underſtanding, either what they Would have, or what they Aile. Now what's the Grievance all The while here! but the *Aſſes* take it ill to be call'd by their *Name*, and to be diſtinguiſh'd by their *Nature?* It is no Crime, no Shame, for any thing to *Be*, what Providence hath *Made* it, or conſequently to be Rated, or Underſtood, for what it is. But the *Aſſes* here in the Fable, have a mind to Cover their Ears under the Foxe's Skin, and to Appear Wiſer, and Better then, in Truth they Are. *Why ſhould not all Beaſts fare alike?* they cry? Now That's not ſo much an Argument, as the Complaint of an Ill natur'd Envy and Recrimination, as if we were ever the Better for being in Ill Company.

199. Sy

199. Sylla and his Generous Hoſt.

UPon the taking of *Preneſte* by Aſſault, *Sylla* gave a Peremptory Order to put every Creature to the Sword in't, *his Hoſt only excepted*, who had done him ſome Good Offices which he was willing to acknowledge. This Brave Citizen, being given to underſtand what a Reſolution *Sylla* had taken in his Favour, put himſelf in a Diſguiſe, and went out of his Houſe into the Crowd, to Periſh for Company; chuſing rather, as he ſaid, to *fall* in a *Common Ruine*, then to become a *Debtor* for his *Life* to the *Deſtroyer* of his *Country*.

The MORAL.

THIS Example of *Sylla*, may paſs for an Inſtructive Lecture upon the Duties of Honour, Humanity and Gratitude; even to an Enemy. If any Man would ſet before him a Conſummated Act of Bravery, This of *Sylla's Hoſt* ſhould be the Preſident; whether in reſpect of the Juſtice of the Cauſe, the Firmneſs, and Temper of the Reſolution, or the Manner of doing it. The very Intention of it was Honourable, and Sincere, without any Mixture of Vanity and Paſſion. We have heard of Several that have Diſguis'd themſelves to *Save* their Lives; but for a Man to put on a Diſguiſe, on purpoſe to *Expoſe* his Life; This is certainly a New way of Gallantry: not but that there is more in it at laſt of the *Hero*, then of the *Philoſopher*.

200. The Phoenix choſen King.

THE Government of the Birds was in Old Time an Elective Monarchy, and there happen'd in a *Sede vacante* once, a Notable Debate among their Repreſentatives, about the Choyce of a New *King*. They put up in the Firſt place, the *Eagles*, *Vultures*, *Goſhawks*, *Faulcons*; and in ſhort, all the Birds of Prey, as the Party that ſtood faireſt for the Election: for a Prince, they cry'd, muſt be *Martial*, *Strong*, and *Reſolute*; he can never Govern as he ſhould do elſe, It was then

Objected on the Other Side, that no true Lover of his Country's Liberty would give his Vote for a Ruler that liv'd upon *Rapine*, and the very Hearts-Bloud of his People. This ſingle Stroke quite daſh'd the Firſt Motion.

The Next that pretended were the *Eſtriches*, the *Jayes*, the *Peacocks*, and other Birds that value themſelves upon a *Sparkiſh Outſide*, and the *Beauty* of their *Plumes*. But *Kings*, they ſaid, were not for *Shew*, but *Buſineſs*; and that it is not the Feather in the Cap, without Brains in the Head of a Man, that qualifies him for Government: ſo that the Second Candidates ſucceeded no better then the Former.

There came on in the Third Place, the *Parrots*, and the *Starlings*, and the reſt of that Phantaſtical Crew, that value themſelves upon the Faculty of Excellent ready Speakers: but they were anſwer'd with the Sentence of the Wiſe Man: [*In many Words there is much Folly.*] And it was then reſolv'd upon the Queſtion, that *to have the Tongue run before the Wit*, is the Quality of a *Buffon*, not of a *Governour*: ſo that theſe Blades came off not one jot better then their Fellows.

The Fourth that ſtood in nomination, was the *Crow*, a Bird in high Reputation for *Wiſdom*, *Experience*, and *Foreſight*. His Friends in the Councel ſtuck ſo cloſe to him that he was within a Hairs breadth of carrying it; but yet after a long Tugg, the Vote paſt againſt him. His very Adverſaries could not in truth deny him to be ſo qualify'd as his Friends render'd him: but then his Wiſdom they ſaid, was a Wiſdom of Intereſt, and Sagacity that only led him to his Prey, and to the Gratifying of a Deprav'd Appetite; for Carrion was his Dayly Food: but it was Unlucky ſtill, and Ill-boding and his Experience ſerv'd only to ſubminiſter to his Corruption.

With that, up ſtood an Eminent Member at the Bord, and mov'd for the *Phœnix*. If you'll have a *King*, ſays he, beyond *Exception*; a *King* to your very *Wiſh* and *Liking*, apply your ſelves to the *Phœnix*: a Crea-

tur

ture, that, for a Generous Bravery of Mind, a Gracious Perſon, a Charming Elocution, a Conſummated Wiſdom, and Inſight into the Darkeſt Secrets and Intrigues of Reaſon of State; is as much beyond all the reſt of the Competitors, as an Angelical Perfection is beyond the Common Frailties of Fleſh and Bloud; he has neither Wife, nor Children, to divert him from attending his Charge; no Paſſions to tranſport him, but you may live eaſily under him, without the Burden, either of Laws, or Taxes.

As the Member was going on, the Aſſembly interrupted him in the Middle of his *Harangue*, crying out *a PHOENIX, a PHOENIX*, with a *Nemine Contradicente*, and Couriers were immediately diſpatch'd away thorough all Quarters of the Earth to try to find him out, and to give him an Invitation, in the Name of the Free-born Subjects of the Woods, to take Poſſeſſion of his New Government. In one Word, when they had ſearch'd every Corner of the World without getting any Tidings of him, they return'd a *non eſt Inventus*, and came back again juſt as wiſe as they ſet out.

The MORAL.

NOTHING will ſerve us but that which is not to be had, and if we cannot have That, we will have nothing at all. This Reſtleſs Diſpoſition holds in our Appetites, as well as in our Governments: There is nothing Perfect under the Sun, and if nothing Imperfect will content us, we muſt never be ſatisfy'd. This World, in fine, is no Reſting-Place. All Men have their Failings, and all their Works have their Imperfections too. We depart from the ways of Providence, and then Phancy to our ſelves Inventions of our own, and when we have ſpent our whole Lives in Queſt of Thoſe Phantaſtical Satisfactions, we come at laſt to be convinc'd that in This State of Mortality there is no true Peace and Happineſs to be found.

When One Government fails, another muſt ſupport it, or all falls to Pieces. But it is eaſier to find the *want* of a Governour, then to agree upon the *Perſon*. Power is Neceſſary, but the Bounds and Manage of that Power are the Nice Point. Let a Prince have Power to Govern, they ſay, but not to Oppreſs:

preſs: which is all one with ſaying let the Prince have a Conditional Power over the Subject, and the Subject an Abſolute Power over the Prince. Now all Mortals are agreed upon the Neceſſity and Providence of Order and Power, but then when it comes to the Limits, the Qualifications and the Extent of that Power, and who ſhall Execute it, ſo many Men, ſo many Minds. One's too Rapacious, Another too Formal and Finical, a Third too Talkative; a Fourth too Foreboding and Moroſe: ſo that there's no pleaſing of all Parties but by ſetting up an Impracticable Project in the *Chimæra* of a *Phœnix*. This is the Reſult of all Popular Politicks, when Men will be Refining upon the ways of God and Nature. In One Word; let him that *Made* the World *Govern* it.

201. Three Kings in Alluſion to Three Religions.

Boccace tells us of a Queſtion ſtarted upon the Subject of *Religion*, betwixt this, that and t'other, which of the Three was the *Right*. It was agreed at all hands, that the *Eldeſt* was the *Beſt*; but which was the *Eldeſt* was then the Point: where either the ſeveral Parties were to be Judges in their own Caſe, or ſome *One* of the *Three* to give Laws to the *other Two*. Theſe Difficulties made it morally Impracticable to bring the Cauſe to an Iſſue without a Squabble: And This Diſpute led to the Telling of a Story, by way of Alluſion to the Matter in Hand; the Subſtance whereof was This.

There was a *Ring* of an Ineſtimable Value in the Poſſeſſion of a Mighty Prince; who, for the Quiet of his People in Time to come, and for the preventing of all indirect Claims and Pretences, paſs'd an Edict, that *what Male ſoever of the Family ſhould have That Ring in his Hands at the Death of any Succeeding King; That Perſon ſhould be reputed and obey'd as the undoubted Heir of the Crown.* The Power and the Adminiſtration ſucceeded regularly enough for a while, till it came to the Caſe at laſt of a Prince that had Three Sons who were all equally worthy of Royal Dignity, and as yet equally entitled to the Expectation of it: over and above,

that

that the Father's Inclinations were as equally Divided among his Children. The King was now in Years, and his Sons, one after another, lay preſſing of him for This *Ring*. He could not find how to oblige any one of them without excluding the other Two; and it went to the Heart of him to think of ſuch a Partiality where he lov'd them all alike. But to Compound the Nicety as well as he could, he bethought himſelf of a Plauſible Contrivance to put them all Three in Hopes of the Prize.

Being now upon his Death-Bed, he order'd a Gold-ſmith to make him *Two other Rings*, in Imitation of the Original; and to be ſure to match them ſo exactly, for Size, Weight, and Mettle, that there ſhould be no knowing the one from the Other. The Father Dies, and leaves his Three Sons *Three Rings*. They had the *Right* moſt certainly among them, and yet every One of them ſeverally ſets up for it apart. But to conclude; after the Lord knows how many Tryals, by Dint of *Law*, and *Equity*; the Mediation of *Friends*, nay and by Force of *Arms* too; the Conteſt is kept up to this very Day and Hour, as Warm and as Poſitive as ever it was.

This was all the Anſwer could be gotten to the Queſtions about the *Three Religions*.

The MORAL.

THIS is no more then to ſay, that *ſeveral Men* may be very Good *Chriſtians*, in *ſeveral Religious Perſuaſions*. I ſay in *Several*, (not in *All*.) And that *Chriſtian Charity*, in theſe Nice Caſes, attones in ſome Meaſure for the *Infirmity*. Where it is impoſſible for all People to be of a Mind, it is certainly Venial to *Differ*, where we cannot *Agree*; ſaving always, the *Duty*, and *Reſpect* we owe to *Publique Order*, and the *Civil Peace*.

202. A Chriſtian and a Jew.

THere was a Mighty League of Friendſhip ſtruck up betwixt Two Merchants, *Jehonnat*, and *Abraham*, the

the *Former*, a *Chriſtian*, and the *Other* a *Jew*; and a Couple of Moral Fair-dealing Men they were. The *Chriſtian* preſs'd ſo Hard upon the *Jew* to make him a *Proſelyte*, that he brought him at laſt to this *Medium*. I'll go to *Rome*, ſays *Abraham*, and if I find the Court of *Rome*, the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*, ſuch People as you tell me they are, I'll come over to your Church without any more ado; but otherwiſe, I'll e'en ſtick where I am. Nay then, ſays *Jehannot* to Himſelf, *farewel Convert*; for let the *Faith* be never ſo *Orthodox*, he will find ſuch Work with the *Boys*, and the *Wenches* there, and ſo many Profligate Examples of Luxury and Lewdneſs, that the Spectacle would ſooner make a *Jew* of a *Chriſtian*, then a *Chriſtian* of a *Jew*. But prethee tell me now, ſays *Jehannot* (with this Conceit in his Crown) why ſhouldſt thou put thy ſelf to the Charge, the Riſque, or the Trouble, of a Dangerous, and a Tedious Journy, for a Thing that may be as well done here upon the Place? Come, ſays *Abraham*, to be ſhort with thee, I am abſolutely reſolv'd to go. Nay if the Thing be reſolv'd, ſays *Jehannot*, there's no more to be ſaid; but otherwiſe, if you would but have ſtay'd till the next *Jubilee*, I'd have gone with you my Self.

Upon This Reſolution, *Abraham* immediately took Horſe, and away Poſt to *Rome*: where he found Men and Matters miſerably out of Order, juſt as the Other phancy'd them: with *Corruption*, *Simony*, and *Avarice*, to the Higheſt Degree, over and above.

The *Jew* had quickly enough of his Experiment, and made as much haſte back again *From Rome*, as he had done *Thither*. He was no ſooner got Home again, but his Friend was preſently at him for an Account of his Voyage, and how Things and Things went where he had been. The Story he gave of the Place, the People, and their Manners, was ſo Diſmal a Hearing to *Jehonnot*, that his Heart went *pit-a-pat* all the while he was telling it.

But

But all this, says he at last, is so far yet from Discouraging Me to turn *Christian*, that on the Contrary, I am fully Convinc'd by it, that if the *Religion* of *Rome* were not *Right*, *the Earth would swallow up the Place*, *for the Immorality of the People*.

The MORAL.

THIS way of Inferring the *Truth* of the *Religion* of the Place, from the *Immoralities* of the *People*; where they go on in their Wickedness without Control, is a Better Argument for a *Turk* then for a *Christian:* and it has somewhat in it of a Phancy that was made use of against a Certain *Irish Physician* in the Time of the *Popish Plot*. He was charg'd with Writing a *Treasonous Libel*, but deny'd the *Thing*, and appeal'd to the unlikeness of the *Characters*. It was agreed, they said, there was no Resemblance at all in the Hands. But the *Doctor* had *Two Hands*; his *Physick-Hand*, and his *Plot-Hand*; and the one not one jot like the other. Now This was the Doctor's *Plot-Hand:* and they insisted upon it, because it was not *Like* his Hand, that therefore it *Was* his Hand. Now This is all *Maggot*, and suitable to the Levity of the Figure. But to bring it to a Sober Point. People should have a Care how they Judge, either to Approve, or to Condemn, by Success. *Religion* is Inseparable from *Good Manners:* though there are a sort of Men that think the very *Name* of a *Christian Profession* sufficient to attone for the want of *Good Works*.

203. A Miller and his Master.

A *Miller* that was Try'd and Condemn'd for Cousening his *Master*, thought it *very hard*, he said, *for a Man to suffer for what he did in the Exercise of his Calling*. As he was mounting the Ladder, his Master whisper'd him to recommend some Honest Miller to him, that might be trusted when he was gone. The Poor Man took it upon his Death, that he did not know so much as One Man of the Trade that he could fairly put into his Hand. Nay then, says his *Master*, I had e'en as good keep to a Knave I am acquainted with, as go further and fare Worse; and so in the Conclusion he gave the Silly Wretch his Pardon, and Leave to Couzen him over again.

The

The MORAL.

THE Caſe of the *Miller* might have been the Caſe of any other Trade under the Sun, for Humane Society it ſelf is but an Overgrown Corporation of Cheats; only under ſome certain Regulations, as to the *Ways*, and *Means* of bringing Matters about. So that Laws, in the Common Latitude of Proviſional Penalties, are effectually little better then implicit Licences, for doing the ſame Thing Another Way. The *Miller*, we ſee, forgave his Man, and took him into his Service again, upon this Unanſwerable Inducement of Equity and Reaſon. And he might as well have laid down this for a Maxim: firſt, that there's no Faith to depend upon in Mankind: and ſecondly that upon That Suppoſition, *Knavery, betwixt Man and Man*, is as good for One as for t'other, and breaks no Squares.

204. Of Births and Burials.

A Civilian of *Padoua* order'd his next Heir, upon a Severe Penalty, to ſee him Bury'd according to his Appointment: and not to ſuffer any Thing that look'd like Sorrow or Mourning, at the Ceremony: but on the contrary, to accompany the Corps with Inſtruments and Muſicians of all Sorts, to the Number of Fifty Perſons; one Half to go before the Body, and the other Half to follow it; with a Salary to be allow'd them for the Service. He order'd alſo Twelve Maidens in Green to Walk under the *Biere*, as Gay and Jolly as they could make themſelves.

This way of Inverting the Common Practice of the World, has ſomewhat in it of the *Thracian* Humour, who account it a kind of Contradiction to the Nature and Reaſon of the Thing, to *Lament* at the *End* of their Miſeryes, and to *Rejoyce* at the *Beginning* of them.

The MORAL.

THERE muſt be no Trifling with the Aſhes of the Dead; no Dreſſing up of Funeral Solemnities with the Levities of the *Stage*. The Occaſion is too Grave for ſo Phantaſtical a Proviſion: but if the Civilian had ſtopt ſhort at the Vanity, and Oſtentation

Oſtentation of his Conceit; the Phancy would have yielded a very *uſeful Moral:* that is to ſay; the *Moral* of a *Caution* to us, not to *Cry* when we ſhould *Laugh*, or to *Laugh* when we ſhould *Cry*, but to do every Thing in the Proper Place and Seaſon.

205. A Milk-Maid and a Milking Payle.

A Bonny Laſs, with a Payle upon her Head, as ſhe was carrying her Milk to the Market, fell to caſting of it up all the way ſhe went, what a pretty Account That Stock of hers might come to in a ſhort time, with a little Good Huſwifery. *This Milk*, ſays ſhe, will bring me ſo much *Ready Mony*. That *Mony* will *buy* me ſo many *Eggs: Thoſe Eggs*, ſo much *Poultry*; and, with the Foxe's Leave, *That Poultry* will make me Miſtreſs of a *Pig*; which *Pig* may be emprov'd into a *Fat Hog*; and *That Hog* will be as good as ſo much *Mony* in my Purſe. Now with *That Silver* I ſhall quickly ſtrike into *a Cow and a Calf:* and Then, ſays ſhe, comes *Sweet-Heart*, &c. Upon the Tranſport of That Thought, down comes the Payle of *Milk*, which put an end to the whole Story of the *Eggs*, the *Poultry*, the *Pig*, the *Hog*, the *Cow*, the *Calfe*, and all the Whimſys that went along with it.

The MORAL.

THIS is it that we call *building Caſtles in the Air*; and a natural Train of Idle Imaginations one upon the Heel of another. The Poor Wretch phancy'd her ſelf in the Turn of a Hand, from a Payle of Milk to a Cow and a Calf: and Then, in an Unlucky Hour, the Phancy of a Sweet-heart, takes her in the Crown, and ſpoyls the whole Manage: which gives us to underſtand the Force of a Capricious Love.

206. An Eagle and Other Birds.

A Company of Birds were got chattering together in a Congregation, and every one of them ſeverally ſetting up for it ſelf, and its own Kind, ſome in one way,

way, and ſome in another. The *Hawk* valu'd her ſelf upon a *Rank Wing*; the *Crow* put in for her Skill in *Augury*; the *Nightingale*, for a delicate Mellow *Pipe*; the *Peacock* for a *Beauty*, the *Partridge* for *Craft*; the *Wren* for his *Mettle*; the *Duck* for her Faculty in *Paddling*; and the *Heron* for the Credit of being reputed *Weather-wiſe*. Well! ſays the *Eagle*, and what is all This now to a Sharp Piercing *Eye*; which, without Vanity, is my Talent in Perfection: or if any of you make a Doubt on't, let but me carry him up into the Air and he ſhall ſee the Experiment.

The *Wren*, upon This, Mounts the *Eagle*, and the *Eagle* with the *Wren* upon her Back, works her ſelf up to her Pitch; and when ſhe was now at Leſſening, ſhe call'd to the *Wren* to look down and tell her what ſhe ſaw below? Alas! ſays the *Wren*, I have much ado to diſcern the very Earth, at This Diſtance: but yet at the ſame time, ſays the *Eagle*, do I ſee a *Black Sheep* yonder *without a Tayle*, and you ſhall ſee me immediately make a Stoop at it, and Seize it. And what was this Black Sheep at laſt, but a Fowler's Bait for ſome Bird of Prey. The *Eagle* puſh'd at it, and fell into the Snare her ſelf: *Ah!* ſays the *Wren*, *if you had been but as Quick-ſighted to Diſcover the Danger, as you were to ſpye out the Quarry, you would much more eaſily have found out the* Man *with his* Birding-Tackle, *on the one ſide, then the* Sheep without a Tayle, *on the Other.*

The MORAL.

CHRISTIANITY bids us *love our Neighbours as our Selves*, but *Nature*, at the ſame time, whiſpers us to Begin our *Charity at Home*, and that *every Man is his own Next Neighbour*. This is the Caſe in Common Practice, and the Inſtinct works more upon us yet then the Precept. We are all Partial to our Selves, and there is no Creature ſo Deſpicable, but it has ſomewhat or other to value it ſelf upon. The *Common People* of the *Birds* ſet up for *Sharers* in the *Government*, which is no more then the ſame Thing in the *Woods*, that we find in the Common Courſe of *Humane Life*.

Perſpicacity,

Perſpicacity, or *Clearneſs of Sight*, is a Neceſſary Qualification, 'tis true, for *Rulers*; as it enables them to ſee thorough Men, and Things: But let them have a Care however of being miſled by their Affections, and Hamper'd in Vain Imaginations: for in Theſe Caſes we are apt to miſtake *Slavery* for *Liberty*; *Judgment*, for *Bleſſings*, and *Death* for *Life*; as the *Eagle* here was ſo intent upon the *Prey*, that ſhe never dreamt of the *Snare*. But This is the Fate of Inconſiderate Actions, when Men give themſelves up to Phancies, and Prepoſſeſſions, without looking into Conſequences, and Events.

207. A Cat and a Rat.

A *Cat*, a *Rat*, an *Owle*, and a *Weazle*, took up their Quarters apart in a Hollow Tree. *Puſs*, being an Early Riſer, went Abroad one Morning upon the Hunt before ſhe could well ſee her way, and fell unluckily into a Snare, where ſhe lay crying out for Help, till at length, a *Rat* came in as to her Reſcue. *Oh my Dear Friend*, ſays the *Cat*, *what a Providence is This to fall into the Hands of the Creature of the whole World I have the Greateſt Kindneſs for! prethee do but eaſe me a little.* Well! ſays the *Rat*, (in the Language of the World) and what ſhall I have for my Pains? *An Everlaſting Friendſhip*, ſays *Puſs*, *and a Sett of Teeth and Claws, eternally at thy Service:* beſides that for the *Owle*, and the *Weazle*, thy Two Mortal Enemies, let me alone to ſecure thee from any Miſchief That way. Oh your Servant *Puſs!* ſays the *Rat*; I ſhall have a Bleſſed Time on't, when I deliver up my ſelf to your Protection; and ſo away he ſcour'd; But in his Paſſage Homeward, there did he ſpy the *Weazle* watching him at his Hole: and as he was taking a Tree to avoid the *Weazle Below*, he diſcover'd an *Owle* waiting for him *Above*. He was now upon a *Forc'd-Putt*; and of Two Evils choſe rather to go back again and ſet the Cat at Liberty. This was no ſooner done, but up comes the Maſter of the Grounds, and the Two New Allies immediately parted upon't. Some ſhort time after This, the *Cat* happen'd to ſee her Old Friend the *Rat* again, but ſo curſedly

curſedly Shy, and Suſpicious, that *Puſs* took it extremely Ill, and Rebuk'd him for it. Why, ſays ſhe, *Canſt Thou imagine that I can ever be ſo Baſe, as to forget the Obligation I have to the Preſerver of my Life?* No, no, ſays the *Rat*, I am Confident you will never forget the *Kindneſs*; but then I am afraid on the other Hand, you will never forget your *Nature* neither.

The MORAL.

THE Caſe of the *Cat* and the *Rat*, is a Common Caſe in the World; and it holds out *This Moral* to us, that Intereſt takes off the Edge of the Rankeſt Averſions: and make even Mortal Enemies not only Neceſſary, but in ſome ſort, and upon ſome Occaſions, Friendly one to another: that is to ſay, when an Allyance, or a Conjunction for a Common Defence requires it: as in This Inſtance of the *Rats* ſetting the *Cat* at Liberty, for fear of the *Owle* and the *Weazle*. But when all is done, there's no Truſting to Falſe and Faithleſs Creatures; for no Obligation will change the Nature of them; but *Cats and Rats will be Cats and Rats ſtill.*

208. A Wolfe and Hail-Shot.

Boccalini's *Wood-Man* made a Shot at an over-grown *Wolfe*, but being only *Hail-Shot*, the Beaſt turn'd upon the Man, and worry'd him almoſt to Death. The Government it ſeems took notice of it, and made a Strict Enquiry into the Matter, and treated the *Wood-man* worſe then he had done the very Beaſt Himſelf; that is to ſay, they puniſh'd him for the Attempt, to the Amazement of all People, to ſee it made a Crime to Aſſault a *Wolfe*. But Anſwer was made, that the Man did not ſuffer as a *Criminal*, but as a *Fool*, for he ſhould either have made ſure work on't, or e'en have done nothing at all.

The MORAL.

BOCCALINI, in his *Great Wolves*, ſtrikes at *Great Men*, and it is not the Violence, but the Imprudence of the Action that is here condemn'd; and his playing the Child with *Small-Shot*

Shot when a *Musket-Ball* would have done the Bus'neſs. The Doctrine is This. *Strike ſure, or not at all*, that is to ſay, within the Compaſs of Honeſty, and Honour: or if you ſee you cannot gain your Point, off with your Cap, after the Court-way, and cry *Your Humble Servant.*

209. Paradice, or Heaven-Gates Open.

THere was a Comedy exhibited under the Title of *Paradice, or Heaven Gates open*; and St. *Peter* at the Door to anſwer all pretenders. The *Firſt Three* that preſented themſelves to crave Entrance, were *Two Emperours of Germany, and a King of Spain*, but they were all repuls'd; for want of Neceſſary Qualifications. After Them, came *Another Prince* upon the ſame Errand, and in the Perſon of *Harry the Fourth of France*, (who was then *Incognito* upon the Place) and deſir'd Admittance. *St. Peter* treated him like a Man of Honour, but told him however upon the Main, that *Heaven was not a Place for Whoremaſters.* Well! ſays *Harry* to himſelf, we ſhall ſee by and by whom it is a Place for, and ſo he withdrew to make his Obſervation.

The next that offer'd himſelf was a *Poor Forlorn Creature, with hardly a Rag to cover his Nakedneſs, or a Penny, or a Friend in the whole World to truſt to.* No ſooner had *St Peter* got this miſerable Wretch in his Eye, but he cauſed *Heaven-Gates* immediately to be thrown open, with This Declaration, that *Heaven was prepared from all Eternity for ſuch as he was.* Say'ſt thou ſo Old Boy, ſays the Jolly *Prince*, Happy are my Subjects then; for by all that is Good, I'll ſend them every Man of them to Heaven for that Trick, for I'll make them all as Poor as That Rogue.

The MORAL.

THIS Comical Conceit was never deſign'd for a *Moral*, but it will naturally enough bear one, without any Violence to the Text. The Repulſe of ſo many *Princes* and *Potentates*, and the *Gates flying open* to a *Poor, Friendleſs Creature*, give us to underſtand that the Pomps and Vanities of This World are not the

way to *Paradice*; and it may likewiſe ſerve for a Check to the Arrogance of the one, and for an Encouragement to the Hopes of the Other. This muſt not be perverted however, either to the *Diſhonour* of *Crowned Heads*, as if it were a *Crime* to be *Great*, or to the *Advantage* of *Beggary*, as if it were a *Virtue* to be *Poor*. But we lie expos'd to a Thouſand Temptations in the One Condition, that we are free from in the Other. To wrap up all in one Word, the Authority of Governours is undoubtedly Sacred, and the Innocent Simplicity of the Needy ſhall not go without a Reward, for *God is no reſpecter of Perſons*. Now as to the laſt whimſy of the King's ſending all his Subjects to Heaven, *&c.* it is only a Satyrical Stroke upon Oppreſſion, in the Exerciſe of an Abſolute Power.

210. Xerxes's Way of Humbling the Babylonians.

THE *Babylonians* were a Stubborn People, and *Xerxes* could find no better way for the taking down of their Stomachs, then by indulging them in their Appetites and Pleaſures: as Wine for the purpoſe, Women, and other ſenſual Liberties, debarring them at the ſame time the uſe of Arms, and all Military Exerciſes.

The MORAL.

THE ſame Method that *keeps* down one Government, will ſerve to *bring* down Another: that is to ſay, the Diſſolution of Order and Good Manners. Ill Habits are ſooner Contracted then Diſcharg'd, beſide that it is Morally Impoſſible, for a Nation to be, at the ſame time, both *Martial*, and *Effeminate*.

211. A Murder ſtrangely Diſcover'd.

PLutarch has a Remarkable Story of one *Beſſus*, that Murther'd his own Father, and kept it a long while Secret: but being one time in Company with ſome Friends at ſupper, he ſpy'd a Swallow's Neſt, and ſtarting immediately upon it, ſtruck it down with his Launce, and ſo deſtroy'd the whole Brood. This wa

ſo ill-natur'd a Thing that every Body cry'd ſhame on't. Well then! ſays *Beſſus*, why ſhould Theſe Birds Bely me, and ſay that I murder'd my Father? This Surprize created ſuch a Suſpicion, that upon ſifting the Matter, it was diſcover'd to be ſo indeed, and the Parricide was brought to Juſtice for it.

The MORAL.

INNOCENT Bloud cryes aloud for Vengeance, and the Bloud of a Father is yet a further Aggravation of the Crime. This is the Short of the Caſe. And it tells us moreover, that in Caſes of This Quality, a Guilty Conſcience ſeldom fails to co-operate with Divine Juſtice, in the Puniſhing of the Criminal.

212. The Great Rogues hang up the Little ones.

THere was a Huge Crowd of People got together, with Guards and Officers about them, and every Body enquiring what might be the Bus'neſs. Some ſaid one Thing, ſome another, till one of the Company at laſt bad them have but a Little Patience and He'd tell them. Yonder ſays he, has been a Squabble, it ſeems, about a *Cheat*, or a *Robbery* as we call it: the *Great Rogues* have gotten the better on't, and are carrying the *Little Rogues* to the Gallows. Or if you would have it in a Few Words, they are going to do Juſtice upon Half a Dozen Poor Fellows for robbing the Treaſury.

The MORAL.

THERE was a Time in the Memory of Man, when it was True, according to the very *Letter*, that the *Great Rogues* hang'd up the *Little ones*. And it was moreover True, according to the *Moral*, that the Bench deſerv'd the Gibbet better then the Priſoner. And This is no more then a Common Caſe, where Iniquity takes upon it ſelf, both the Name, and the Adminiſtration of Juſtice.

213. A Trimming Mechanique.

IN the Warr betwixt *Anthony* and *Auguſtus*, a *Mechanique* had the Providence to ſecure a ſaving After-Game on't; and his Project was This. He taught a Couple of *Parrots* their *Leſſon*; the one was to cry [*Long Live Antonius*] and the Other, [*Long Live Auguſtus:*] ſo that whether ſoever got the better on't, one of the Birds would be ſure to be on the Stronger Side.

The MORAL.

THE Wiſdom of this World is the Skill of Tracing Cauſes into their Effects, and at the ſame time making ſuch uſe of the Preſent, as may render it ſubſervient to the Advantages of an After-Game. It is, in fine, an Honeſt, and a Prudential way of providing againſt all Chances, and making a Friend of the Stronger Party. Not but that there may be Hypocriſy alſo, in *Signs and Tokens*, as well as in *Words at length*, if they be not kept within their Juſt Bounds and Meaſures.

214. Fire and an Earthen Pot.

AN *Earthen Pot*, that had been a long while Burning and Baking in a Sharp and Lingring Pain, made earneſt Suit to the *Fire* to be daſh'd all to Pieces, and put out of its Miſery: for then ſays the Pot I ſhall be thrown aſide and lye Quiet and forgotten, among the Rubbiſh. This was hard preſs'd, and no Argument wanting in fine, that might move Compaſſion. Well! ſays the *Fire*, And what if you ſhould be Ground to Pieces now, you'll be never the more at Eaſe for't: but People will be ſtill Beating and Ramming of you into Floors and Pavements, and doing you ſome Miſchief or other, in fine, to the Worlds end.

The MORAL.

THERE's no Thought of Living in This World, but upon the Common Conditions of Humane Life. This is to ſay, effectually,

effectually, in a Continu'd Tranſition from one Miſery to another, from the Cradle to the Grave. When the *Fire* leaves us, the *Rammer Begins*; which is no more in the *Moral*, then that one Uneaſineſs makes way for Another, and ſo goes on in a Train of Succeſſion, till we have finiſh'd our Courſe.

215. P. Æmilius and the King of Perſia.

A King of *Perſia*, that was overthrown by *Paulus Emilius*, and taken Priſoner, caſt himſelf at the Conquerour's Feet, and Beg'd his Life. *Out of my Sight*, ſays *Æmilius*, *thou Scandal of my Victory! I flatter'd my ſelf that I had overcome a Great Prince, and when all comes to all, 'tis only a Pittyful wretch it ſeems, that has not the Soul of a Woman in him.*

The MORAL.

VICTORY is but the Chance of War, and a Battle may be Loſt without any Diſhonour to him that is overcome: but for a Prince then, to fall down upon his Knees to his Maſter; and beg his Life; the Spectacle is ſo Lothſome that it makes the Victor Himſelf aſham'd of his Conqueſt.

216. Alexander and Xenocrates.

Alexander would needs beſtow a Bounty of *Fifty Talents* upon the Philoſopher *Xenocrates*, but the Good Man made a Scruple of Receiving it: for he ſaid, he had no need of it. Well! ſays *Alexander*, but ſome Friends of yours may have Occaſion perhaps for ſuch a Summ. Alas! ſays the Philoſopher, I have ſo many Friends it would not be every Man a Mouthful, and at the ſame time, the *Great Alexander* has not Friends enow ſo much as to Receive it.

The MORAL.

IF the *Philoſopher* had been a *Courtier*, he would not have Dealt ſo Bluntly whith his Great Patron: but his Profeſſion may paſs for an Excuſe, upon the Points of Intereſt, and Good

Manners. But the Streſs of the *Innuendo* lies upon This, that *Sovereign Princes have few Friends*, and it is not ſo much a Flouriſh, as a Demonſtrative Truth; for there can be no Friendſhip but betwixt Equals.

217. A Plague among the Beaſts.

IN the Time of a Terrible *Plague* among the *Beaſts*, the *Lyon* laid the Affliction to Heart and conſulted the Hiſtory of Paſt Times for Preſidents, and a Light how to Govern himſelf in the like Caſe. Upon a Diligent Enquiry into This Matter, he found ſeveral Inſtances of national Calamities that were pour'd down upon the World ſtill in the Lewdeſt of Times; and that the uſual Method for the Removing of thoſe Judgments, was for the People to examine themſelves one by one, and the moſt Guilty to be made a Sacrifice for the Common Safety. The *Lyon*, upon this Conſideration, calls a Councel, and propoſes a Scrutiny, and for Example-ſake, offers to lead the way himſelf.

I do confeſs, ſays he, *my Intemperate Love of Mutton, and that I have devour'd a Multitude of Poor Innocent Sheep; nay Shepherds and all ſometimes, without any Provocation or Offence. This I am heartily ſorry for, and if you ſhall think fit to lay the Judgment at my Door, for This Iniquity, I am here ready to offer up my ſelf for the Devote.*

Alas! Sir, ſays the *Fox*, you are too Nice and Scrupulous to think of Sacrificing a Prince to a Raſcally Scabb'd Sheep, and then to talk of a Tenderneſs for *Shepherds* too! Why theſe *Shepherds* are *MEN*, and our *Profeſs'd Enemies*; a ſort of Tyrants that ſet up for our Maſters, and to Lord it over the whole Creation. The Glavering Courtiers went all to the ſame Tune, and ſo for the *Bears*, the *Wolves* and the *Tygers*, and all other Beaſts of *Force* and *Prey*, to the very *Hounds*, and *Maſtiffs*, they all paſs'd muſter I warrant ye, for Pett Saints. But it came in the end to the *Aſſe's* Turn t Speak, and it was much to this purpoſe.

It was my Hap, ſays the *Aſs*, *to be extremely ſharp ſet once in a Delicate fine Medow, belonging to a* Religious Houſe, *where the Graſs was Tender and in Great Plenty: but my Worthy Friends*, ſays the *Aſs*, *the Temptation was Strong, and the Opportunity Fair, ſo that without mincing the Matter, I muſt confeſs that I cropt a Mouthful of That Graſs, though my Conſcience told me at the ſame time, I had no Right to't.* As he was going forward, the whole Herd interrupted him by Conſent. *Enough, enough*, they cry'd, *for That Sacrilege is the Crime that has brought This Judgment upon us, and we ſhall never need to look further for a Sacrifice.*

The MORAL.

THIS Fable looks much better in the *Morality* of the *Application*, then it does in the *Original Dreſs*, and my Exception is to the confounding of Holy Matters with Prophane. The Doctrine however is true upon the main, that we are Puniſh'd for our Iniquities, and that Crying Sins ſeldom fail of being follow'd with Exemplary Judgments.

We are likewiſe to obſerve, that as all the Beaſts, from the *Lyon* to the *Aſs* are Parties to the Provocation, ſo the Caſe holds in the ſame Proportion from the *Sovereign* to the *Slave*. The Beaſts of *Force*, and *Prey*, come all well enough off, for the moſt Notorious Cruelties, and Oppreſſions; and the *Aſs* only left at Stake to Expiate for all the reſt. And what is this more at laſt then the very Practice of the World, where the Weak and the Innocent are deliver'd up to attone for the Sins of the Mighty.

218. A Fig-Tree and Thunder.

THere was a *Fig-Tree* that ſtood upon a Riſing Ground, with a Pretty Rivolet running at the Foot of it. The Situation was ſo Pleaſant, the Fruit ſo Delicious, and Inviting; the Boughs and Leaves ſo Large, Thick, and Interwoven, for the Advantage of a Refreſhing Shade, that it became a Common Receptacle, and Rendezvous for all ſorts of Birds. There fell one Day, after a Violent Heat, ſo Dreadful a Tempeſt of Thunder and Lightning, that the Birds

were forc'd to look out for Sanctuary elſewhere. They had no ſooner quitted the Tree, but it took Fire, and the Fruit, and the Leaves were all conſum'd in a Moment. But after ſome Half an Hour, the Storm blew over, and ſeveral of the Birds return'd to their Former Station, though ſo ſtrangely alter'd, that they ſcarce knew it again when they ſaw it. In the Concluſion, the *Turtles*, and ſome other *Generous-ſpirited Birds*, came and Perch'd there once more, without taking any Diſguſt at the Sulpherous Vapour, that the Thunder had left behind it. The *Vultures*, *Kites* and other *Birds of Prey*, ſtood in Admiration at their Courage, and would fain have drawn them off to a *Green Oak* at hand there, where they might be Safe and Eaſy: but for ſtaying there any Longer, in Defyance of ſuch a Judgment, they did not ſee any Colour of Duty, they ſaid, Honour, Satisfaction, or Security, in the Adventure, but the *Turtles* and *Their Companions* were of another Opinion however, and ſo Senſible of the Obligations they had to that *Fig-tree*, that Living or Dying, Happy or Miſerable, they were reſolv'd to Stand or Fall together.

The MORAL.

THIS Fable is a Lively Figure of the Courſe of the World. In Proſperity we live Sociably enough one with another, like the Birds at their Common Rendezvous. In Adverſity, the Birds of Prey, like Men of Intereſt, and Time-ſervers, play a Game of their own apart, in contradiction to all the Rules and Methods of Honour and Virtue.

Finally, we are told in the Generous, and Fearleſs Return of the *Turtles* to their Former Station, that an Honeſt and a Grateful Man will be True to his Friend, in all Fortunes and Extremes.

219. A Lyon and a Beare.

THere was an Outrageous *Beare*, ſo Fierce and Malicious, that no Creature ſcap'd him, that was not either too Nimble, or too Strong for him. He went on

on Domineering a pretty while, before his Maſter, the *Lyon*, knew any thing of the Matter, and conſequently before any Order could be taken about it; but ſo ſoon as ever the Story came to the *Lyon's* Ear, he preſently call'd his People together, and put himſelf in a Condition to Ferret him out of his Hold; ſending him an Expreſs Command by the *Fox* over and above, to return to his Duty. The *Beare* had ſo little Regard, either to the Commiſſioner, or to the Commiſſion it ſelf, that the Meſſenger had much ado to get off with a whole Skin. Upon This Inſolence, the *Lyon* march'd immediately and begirt the Wood where he was. But the *Beare* was Strong, and Bold, and Depended much upon the Huffs of his Party, and what Wonders they would do for him; whenever it came to a Puſh. But when the Beaſts were made ſenſible of the Danger, and that the *Lyon Himſelf* was at the Head on't, there was no longer any Faith or Courage to be heard of in the whole Party: but every Creature ſhifted for it ſelf, ſome one way, ſome another: One takes a Tree, Another creeps into a Hole, or the Crag of a Rock, till at laſt, the *Beare* was left Single and Naked, and abandon'd to the Brunt of the Main Shock.

In this Diſtreſs, the *Beare* was once in the mind to ſell his Life as Dear as he could, but upon Second Thoughts, conſidering the Diſperate State of his Condition, and that he had a Generous Enemy to deal withal, he choſe rather to caſt himſelf at the *Lyon's* Feet, and Submit. So ſoon as the *Lyon* had him in Sight, he fell to laſhing of himſelf with his Tayle, and grinding his Teeth at him with all the Fire and Rage in his Eyes imaginable; but when he ſaw him upon his nearer Approche, Trayling his Belly upon the Ground, in the Poſture of a Supplicant and a Penitent, he layd aſide all the Signs of Fierceneſs and Indignation, and advanc'd fairly toward him with the Countenance of a Diſpoſition to pardon him. There were thoſe about him that preſs'd violently againſt it. *Can you imagine*, they cry'd, *if This* Beare ſhould *ever come to have* You *at* His *Mercy*,

Mercy, as you *have* Him *at* Your's, *that you are to expect the ſame Quarter?* No Matter ſays the *Lyon*, let *Him* do like a *Beare*, *I'll* do like a *Lyon*.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Tyranny ſo Outragious and Inſupportable as that of a Corrupt Miniſter under a Credulous and an Eaſy Maſter, and the Inſolence advances by Degrees to the very Defyance and Contempt of the Governour: eſpecially when ſupported by the Clamours of an Impetuous Rabble; (as we find it repreſented in the Copy here before us.) And encouraged by the Heedleſſneſs of a Careleſs Prince.

The Sequel of This Fable gives us further to underſtand the Danger of *Rouzing a Sleeping Lyon*, and that there is no Truſt at laſt to the Faith and Courage of a Brutal Multitude: for the *Lyon* no ſooner ſhews his Head, but all his Enemies fly before him. It may be likewiſe obſerv'd, that this is well nigh the Fate of all Tumultuary Commotions, where the Sovereign is not wanting to himſelf.

We are told again, that Victory is but one half of the Work, if it be not managed with Honour and Moderation: and that there will never want officious Incendiaries in ſuch Caſes to put Princes upon Extremes. But it is not for the Dignity of the Royal Character to conſult Common Meaſures.

220. An Eagle and her Young.

THere was a Caſt of *Eagles* in an Ayery, and the Fledger of the Two was ſtill preſſing the Damm to let her take her Liberty in the World, as other Eagles did, The Old one told her, that ſhe had neither Wings, Strength, nor Practice, for ſuch an Adventure; and that ſhe was too young to be truſted Abroad upon the Ramble. The *Damm* went on in This Diſcouraging way, till ſhe found that ſhe would take no Denyal, and ſo took her at laſt into a Gentle Flowery Medow where ſhe might fall Soft in Caſe of any Miſcarryage; and there, for Quiet-ſake, ſhe gave her leave to make her Firſt Experiment. She was no ſooner upon Wing, but down ſhe came Fluttering into th

the Graſs, crying out all the way ſhe fell, that no body ſhould ever take her at that Sport again, till her Feathers were better grown; but yet within a Few Days ſhe was at her Mother again, only to lead the way and give her leave to follow. The Damm put her off for the preſent, and went out a Forraging, charging the Eagle upon her Bleſſing not to ſtir abroad till ſhe return'd.

In This Interval, up comes a *Kite* to the *Young Eagle*, and ſets her ſo deſperately agog upon Roving, that without any more ado, ſhe ſprings into the Air, and after a Short Struggle with an Inſuperable Difficulty, down ſhe drops ſcreaming upon the Sand. The Old Eagle poſts away to her upon the Cry, and finding the *Kite* with her that had debauch'd her; ſhe tore him to Pieces upon the place, and carry'd the Young one away to her Neſt.

The MORAL.

THE World will be at a fine Paſs when Children ſhall take upon them to be wiſer then their Parents, or Subjects then their Governours: but as it is one Fault in Youth (though in truth a Natural Infirmity) to be Raſh, Preſſing and Importune; ſo it is no leſs an Overſight, in the Superiour, to Gratify an Unreaſonable Requeſt out of a Miſtaken Tenderneſs, and Facility of Good Nature. The Beſt Remedy either for the Curing, or Preventing Diſorders of This Quality, will be for all People to act in their Proper Stations, without breaking in upon one anothers Province. The giving way, in fine, to one Importunity, implies a kind of Right to the Liberty of another, and when they have gain'd one Point by Force of Suit and Supplication, they'll take the reſt without Asking: eſpecially with a *Kite* in the Ear of the *Eagle*, by the way of a Privy Councellour.

221. Promiſes are either Broken or Kept.

THE Old ſaying, that *Promiſes are either Broken or Kept*; has more in it perhaps then every Body is aware of; for they muſt be Warrantable, but in the Matter

Matter of them, and in the Circumſtance, to make them Binding. If it be *Juſt*, ſays *Ageſilaus* I promis'd it, if *Unjuſt* I only ſaid it: and That's the Condition of the Obligation in all ſuch Caſes.

The MORAL.

GOOD *Faith* is the Pillar, and the Cement of *Humane Society*; which firſt Makes us all of a Piece, and then when we are Incorporated, Keeps us together. It highly concerns us to Promiſe nothing but what lawfully we may, and what we intend, honeſtly to Perform. So that *Ageſilaus* was much in the Right, in his Opinion, that *no Promiſe can be Binding that is not Juſt*: For every ſuch Contract is a Void Act in the Inſtitution, unleſs we can find out away to reconcile the Two Contradictions of Good and Evil.

222. Life is but a Mate at Cheſs.

THE *whole Hiſtory of Mankind is but a Mate at Cheſs*; where ſeveral Orders of Men, have their ſeveral Walks and Stations aſſign'd them, and when the Game is out, they are all Jumbled one with another into the ſame Bag.

The MORAL.

THIS Alluſion does naturally mind us of the Condition and Buſineſs of Mankind. So long as the *Mate* is a *Playing*, the *World* is in *Action*, and all ſorts of Men, from the Prince to the Peaſant, have their Parts in't; but ſo ſoon as the Game of Life is over, we are all huddled promiſcuouſly into the Grave together: *Kings*, *Noblemen*, and *Pauns*, without any Diſtinction of *Age*, *Sex*, or *Degree*.

223. A Panther and a Lyon.

A *Panther*, that had been a long time Maſter of a Conſiderable Forreſt, laid it heavily to Heart to find that the *Lyon* had put an *Elephant* over his Head, in Poſſeſſion of it. The *Panther* ſtorm'd at the Affront, and at the *Lyon* Himſelf, and enter'd immediately into

to a Plot upon the New Governour, with a Reſolution, to deſtroy *Lyon*, *Beaſts*, *Forreſt* and all. The Practice was ſo Notorious that there could be no doubt of the Conſpiracy, and the Reſolution taken was This.

There was a Toyle to be ſet for the *Lyon*, and only the moſt Daring of the Beaſts to be taken into the Party. But the attempt carry'd ſo many Difficulties along with it, that the Confederates themſelves ſlipt their Necks out of the Collar, and one ofter another, fell to Rebuking the *Panther*. Some Blam'd him for his Cruelty: others for his Raſhneſs, and ſome again for his Arrogance, and Overweening. This Wrought ſo far upon the *Lyon*, that he reſolv'd to pardon all the Accomplices, and only to make the Principal an Example; reſolving likewiſe to ſee the doing of the Execution Himſelf. When he had waited a Good Half Hour, with Gall and Revenge in his Thought, up comes at laſt the *Panther*, advancing toward him, with ſuch a Gravity of March, and Countenance, and with a Coat ſo Curiouſly Powder'd, that the *Lyon's* Heart would not ſerve him to go thorough with his Work. *No, no*, ſays he in a Paſſion, *it ſhall never be ſaid of me, that I took away the Life of ſo Beautiful a Creature, wherefore let him live: but with a Chain about his Neck, that I may have it in my Power, if ever he ſhould relaps, to take him up again.*

The MORAL.

THE Story here of the *Panther* and the *Lyon*, is juſt the Caſe of many a *Prince* and a *Subject*: the Former puts the Latter out of Commiſſion, and the Other enters into a Conſpiracy upon't againſt his Maſter: which is but according to the Common Practice of the World, where Men are as Mercenary as this Beaſt, and do their Duty more for Profit then Conſcience.

The *Lyon's* Generous Behaviour toward the *Panther*, when he had him at his Mercy, for the Bravery of his Conduct, and the Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, ſhews us the Force of a Glorious Reſolution, and Addreſs, upon the Spirit of a Gallant Enemy: but we are to take This Prudential Caution along with it,

it, *not to ſave a Thief from the Gallows to cut our own Throats:* that is to ſay; a Good and a Wiſe Man, will be as Merciful and Tender as is poſſible, without Hazzarding the Main Chance.

224. Thyrſis and Amarante.

WELL, *well!* ſays Thyrſis *to* Amarante, *I am ſurely a Miſerable Creature, and yet if you your ſelf were but in my Condition, you would not change That Miſery for all the Glory under the Sun. But pray'e let me tell you my Story, and take it upon my Credit for the Truth of it, for you ſhall be the Laſt Woman in This World that I tell a Falſe Thing to.* Out with it and welcome then, ſays *Amarante*, and tell me frankly what it is that troubles you.

Why, ſays *Thyrſis*, it paſſes in the World by the Name of *Love*. That's a Gay Word, ſays *Amarante*, but how ſhall I know that ſame Love when I ſee it? Pray'e how do you find your ſelf when the Fit's upon you? *Why it makes me Sick, ſays* Thryſis, *but at ſuch a rate, that I would not for the whole World be well again. It made me do, I know not what, I know not why, and puts all other Things out of my Thought, to make way for One. It makes me fly all Company, and yet I cannot endure to be Alone; for wherever I go, I am ſtill haunted with One and the ſame Image; It makes me Blind, Deaf, and Inſenſible to every Thing elſe, and I cannot forbear Bluſhing and Sighing, at the very Name of it. It is, in fine, what I cannot live without, and yet, I dread to think on't.* Amarante ſtarted at that Word, and cry'd out all on a Sodain, Ah *Thyrſis, Thyrſis!* ſays ſhe, this is no News to me at This while, for Thy Grief and Mine are the very ſame. That obliging Hint put the Youth quite out of his Wits with Joy, till with one word more ſhe ſpoil'd all. *This, This,* ſays ſhe, *is my very Caſe with Clidamus.*

The MORAL.

WE have here before us the Lively Symptoms of a Wayward, Uneaſy Love: a Paſſion that will never let us be well *Full nor Faſting:* but makes us equally Miſerable both Ways

and then leaves us Comfortleſs, without, not only the *Hope*, but ſo much as the very *Deſire* of a *Cure*. We neither know what we ayle, nor what we would be at, but *a Phantaſtical Diſeaſe muſt have a Phantaſtical Remedy.*

225. A Sheep, a Goat, and a Pig.

A Country-fellow took a *Sheep*, a *Goat*, and a *Pig* in his Cart to Market with him. The *Pig* ſcream'd as if Twenty Daggers had been at the Heart of him: and the other Two as Quiet all the way as if they had been aſleep. But the *Pig*, in ſhort, was ſo Troubleſome and Vexatious, that the Carter gave him a Rebuke for it. *Hark ye Sirrah*, ſays he, *here are your Betters, the* Sheep *and the* Goat, *that make none of theſe Outcries; and what do you lie bawling at?* Yes, yes, ſays the *Pig*; the *Sheep*, and the *Goat*, are well enough for they have Wool and Milk to Compound for; but the Poor *Pig* is ſure to go to Pot, as a Creature that's Good for nothing in This World but to be Eaten.

The MORAL.

IT may paſs for a Note upon This Text that all unreaſonable Creatures are Subjected by Providence to the Uſe and Service of Man; ſome for our Neceſſities, other for our Convenience. It may ſerve likewiſe for Another Hint, that Theſe very Creatures themſelves, how Irrational ſoever we may pronounce them, have yet ſome Diſtinguiſhing Notices of the State of their Condition. As the *Sheep* and the *Goat*, that have *Milk* and *Wool* to compound for their Lives withal, are nothing ſo Sollicitous as the Squealing *Pig*, that's good for nothing till he be *Dead.*

226. An Old Woman and a Flagon.

THere was an Empty *Flagon*, that had ſtill the Flavour of the Noble Wine that had been laſt in it. An *Old Woman* took it up to her Head, and when ſhe had ſnuff'd heartily at it; *Oh thou Divine Spirit!* ſays ſhe,

ſhe, *if there be ſuch a Fragrancy in thy very* Lees, *and* Reliques, *how Precious a Cordial wert thou in thy Primitive State and Vigour!*

The MORAL.

A Good Name is a Sweet Oyntment: and *Phædrus*, in his Age, applies the Hint of This Moral to his own Caſe, both as his Glory and as his Excuſe. It points at the Difference betwixt the Force of Youth, and Spirit, and the Failings of Old Age; intimating at the ſame time, that the Memory of an Honourable and a Virtuous Life, ought to be kept Sacred: and not without Allowances for Natural Decays; for the Bare Good Will is Sufficient, when the Ability is gone, and the very Love and Savour of Goodneſs, is the Virtue of That Seaſon.

227. A Notable Scruple.

A Man that made a Conſcience, both of an *Oath*, and of a *Law-ſuit*, had the Wit yet to make a Greater Conſcience of Loſing an Eſtate for want of *Suing*, and *Swearing*, to Defend it; ſo that upon conſulting the Chapter of Diſpenſations, he compounded the Matter: with certain *Salvos*, and *Reſerves*. *Thou talkeſt* (ſays he to a Friend of his) *of Suing, and Swearing. Why for the one*, it is my Attorny Sueth: *and then for the Other, what ſignifies the* Kiſſing *of the* Book *with a* Calves-Skin-Cover *and a* Paſt bord Stiffning *betwixt a Man's* Lips *and the* Text?

The MORAL.

AT This rate it is that we go on Trifling with God and Man. We are not *Free* to do *This*, nor *Free* to do *That*; but we are yet *Free enough* at laſt to do the ſelf ſame Thing the Wrong way. We Create Scruples, not ſo much out of a Conſcience for the Thing, as from an Averſion to the Authority of the Action in the Manner of doing it. Government, how neceſſary ſoever in the Conſtitution, is yet made Tyranny in the Exerciſe, and in the Order of it: but be it what it will, One way, we are ſure that an Univerſal Liberty is a moſt Diabolical State of Confuſion the Other; for it croſſes the very Decrees and Reſolutions of Heaven it ſelf. Now This way of playing

playing *Faſt and Looſe* with Caſuiſtical Phancies, may do well enough out of the Mouth of the Puritan in the *Alchymiſt*: i. e. that CASTING of *Dollars* may be Lawful, though not QUOINING: but there's no Room for This way of Foolery and Affectation in the Sobriety of a Religious Diſcourſe. The Conſequence will be This, in fine; that all People ſhall be in the Right, where every Man takes upon him to be the Judge in his own Cauſe, and to Abſolve Himſelf.

228. A Fox and a Mole.

THE Beaſts call'd a Chapter for the Choice of a *Preſident*, and the *Fox* put in for a Pretender as a Maſter in all the Faculties of Art and Legerdemain. The Court was ſo poſſeſs'd in Favour of his Sagacity and Conduct, that he had certainly carry'd his Point, if a Puzling *Mole* had not thrown a Rub in his way. A NOTABLE *Proof indeed, ſays the* Mole, *of his Sagacity and Conduct, to build a Houſe without either a Back-Door, or a Chimney to't; and there lie choaking to Death for want of Air. When was it heard of, that a Poor* Mole, *Blind and Contemptible as we are, was ever Guilty of ſuch a Blunder?*

The MORAL.

THERE is as much Difference betwixt *Wit*, and *Wiſdom*, as betwixt the Tallent of a *Buffoon*, and of a *Stateſman*: and yet it is no New Thing in the Ordinary Courſe of the World, for the *one* to paſs for the *other*. As the *Fox* had carry'd it in This Caſe from all the other Competitors, if the Silly *Mole* had not made it appear to the Bord, that *Reynard's* Talent was only *Whimſy*, and *Quirk*, without either *Foreſight*, or *Judgment*. And it is further to be obſerv'd, for the Aggravation of the Reproche, how judicially the Crafty are Confounded, out of the Mouths of the Simple.

229. An Extravagant Dream.

A Looſe Prodigal Fellow dreamt he had loſt all his Mony at Play, and in the Heat of that Phancy got

out of Bed in his Sleep and Hang'd Himſelf. A Miſerable Penurious Wretch had much ſuch another Dream, and when he was going to riſe, with a Full Reſolution to lay Violent Hands upon himſelf too, his Heart would not ſerve him to beat the Charge of a Halter.

The MORAL.

THE Love of *Money* works all manner of Ways. *One* Man *Hangs* himſelf for the *Loſs* of it, *Another* Man *forbears Hanging himſelf*, to *Save it*. To ſay nothing of the Riſques that People incurr for the Gathering and Gaining of it. It is to be noted that This was but in a Dream neither, to ſhew the Force of Mockery and Illuſion, and that Men are Govern'd by the ſame Affections, Sleeping and Waking.

230. A Nonconforming Miniſter.

THere was a *Miniſter* turn'd out of his Living for not Conforming. Well! ſays he, If they go on at This rate, it ſhall coſt Five Hundred Mens Lives before I have done with them. The Poor Man was taken up by a Warrant, and carry'd before the Councel, where he was ſtrictly examin'd, and call'd upon to explain himſelf. *Why, my Lords*, ſays he, *I have a Wife and a Family to maintain, and if I may not be allow'd to* Preach *for a Livelyhood, I muſt Practice* Phyſick *to keep Life and Soul together; and there may be more Danger perhaps in a* Pill, *then in a* Text.

The MORAL.

THIS Point will bear a Deſcant more ways then one: for not only Body and Soul are at Stake, with a Reſpect to particular Perſons, but Publique Order, over and above. The Come-off however is Airy and Pleaſant enough, and within a very little of a *True Jeſt:* for it may be a Queſtion at laſt whether the *Empyrick* or the *Schiſmatick* is the more Dangerous Inſtrument in a State. But there muſt be no Playing Tricks with Holy Things, and Quibling upon the Sacredneſs of Authority.

231. Th

231. The Mountebanks Treat.

A *Mountebank*, that was juſt about to change his Quarter, gave Notice of it to his Cuſtomers and Benefactors: that ſo many of them as would be pleas'd to take their Leaves of him the Next Morning, he would make them a *Preſent of Eighteen-Pence a piece, for a Parting Acknowledgment.* The Company met at the appointed Time, and Place: and immediately out comes the *Doctor*, with a Glaſs in his Hand. *Look ye my Worthy Friends*, ſays he, *I am now about to be as good as my Word. This Glaſs is my* Never-failing-Cordial: you paid me *Half a Crown* a Bottle for it before, and you ſhall have it now, for a *Shilling*, ſo that there's the *Eighteen Pence apiece* I promis'd you.

The MORAL.

TAKE the whole Body of Mankind, one Man with Another; and we are as Arrant *Quacks*, in the Vanity of our Dealings, and Pretences in the World, as This *Mountebank* is upon the Stage. What is Humane Society it ſelf, (with Reverence be it Spoken) but a Corporation of *Rooks* and *Sharpers*, that Couſen one another more or leſs by a kind of Agreement and Conſent? For all manner of Cheating, but what the Law lays hold of, goes for nothing. And This holds, from *Philoſophers*, and *State-Menders*, to the very *Jackpuddings* and *Tumblers* at a *Bartholomew-Fair*. We do all deal, in fine, more or leſs, upon the Juggle, but not without Plauſible Commiſſions for what we do; neither are we without Great Examples of Men in Authority, that make a Trade and a Lively-hood of putting other People's Monys in their Own Pockets for the Publique Good.

232. A Prince and his Valet de Chambre.

A Prince's *Valet de Chambre* fell deſperately in love with his Maſter's Lady; There was no Corrupting her; and the very Attempt would have been certain Death. This Difficulty did not hinder him however from ſet-

ting his Brains at work how to Compaſs his end, which he found was not to be done at laſt, but in the Perſon of his Maſter.

The *Prince* was a Man of Bus'neſs, and indefatigable in attending the Functions of his Office. He would be early and late at Councel, and ſo lodg'd ſometimes in a Chamber apart from his Lady, upon thoſe Unſeaſonable Occaſions, though not without giving her a Viſit ſometimes, and ſo back again to his own Bed. This Practice of his ran mightily in his Servant's Head, and ſo did his paſſing in That Manner from one Bed to the other. He went commonly in ſuch a *Dreſſing-Gown*, with a *White Wand* in one hand, and a *Dark-Lanthorn* in the other. Upon *Two Knocks at the Door*, *the Waiting-Woman* was ready within hearing to let him in, and then waited in the *Anti-Chamber*, with the *Lanthorn*, and the *Wand*, for his coming out again: for in the *Bed-Chamber* there was *no Light at all.*

The *Prince* had been late up one Night, and what did me This Spark, but take his Maſter's *Gown*, *Wand*, and *Lanthorn*, counterfeit the ſame Knock, and away to Bed to his Lady, and flaſhing the Light ſtill going and coming, in the Eyes of the *Waiting-Woman*. One time when he had laid his Implements down where he found them, away goes he to his own Bed again, and upon This very Nick of Time, it came into the Prince's Head to give his Lady a Viſit. The Wench, and the Princeſs were both a little ſurpriz'd at his coming again ſo ſoon, and the Prince himſelf took Notice of it, but without making any Words on't at preſent. He gather'd from his Lady's Diſcourſe that ſome body had been there before him, and knowing that there were no Strangers in the Houſe, he concluded that This Impoſtor muſt be one of his Family: and ſo from Bed to Bed he went to try what Diſcovery he could make among his Servants. He found them all faſt aſleep and their Pulſes in Excellent Order, ſaving only one of them that Beat very Quick and Unequal. This Diſorder gave him ſo Strong a Suſpicion of the Man that he

took

took a Pair of Sciſſers and cut-off the Right Lock of the Fellow's Hair, and ſo left him. The Man had his Wits about him, it ſeems, and ſo ſoon as ever the *Maſter* was gone, away goes he, and cuts off the Right Lock of all his Fellow-Servants too. The *Prince*, early next Morning, commanded all his People to attend him, and finding them all in the ſame Cut, and Cropt alike: Well! ſays he, let the Man I look for mend his Manners, and there's an end on't for This Bout.

The MORAL.

THERE's no ſetting Barrs or Bounds to the Licence of a Raging Luſt. Dangers and Difficulties ſerve only to ſet the Invention at work and to enflame the Spirits into a Reſolution. When the Wit is once in Motion, and the Point brought to a Queſtion which ſhall carry it of the Two; it breaks through all the Scruples of Honour, Duty and Conſcience; and Surmounts all Oppoſition. Now ſuch a Preſence of Mind will never fail of encountring One Trick with Another: as it fell out in the *Valet de Chambre's* Counterpart of the *Lock* here. But to conclude, the Prince's Moderation upon the Reſult, is ſo far Inſtructive, that as there are more *Cuckolds* in the World then *Phœnixes*, ſo there are ſome Caſes wherein it may be great Prudence for a Man to put his Horns in his Pocket.

233. A Sheep and a Shearer.

A *Sheep* made an Eſcape out of the Hands of the *Shearer*, and ſo away he ſcour'd with a Dog at the Breech of him, toward the Next Thicket. The Thorns and Brambles were ſo Troubleſome in his Paſſage, that by the Time he was gone half way up to the Woods, he had left his Fleece behind him in the Buſhes: beſides the Harraſſing of his Carcaſs, and the Tearing of the Fleſh from the Ribs over and above. And This was not all neither, for to complete his Miſery, the Shepherd's Dog was now come up, and taking him by the Throat carry'd him back to his Maſter.

The MORAL.

THIS may paſs for a Leſſon to Thoſe that do not know when they are well, and take the moſt neceſſary Rules and Methods of *Order*, and *Diſcipline*, for a *Perſecution:* never conſidering that their Services are only a Tribute to their Governours for their Paſtoral Cares; without which, the *Wolves* would be worſe to them, then either the *Doggs*, or the *Brambles:* but the Law, and the Miniſters of the Law, will be too Hard for them at laſt.

234. A Silly Fop.

AS a Parcel of Gambolling Young Fellows were together trying Feats of Activity, up ſtands one of the Company with a Challenge. *Look ye my Maſters*, ſays he, *you ſhall ſee me ſtand upon one Leg now, a whole Hour together*; and *I defy any Man of the Club to do it after me.* Nay, ſays one of the Gang, there's none of This Company will pretend to't ſure, but I'll ſhew you a Gooſe that can.

The MORAL.

IT is natural enough for Children to Speak, and to do Childiſh Things; and it is but Congruous to have it ſo. But People ſhould have a Care how they Trayn up Youth to the Practice and Liking of Thoſe Fooleryes, for if they be not ſet Right in time, they are Loſt for ever. He that values himſelf upon the Facultyes of a *Gooſe*, is in the ready Way to live and dye a *Gooſe:* for ill Habits are Incurable Diſeaſes.

235. A Tub of Ratts.

A Company of Rats that had victual'd themſelves upon the Spoil, with Cheeſe and Bacon, liv'd quietly and comfortably together ſo long as their Proviſion laſted: but ſo ſoon as ever the Common Stock was ſpent, they fell into confuſion among themſelves every one for himſelf, and Worry'd one another.

The

The MORAL.

WE have no more to do, then to look back to the Hiſtory of *King Charles the Firſt*, and to the Methods of That Sedition, for the *Embleme* of This Figure. The Faction Began very orderly, with the King and his Party, and ſo ſoon as That Intereſt was run down, and no more Plunder to be got upon a Common Enemy, they divided among themſelves, and fell to devouring one another.

236. Socrates and Alcibiades.

Alcibiades was a Man of Excellent Reaſoning and Diſcourſe, in *Private* Converſation; and of a Ready Wit enough, *betwixt Man and Man:* but whenever he came to ſpeak in *Publique*, he was ſo over-ſollicitous what to ſay, that he could hardly ſpeak at all. Theſe Surprizes put him into ſuch a Confuſion, that *Socrates* took him to Task for't. *Alcibiades*, ſays he, *what do you find in a* Taylor, *or a* Shoemaker, *that ſhould make you ſtand in Awe of him?* Why nothing at all ſays he. *Or in the* Cryer *of a Court*, ſays *Socrates* again? Every jot as little, ſays the Other. *Or what's your Opinion, I beſeech you, of a* Tent-maker, *and Twenty other Trades that I could name?* In truth, ſays *Alcibiades*, I think of *Them*, juſt as I do of the *Reſt*. *Very Good*, ſays *Socrates*, *And pray'e take Notice now, that This is the Compoſition of the People you have to do withal. How comes it to paſs then, that Thoſe Men that were ſo Deſpicable* one by one, *ſhould be ſo Conſiderable* Together?

The MORAL.

NATURAL *Infirmities*, and *Averſions*, are *inſuperable*; and *Arguments* ſignify little or nothing againſt the Force of *Nature:* as in This Inſtance of *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*, where the Queſtion is not ſo much how Matters *Are*, as how they *Ought* to be; and how far 'tis poſſible to reconcile the *Practices* of one Man to the *Speculations* of *Another*.

Judgment, and *Elocution*, are Two Things, and there's no drawing Concluſions from *a Ready Preſence of Wit*, to the Talent

lent of a *Formal Speaker:* A Man may be a Great *Philoſopher* in his *Study*, and yet but a *Fumbler* in the *Chaire*. *Socrates*'s Queſtion to *Alcibiades* was Plauſible enough: *Why ſhould you*, ſays he, *that deſpiſe ſo many Coxcombs*, apart, *ſtand in Awe of them* Altogether? Now This Objection is eaſily anſwer'd: for though they may be *Fools*, *one by one*, they are quite another Thing, when they come to be Incorporated into a *Body:* and let the *Manage* be never ſo *Ridiculous*, there is a Face yet of *Gravity*, and *Wiſdom*, in the final Reſult upon the whole.

237. A Sumpter-Horſe and a Spaniſh Jennet.

A *Cavalier* that was bound by his Office and Profeſſion, to ſerve his Prince on Horſeback every Campagnia, had a *Spaniſh Jennet* for his own Saddle, and *a Good Stubbed, Drudging Jade*, for his *Man*, and his *Luggage*. The *Sumpter* was to be made ready once by Peep of Day, and fell into ſuch Freaks, that if his Maſter had not come in the very Nick, there would have been no getting the Horſe to take his Burden. The ſame Humour of Kicking and Flinging at the Servant, took him again next Morning. *No, no: he'd carry no Cloak-Baggs*, he ſaid, *his Maſter had abus'd him, and he'd bear it no longer*. The Maſter, upon This, fell to Expoſtulate the Matter with the *Sumpter*. Hark ye, ſays he, what's all This Noiſe and Bluſter for? *Why*, ſays the other, *I have ſerv'd you Ten Years now, for the Preferment, only of an* Aſs, *to carry your Burdens; and here's an Upſtart, of a Matter of Three Years ſtanding, ſet apart for the Particular Service of your Perſon. Now why may not we Two carry the* Maſter *and the* Valiſe *by Turns!* Alas Alas! ſays the *Maſter*, thou wer't never cut out for a *Horſe of Manage*, nor my Finical *Spaniard* for a *Sumpter*, ſo that to do as you would have me do, would be the Ruine of you Both.

The MORAL.

THERE are ſome certain Ends, Offices and Services, peculiarly aſſign'd by Providence to ſuch and ſuch Creatures; and the World is never ſo well in Order, as when every Part of the

the Creation keeps firm to its Proper Poſt and Buſ'neſs; for in ſo doing, it contributes to the Harmony and Agreement of the Whole. And yet ſuch is the Peeviſh Croſſneſs of Fleſh and Bloud, that not One Man of a Thouſand finds himſelf Eaſy in the Station where the Divine Wiſdom hath placed him: but he muſt be Laſhing-out into Intemperate Appetites, and encroaching upon ſome Province or other he was never made for. The *Sumpter* would be a *Horſe of Manage*; and the *Subject*, in a Contradiction to the very *Engliſh* of his *Name*, writes himſelf *Free-Born*, and ſo every Scoundrel ſets up for a Man of Dignity. The *Unmarry'd Man* cannot live *without* a *Wife*, and the *Marry'd* Man has *one too much*. At This rate of Levity, and Diſguſt, we run skipping, and ſhuffling, from one Thing to another; and in the concluſion, break the Peace of our Lives to gratify our Inconſiderate Longings.

238. A Cobler and a Parrot.

A Prating Mimmick of a *Parrot*, that had run thorough the Courſe of his Studies under the Diſcipline of a *Cobler*, came at laſt to be advanced for a Summ of Mony, from his Maſter's *Stall* to the Service of a Great Man at *Court*; who laid a Strict Charge upon his MAJOR DOMO, to ſee that the Poor Bird ſhould want for nothing. The *Steward* turn'd him over to the *Valet de Chambre*, and ſo they handed him from one to another, with the Beſt Words in the World wherever he went. He was, in ſhort, ſo great a Favourite, that Court was made to him on all hands to joy him of his Promotion. *Yes, yes*, ſays the *Parrot*; *I have gotten a Gay Houſe over my Head*, 'tis true, but *well fare my Good Old Maſter the* Cobler *ſtill for my Mony. There was no turning me over from Poſt to Pillar in Thoſe Days; but my Maſter took Care of me himſelf, without jumbling me up and down from one Place to another, till I am ready to ſtarve at laſt for want of Meat and Drink.*

The MORAL.

HE that does not know when he is well, ſeldom betters himſelf by the Change of his Condition. Witneſs the miſe-

rable

rable Difference betwixt This Bird here, in a *Cobler's Stall*, and his Caſe afterward, upon his Remove to a *Palace:* that is to ſay; betwixt the *Good Faith*, the *Care*, and the *Tenderneſs* that he met withal in the *Former*, and the Reſtleſs, Starving *Difficulties* and *Neceſſities* of the Other. The Application of it may be This, that there's *no truſting to the Gaudy Vanities of a Court Life*; no depending upon *Gay Words*, and *Fair Promiſes*, but *a Cap and a Cringe*, is all, we ſee, that Poor *Pall* got, to keep himſelf from *Starving*.

239. Stoykes and a Kite.

A Barn happen'd to take Fire, where a *Stork* and her Young ones were Neſted in the Straw; the Father and the Mother lodging all together in the ſame Roof. The Firſt Thing the Cock and the Hen did, was to carry off their Parents, and as they were returning for another Burden, a *Kite* twitted the *Damm* for an *Unnatural Mother*; to leave her *Little ones* to the Flames, for a Couple of *Old Dry Carcaſſes* that were not worth the Saving. The *Stork's* Anſwer was no more then This. *I Love my Children very well, but I love my Parents better.* It may pleaſe Providence to ſend me *more Children* when Theſe are gone, but I am ſure I can never have any more *Fathers* or *Mothers*.

The MORAL.

IN the Caſe of ſuch a Competition as This is, betwixt the Duty of a *Child* to a *Parent*, and that of a *Parent* to a *Child*; which of the Two is to have the Preference, where one of them is inevitably to be deſtroy'd, the *Stork*, as the *Embleme* of *Piety*, gives it for the *Parent:* and the Reaſon of it is Strong and Clear. For the Tenderneſs of a *Mother* to a *Child*, ariſes principally from the Impulſe of a *Natural Affection:* whereas we are indebted to our *Parents*, for our very *Being*; beſide the *Veneration* and *Obedience* that we owe them, and the ſame *Natural Affection over and above.* Now in all theſe Caſes, we may take it for a General Rule, that ſome Duties are more Binding then others; and where any Two fall in Competition, the *Inferiour Obligation* muſt give way to the *Superiour*.

240. The Fool makes the Muſick.

THere was an *Innocent* in a *Muſical Family*, that valu'd himſelf mightily upon a Notable Stroke he had in all their *Conſorts*. And what was the *Fool's* Part now, but the Drawing of the *Organ-Bellow*, which, as he thought, made all the *Muſick*. He took his Opportunity one time, when the *Organiſt* was out of the way, and invited the Young Fellows of the Pariſh to a Diſh of *Muſick*. This *Idiot* betook himſelf to his Old Poſt; *Drew* the *Bellow*, *Burſt* the *Conveyances*, and *ſpoil'd* the *Inſtrument*.

The MORAL.

THERE's hardly any great Thing done in This World, but ſome *Fool* or other Challenges the Largeſt Share in it: and this holds in *Councels*, *Treaties*, *Military* Actions, and likewiſe in all other Matters, even of the Higheſt Importance, from the *Miniſter of State*, to the *Bellow-Blower* here in the Story, as well as in *Vanities*, and *Fiddles*.

To give one Inſtance for all. What a deal of *Hiſtory* and *Oſtentation* was there, among this ſort of Pretenders, upon *the Reſtoration of King Charles the Second*; *who brought in the King?* when almoſt every body laid a *Claim* to't, but Thoſe that *Did* it. And there went little more, in fine, to the Credit of the Title, then a Fulſome, Tedious Relation, with a [*Then ſaid I*] at the end on't, for the Burden of the Song. And a Man can hardly put his Head into the World, even at This Day, without Caſes in Abundance to anſwer the Intent of This *Emblem*: That is to ſay, there's hardly any Thing well done, but ſome Fool or other had the doing of it.

241. A Wonderful Antipathy.

AS a Club of *Virtuoſi* were Philoſophizing upon the Subject of *Occult Qualities*, one of the Company took the Hint, and told a Story of a certain Lady that had undoubtedly been choak'd with a Piece of an *Apple-Tart*, if her next Neighbur at the Table, had not very dextrouſly got it out of her Throat, *Well, well!* they cry'd,

cry'd, *but what's this to* Occult Qualities? Oh very much ſays the Reporter, for the Woman was a Tender-Conſcienc'd Creature, and the *Tart*, it ſeems, was Bottom'd with a Piece of the *Apochrypha*, and the *Antipathy* ſhe had to That kind of Trade, would have been as much as her Life was worth, if ſhe had not been ſeaſonably reliev'd.

The MORAL.

THIS has more *Jeaſt* in it, then *Earneſt*, but the Levity of the Conceit muſt not Diſcourage the Sober uſe of it. There are ſome Fooleries muſt be Laugh'd out of Countenance, whereof This is One; and there's no other way of dealing with them. We make it our Buſ'neſs to Create Difficulties, where Providence and Nature have made none, and then 'tis but *Palming* Thoſe Phancies upon the World, under the Blind of *Occult Qualities*, and the work is done: that is to ſay, in *Plain Engliſh*, *Occult Qualities* are, *we know not what*. Now This may paſs well enough in the *Schools*; but we have our *Averſions* in *Religion* too; as *the Sign of the Groſs* is a Greater Scandal to ſome People, then a *Whipping-Poſt* or a *Pillory*, and *the Holy Offices of* the *Church*, are look'd upon by others, as the Worſt of *Spells*; and the *One Averſion* is juſt as extravagant as the *Other*.

There goes a Credible Story of a *Formal Zealot*, that, upon bringing Candles into the Room, made his Reverence, after *the Old Chriſtian Way*, and with a Benediction after it, *Lord*, ſays he, *ſend us the Light of Heaven*; but upon Second Thoughts, and for fear of the Worſt, he follow'd it with This Proviſo [*If it be not* POPERY.]

There is nothing to be ſaid againſt the Chriſtianity of This Practice: the Hint is Natural, the Ejaculation Pious, and the Office Short and Eaſy: but the Exception, at laſt, is certainly Impious to the Higheſt Degree, as if Heaven were no longer Heaven in Popiſh Company. Now, here's *an Antipathy with a Vengeance.*

242. A Doctor and a Quartan Ague.

A Famous *Doctor of Phyſick* had a Terrible Dream one Night of a *Quartan Ague*. The Viſion was ſo Haggiſh,

Haggiſh, and Ghaſtly, that it frighted him at firſt; but upon a little better Acquaintance, the *Phyſician* took Heart, and accoſted the *Apparition* after This Manner.

Madam; ſays he, *I think it would be much for your Good, and for the Credit of us Both, if you and I could come to a Better Underſtanding one of another. You have a Faculty 'tis true, of making People look like* Walking Ghoſts; *but then when you have drawn a Body down to a* Sceleton, *you commonly ſtop there, and leave it to the Phyſicians to finiſh the Work, and make a* Carcaſs *of it; inſomuch that Thouſands of your Patients come off at laſt, for One of Ours. And then it looks illfavour'dly, methinks, that when you have once taken Poſſeſſion of a Body, 'tis a Good Two-years-work to get you out again; to the Scandal of your Obſtinacy, or of our Ignorance; not but that we can allow you to Mortify People for a while, provided you would but be gone again when we ſpeak the Word.* Mr. *Doctor*, ſays the *Apparition*, 'tis your Intereſt to *Prolong* Diſeaſes, not to *Shorten* them, for *whether the Patient Lives or Dies your Viſits are all Paid for.*

The MORAL.

HERE's a Propoſal of a Better Underſtanding betwixt a *Quack*, and a *Quartan Ague*, with an Invidious Reflexion upon the *Doctor*, as the more Dangerous Enemy of the Two: for the Diſeaſe makes but the *Sceleton*, and then comes the *Empyrick* and makes a *Carcaſs* of it. This is but too much the Practice of the World, and the Truth of the Caſe; for he that Cures his Patient, lays Violent Hands upon Himſelf, and acts againſt his own Intereſt. There were *Two Doctors* upon a Conſultation about a Sick Man, one ſaid he would *Live*, t'other that he would *Dye*, and in *This Interim*, the *Patient* marches off, and leaves both his Phyſicians in the Right. *I knew what it would come to*, ſays the one, and *I could have prevented it*, ſays the other. As if *Life* and *Death* were no more than a Chance at *Croſs* or *Pile*; and *Phyſick* only a dealing by *Gueſs*.

243. Love Stung with a Bee.

AS *Cupid* was entertaining himſelf among the Flowers and the Roſes, a *Bee* got him by the Finger, and away goes he with a Lamentable Story to his Mother of a *Serpent* that had Stung him. Alas! for thee, Poor ſimple Wretch! crys the Mother, to make ſuch a Bus'neſs of a Prickt Finger, and at the ſame time to be ſo Inſenſible of the Anguiſh of ſo many wounded Hearts.

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common but a very Natural Infirmity, for Men to be Tender in their own Caſe, and Hard-hearted in their Neighbours; to ſay nothing of the Injuſtice of it. And it is remarkable again, that none are ſo Unmerciful to other People, as thoſe that are moſt partially indulgent to themſelves: but we have no better Rule to govern our ſelves by, upon This Subject, then to *do as we would be done by*, and to make our Neighbour's Caſe our own.

244. An Honeſt Good-Fellow.

A Certain Officer (in the Days of *Cavalier* and *Round-head*) that had been up all Night playing the Good-Fellow, had the Fortune, betwixt Ten and Eleven the next Morning, as he was ſtaggering homeward, to encounter the *Lord Mayor of London and his Brethren*, upon their March to *White-Hall*. The Gentleman was Hot-Headed, and taking the *City-Troup* for a Party of *Round-Heads*, he *drew*, like a Man of Honour, and advanc'd up to the Body. *You that are a* Horſe-back, ſays he, *ſave your ſelves by Flight*; *but for the* Foot, *Y'are all* DEAD MEN, *every Mother's Son of ye.*

There goes Another Story much to the ſame Purpoſe; of Two Toping Companions, that, when they had been Guzling till their Heads ran round, phancy'd themſelves in a Storm at Sea: threw the Chairs and Stools overbord, that is to ſay, out of the Window, to ſave the Veſſel.

The

The MORAL.

THERE is not any Thing ſo Trivial but ſome Good uſe or other may be made of it, and the Moral Application of Things Said or Done is the Art of Life. As in the Caſe of Theſe Two Extravagants, for the purpoſe: nothing can be more Phantaſtically Ridiculous then the Foolery of the Story, and yet at the ſame time a *Wiſeman* may be the better for't: that is to ſay, we may gather from hence, that after all the diſorderly Fumes and Viſions of Wine, and Phancy, we are ſtill Accountable for the Exerciſe of our Reaſon; as the Hot-Headed Soldier did the very ſame Thing upon This *Imaginary Encounter*, that he would have done otherwiſe, if he had been *actually* upon *Duty:* ſo that at This rate, the *Underſtanding* and the *Will* work in our Sleeps, and render us Anſwerable for the Immorality of our very Dreams.

245. A Scolding-Wife.

A Poor Man had ſo Bitter a Croſs-grain'd Shrew to his Wife, that ſhe would never be Quiet, Full nor Faſting: but let him Work or Play, Drink or not Drink, or in fine do what he would, ſhe never wanted ſomewhat or other to Quarrel at. When This Wretched Man had try'd all manner of Ways and Means, Fair and Foul, and found that neither Councel nor Correction would do any Good upon her, he betook himſelf at laſt to a Phancy of Encountring her, in her own Way. The Man got himſelf a *Cat-Pipe*; and ſtill as the Evil Spirit came upon the Wife, the Husband put in with his Pipe, to make one in the Conſort: This Humour of ſetting up one Squeal againſt another, made her ſo bloudily Mad, that ſhe daſh'd the Inſtrument out of his Hand, and rag'd more then ever. But the Man preſently took it up again, and went ſoberly on with his Work, till the Woman's Patience was quite worn out. In That Fit away ſhe flung with a Helliſh Oath betwixt her Teeth, that ſhe would be ſeverely reveng'd of that Inſupportable Villain. This paſt tolerabley well for the preſent, and

the

the next Day they had the Second Part to the ſame Tune. But the Woman however in the Concluſion was glad to come to Articles; She, to give over Scolding, and the Husband, Piping. Upon Theſe Conditions they liv'd together like Man and Wife for ever after: and how That was, Men and their Wives are the Beſt Judges.

The MORAL.

HE that has a *Shrew* to his *Wife*, labours under Two Incurable Diſeaſes; *Noyſe*, and *Matrimony*, and the Doctors of the College are all agreed upon't, that there's no Remedy in This Caſe but Patience. The Intent of this Whimſical Conceit, is, to ſet forth the Impoſſibility of Pleaſing a Reſtleſs Woman, and the Vanity of attempting it: for how ſhould any other body pleaſe a Creature that cannot pleaſe it Self? But the Poor Man did all that was to be done, however, toward making the Beſt of a Bad Game; and after the Tryal of all Fair, and Sober Experiments, he brought the Quarrel at laſt to a Compoſition, by ſetting up *one Cat-Pipe* againſt *another:* that is to ſay; ſhe *held it out* till ſhe could *Talk* no longer, and then ſhe gave over. This is the Condition, I fear, of many a Marry'd Couple that may Read this Trifle: They Brawl themſelves a Weary, and then lie down to Reſt: which is much the Caſe of the World, we Wrangle as long as we can, and then try if we can Sleep upon't.

244. An Eagle and Young Ravens.

IT was obſerv'd by an Old Experienc'd *Eagle*, that, for ſeveral Years laſt paſt, her very Race was degenerated, and that hardly one Bird in an Age came up to the Dignity of the Kind. Upon This Remark, ſhe put ſo many Raven's Eggs to her own and Hatch'd them all into one Brood, for an Experiment, to try if ſhe could mend the Strein. The Firſt Diſcloſure put her in ſome hopes of Gaining her Point, but ſhe took Notice yet that one of the Little ones would be ſtill Jobbing and Jolling his Companions, and that he would forſake Sweet and Freſh Meat for Carrion. When

When the young ones came to be Fledge, ſhe put them to the Eagle's Teſt, both for their Eyes and Mettle; and ſo diſcharg'd them the Ayry. Two of the Ravens, with one Eaglet, mounted directly into the Face of the Sun, but for the reſt they periſh'd in the Attempt: crying out to the Dam all the way they fell, to conſider that ſhe was their Mother. No, no, ſays the Old one, I could ſave you if I would, but I am no longer your Mother, then while you behave your ſelves as my Children.

The MORAL.

IT is with *Men*, in this Particular, as it is with *Birds*; and the ſame Thing again, with *Dogs*, and *Horſes*, that it is with *Men*. They are all ſubject to degenerate from the Virtue and Dignity of the Race; and when they are once fallen off, there's no Thought of ſetting Matters Right again, but, according to the Methods here in this Fable, by *croſſing the Streyn*. And if That Experiment ſhall happen to fall ſhort upon the main, it will teach us however to diſtinguiſh betwixt a *Generous*, and a *Baſtard Brood*; and give us moreover to underſtand, by the Figure of an Inſtructive Alluſion, that *Princes*, as well as *Eagles*, muſt ſtand all Teſts of Honour, and Bravery, to make them *Worthy* of the *Crowns* they wear.

247. A Lamb and his Companions.

'TIs with *Sheep* as it is with *Men*; *he that has moſt Fleſh upon his Back, ſhall be moſt* made of. This Phancy ran in the Head of a Certain *Lamb* that had a mind to ſet up for a *Favourite*. His Project was This. He went Begging and Bleating to his Companions one after another, only for *one Soup of Milk to keep him from Starving*. By This Falſe and Scandalous Practice, (fitter indeed for a *Fox* or a *Wolfe*, then for a *Sheep*) he gain'd ſo far upon the Charity and Good Nature of the Reſt of his Companions, that they left themſelves as lean as Rakes, to fill t'others Belly. While Matters were at This paſs, up came the *Butchers* to Buy their Proviſions, and not one Sheep of the whole Flock

would ſerve their Turn ſave only That *Diſſembler*, and Him they took off at a Conſiderable Price: but for the Remainder, *they were all bewitch'd*, they ſaid, *and one with another, not worth Three Halfpence a Score.*

The MORAL.

BY This *Fat Sheep* here in the *Fold*, may be underſtood a *Rich Man* in the *World*; and little do they think, either of them, while they lie wallowing in their *Proſperity*, and *Plenty*, that they are Both fitting up for the *Shambles*, and that *Deſtruction*, in the end, is the *Fate* that commonly attends *ill gotten Eſtates*. The very ſame Thing that this *Lamb* does for *Milk*, *Men* do for *Mony*; they *Juggle*, they *Flatter*, they *Counterfeit*, and all This, as Artificially, as if they had been Train'd-up at the Fountain of Fraud it ſelf. (And where's That you'll ſay.) But Wealth in fine, is a Snare, Men in Power are the Butchers, and the whole World is their Market.

248. Members Complaining.

WHile *a Mad Man* was aſleep, his Senſes and his Members were at Liberty to Lament their Misfortune. His *Eyes* complain'd that they were only treated either with *Odious Vanities*, or with *Wanton Spectacles*. His *Hands*, exerciſing *Rapine* and *Violence*; his *Ears*, entertain'd with *Obſcene* and *Blaſphemous Words*, and *Ungrateful Sounds*; his *Tongue*, accuſtom'd only to *Error*, *Falſity*, and *Detraction*; or ſomewhat elſe to be Repented of; his *Stomach*, Nauſeated with *Surfeits*: his *Head* only ſtood *Mute* all this while, and he gave This Reaſon for't, that *the Grievances of the Reſt were only Particular, but the Head felt All.*

The MORAL.

IT was ſomewhat an Extravagant Thought, to phancy how a *Mad Man*, *Waking*, ſhould be ſo *Sober* in his *Sleep*, as to paſs ſo true a Judgment upon the Vices and Vanities, of this World and the Miſeries of Humane Life. Now This, upon the whole Matter, is but an Appeal, from our *Senſes* to our *Conſciences*. 'Tis the *Brutal* Part of us that *Complains*, but it is the *Reaſoning* Part that *Suffers*, in the *Miſcarriages* of the *Whole*.

249. A Fop makes a Tedious Viſit to a Philoſopher.

AN Inſipid Impertinent *Coxcomb* made a whole Afternoon's Viſit to a certain Eminent *Philoſopher*, and at Night, when the Perſecution was over, he brought himſelf off with This Flouriſh. *Sir*, ſays he, *I ſhould not leave you ſo ſoon, but that I am afraid I may be Troubleſome:* No, no, Sir, ſays the Good Man, not in the leaſt, for *I have* not ſo much as Thought of you ever ſince you came In.

The MORAL.

IF the Firſt Inventers of *Pains*, and *Tortures*, for the moſt Execrable of *Malefactors*, had but a little better bethought themſelves, they would never have condemn'd any Criminal with one Grain of Senſe in him, to the *Rack*, the *Boot*, the *Gibbet*, or any other Corporal Puniſhment: but rather to the Mortification of a *Tedious*, *Talking Fool*, as the more Inſupportable Plague of the Two; for the *One* only affects the *Body*, but the *Other* Wounds the very *Soul*.

250. A Crow and an Ague.

THoſe that we call *Fortunetellers*, were in Old Time call'd *Augurs:* a ſort of People that make a Judgment of Things to come; partly by the Flight of *Birds*, and partly otherwiſe, and they were Men of Great Credit in the World for their pretended *Foreſight*.

As one of Theſe *Prognoſticators* was abroad a *Stargazing*, up comes a Wizzard of a *Crow* to him, and accoſts him after This Manner. *Sir*, ſays the *Crow*, *with Honour to your Profeſſion, what may be the Reaſon, I beſeech you, that* we Crows *are look'd upon as Birds of an* Evil Omen? *I do not know that ever we did any Creature Harm*, Well! ſays the Cunning Man, but it is generally obſerv'd, that you are ſtill hovering about *Church-yards*, *Lay-ſtalls*, and Places of *Execution*; and that your *Haunts* are much among *Carcaſſes*, and your *Wonts*, in

Time of *War*, and *Plagues*, look'd upon as *Fore-bodings*. *Very Good!* ſays the *Crow*, *but yet for all your Wiſdom, We are not the* Animals *that you take us for. We do not eat* Carrion *for the Love of* Horſefleſh, *or for the* Dead Body-ſake, *but for want of* Better Commons.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Judgment to be made of a Man that acts more out of *Neceſſity*, then *Choyce*, and lies under a Force, perhaps, that carrys him contrary to his Inclination. Now People are apt to make the worſt of Things in theſe Doubtful Caſes, as it fell out here with the *Conjurer*, and the *Crow*. The *Bird*, it ſeems, lay under an *Ill Name*, for keeping *Beaſtly Haunts*, and *Lewd Company*; when there was no more in it at laſt, then *a Sharper Spunging for a Dinner*; not for the Love of the *Carrion*, but as the Caſe ſtood, the *Crow* had only *Hobſon's Choyce* before him; *That, or Nothing*.

251. A Young Lobſter and her Mother.

ALas! my Dear Mother, ſays a *Young Lobſter* to the *Old* one, pray'e do but ſee what a Naſty Pickle your Poor Child is in, with Sluttery and Beaſtlyneſs all over! But yonder are my *Siſters*, I warrant ye, *Goſſiping* and *Junketing* together, I know not how many of them, and ſparkling in their Bravery and Scarlet, as Glorious as the Sun. Now a Body would think, that we that are all of the *ſame Brood*, ſhould be all in the *ſame Livery*. Well-a-day! ſays the *Mother*; thou Poor, Silly Wretch! *Their Finery* makes *Thee Uneaſy*; and yet at the ſame time, thoſe very *Siſters* of thine, would give the whole World if they had it, to be but as Plain, and as Homely as thou art, without Fooling away their *Lives* for a *Gay Coat*.

The MORAL.

'TIS better, they ſay, to be *Envy'd*, then *Pity'd*: that is to ſay, 'tis better to be in a *Good Condition* then in a *Bad*, provided always that we diſtinguiſh aright betwixt the One and the Other, and that we do not *Envy* where we ſhould *Pitty*, nor

Pitty

Pitty on the other hand, in *the Wrong Place*. For there are, that ſet their Hearts upon the *Vanities* and the *Glories* of this World, as the *Bleſſings* of it: to the Degree even of taking *Life* for *Death*, and *Death* for *Life*: as in the Inſtance of a Nice Fooliſh *Lobſter* here, that, by a miſerable Miſtake, choſe rather to be *Dead*, then *Dirty*.

252. Two Brothers ſent for a Surgeon and a Midwife.

THere were *Two Brothers* ſent out in all haſt; the *one* for a *Surgeon*, and the *other* for a *Midwife*; but they ſtood gaping at a *Mountebank*, ſo long by the way, that in This *Interim* their *Father* was *Dead* of a *Pluresy*, and their *Mother*, of a *Miſcarriage*, for want of a Timely Aſſiſtance.

The MORAL.

JUST at This *Boyiſh* rate do we trifle away our Precious Minutes, in the great Exigencies of *Life and Death*: every *Foolery* diverts us from our *Duty*, though we know, at the ſame time, that the Comforts of *Soul and Body*, and of a *Bleſſed Eternity* it ſelf, depend upon the Right Application and Improvement of thoſe very *Moments*. We are to gather from hence, that every Thing is to be done in the Right *Place* and *Seaſon*; and that *Loſt Opportunities* are never to be *recover'd*. *Delays* are *Dangerous*.

253. Rome taken by a Strange Accident.

AS the Emperour *Arnolphus* was Marching up to *Rome* with a *Mighty Army*, and his Troups poſted in a Readyneſs to give the Aſſault; up ſtarts a *Hare* in the Middle of the Field, and ſuch a Clamour and Confuſion upon That Accident, that the Gariſon took a *Pannick Fright* upon't, under an Apprehenſion that the Enemy was juſt falling on upon the Town. In This Conſternation, they quitted the Walls, and the *Imperialiſts*, taking Advantage of That Miſtake, enter'd the City.

The MORAL.

HERE's a Short Lecture upon the Force of *Imagination*, and the *Inſtability* of *Humane Affairs*; where the moſt Timorous of Creatures does the Office of a Mighty Army, and more, perhaps, then the Power and Politicks of an Emperour, in the Head of *a Hundred Thouſand Men*, could have done without it. A Man might bring Inſtances innumerable of Theſe Impreſſions, by *Fear*, *Phancy*, and *Panick Terrours*. But it may ſerve, once for all, to tell us, that in Matters even of the Greateſt moment, the World is govern'd rather by *Imagination*, then by *Reaſon*; and we Live but by *Gueſs*.

254. An Elephant and a Rhinoceros.

THere paſs'd a Challenge betwixt an *Elephant* and a *Rhinoceros*; Time and Place appointed, and both ready for the encounter. *How come you*, ſays the *Rhinoceros*; *that are a* Beaſt, *to take upon you the handling of a* Sword, *which is a Weapon Peculiar to Man? And then again, how come you to conſult the Stars about the Succeſſion of Empires, and to write down the Reſolution in* Magical Letters *upon the* Sand? Well! ſays the *Elephant*; the Skill of managing a *Sword*, is no Crime I hope, unleſs it be one to defend my Country. And then for my looking up to Heaven, 'tis no more then we all do, Morning and Evening, in Acknowledgment of the Benefits we receive from above. And ſo for my writing with my *Trunk* upon the *Sand*, it may ſerve to inform you, that we are Capable of Diſcharging even the Niceſt of Humane Offices. This is not either to Decline, or Delay the Combat; and ſo they Both ſtood to their Arms; the One advancing his *Trunk*, and the Other his *Horn*. While they were now coming to the very *Puſh*, they found themſelves ſurpriz'd, upon the Sight of a *Frog* and a *Mouſe*, that ſtood *drawn*, hard by there, and ready to engage. Pray'e ſoft a little, ſays the *Rhinoceros*; and before we go any further, let us underſtand the meaning of This Quarrel here. Now the

the Subject of the Diſpute, it ſeems, was only which was the moſt Beautiful Creature of the Two; the *Frog*, or the *Mouſe*. Now the Caſe was ſo Ridiculous, and the Example ſo Scandalous, that the very Shame of Playing the Fool after ſuch a Copy, made them Friends again.

The MORAL.

IT was a Thouſand Pittyes that the *Frog* and the *Mouſe* did not put in for *Seconds* to the *Two Champions*, the *Elephant* and the *Rhinoceros*, which would have made the Figure yet more Ridiculous, and conſequently more ſuitable to the End it was intended for. Here are *Two Quarrels* ſtarted in this *Apologue*, *One* of them betwixt a Brace of *Beaſts*, upon a Diſpute which was the Greater *Philoſopher*, or Stateſman of the Two: and the *Other*, betwixt a *Frog* and a *Mouſe* upon the Queſtion, which of the Two was the *Greater Beauty*: Juſt at this Solemn rate of Fooling, People manage in this World, till the very Shame of Playing the Fops, in Mean and Scandalous Company, without the leaſt Touch of *Honour*, and *Conſcience*, brings them to their Senſes again.

255. A Lyoneſs and a Whelp.

UPon the Tidings of a *Lyoneſs* being deliver'd of an *Iſſue Male*, the Beaſts of the Forreſt came all thronging to Court, to joy her of her Son and Heir; and a *Mule* ſent in his Compliment among the Reſt; but ſhe was ſo buſy in a Lecture to her Son, upon the *Gracefulneſs* of his *Meen*, *March*, and *Faſhion*, that ſhe was not to be ſpoken with at that time.

The *Mule* made Another Attempt a while after, and ſhe was then ſo taken up in a *Leſſon* to him upon the Dignity of his *Bloud*, *Family*, and *Function*, that no Mortal was to come at her till that was over.

The *Mule*, after This, came once again, but ſhe was then ſo intent upon the Topique of the *Duty*, and the *Myſtery* of *Government*, and the Royal Arts of keeping the People in *Obedience*, by a Political Temperament of *Love* and *Fear* in the Adminiſtration of *Juſtice*, that there was no coming at her Then neither.

These Repulſes put the *Mule* out of all Patience. *Here's a pretty Buſineſs indeed*, ſays the Mule, *to make ſuch a Clutter for one Beaſt to get the Sight of Another!* The *Lyoneſs* overheard This Grumbling, and call'd out to him. Hark ye, ſays ſhe, the *Inſtitution* of a *Prince* is never the leſs a Matter of *Importance*, becauſe a *Mule* does not underſtand it.

The MORAL.

WE may imagine this *Forreſt* to be a *Court*, the *Lyoneſs* to be a *Princeſs*, and the Repeated Gratulations of *Joy* for the Bleſſing of a *Young Prince*, to be in a Great Meaſure, matter of Courſe; and the Dutiful Office of Good Subjects upon ſuch an occaſion. The *Mule* may paſs for an Impertinent, unmannerly Intruder, that preſſes into Privacies of State, without any Senſe, either of *Honour*, or of *Conſcience*. His *Expoſtulations* againſt his *Superiour*, are but the very *Counterpart* of *Popular Expoſtulations* againſt their *Governours*. A *Lyoneſs* is but a *Beaſt* no more then a *Mule*, crys One, and *Princes* are but *Men*, no more then their *Subjects* ſays the *Other*. Now This is a *Lewd Liberty* at any Time; but when it breaks in to undermine the *Foundations* of *Government*, in Blaſting the Hope of a *Royal Inſtitution*, it is altogether *Intolerable*.

256. A Maid and a Needle.

A *Maid* pick't a Quarrel with her *Needle*, for pricking her Fingers. Nay, ſays the *Needle*, it was none of my Fault, neither was it any Act of mine, for you forc'd me to do what I did, and I could not help it.

The MORAL.

NOTHING can properly be ſaid to be an *Injury*, or an *Obligation*, that does not carry *Will*, and *Conſent* along with it: Nay, Beaſts themſelves will diſtinguiſh betwixt Actions of *Malice*, and of *Chance*: and Separate the *Author* from the *Inſtrument*. The Phancy of the *Maid* and the *Needle* here, is a Common Caſe, we lay the *Blame* upon *Others*, when we *hurt* our *Selves*: as you ſhall ſee a *Loſing Gameſter*, break the *Boxes*, and throw the *Dice* in the Fire for *an Ill Caſt*.

257. A Cavalier and an Ape.

'TIs a Strange Thing, the *Likings*, and *Inclinations* of ſome People, and how they will chop and change at the ſame time, from one Vanity to another, and yet keep true upon the main, to *Impertinence*, and *Folly*. As for Example.

There was a Man of Wit and Quality, mightily of This Humour; and ſo confounded a Mixture in him of the *Buffon*, that his whole Life was a *Banter*, and never any Thing pleas'd him that was *Serious*. He had about him all ſorts of *Drolls*, and *Mimicks*, as *Foxes*, *Puppy-Dogs*, *Kitlens*, *Squirrels*, &c. And ſo for *Birds*, he had his *Parrots*, *Jack-dawes*, *Pyes*, *Jayes*, and *Starlings*; but his *Beloved Foolery*, above all the reſt, was a Gameſome *Ape* he kept.

This *Ape* took his Maſter upon the Eaſy Pin once, and got a Deputation from him to do whatever he had a mind to, in his Maſter's Juriſdiction, for the Space of one whole Day. He began the Freak among the *Pages*, and the *Lacquayes*. His next ſtep was to the *Women's Dreſſes*, and ſo by Degrees he went higher and higher, till he came to Dip in the ſame Plate with his *Maſter*. From This Liberty, he advanc'd to *Kiſſing* and *Coakeſing* of him, Riding upon his *Shoulders*, and playing *Munkey-Tricks* upon his very *Head*; and his Maſter wonderfully pleas'd all This while with the Frolique. In the Confidence of This Freedom, the *Ape* told him that the Barber had left Three or Four Haires out of Order in his Beard, which with his leave he could ſet right, he thought. His Maſter bad him do't and welcome, and in that Inſtant he pluckt off one of his *Muſtaches*. He was turn'd out of the Houſe for't, with Shame, and Indignation, but the Miſchief was done firſt.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Government ſo Scandalous and Wretched, as where *Drolls*, and *Buffons* fill the Places of *Miniſters of State*. It makes the Adminiſtration look like a Farce: and where Theſe

Theſe *Political Libertines* are encouraged, they ſtop at nothing till they get the Government under their Feet. Some People have vitiated Palates, and their Mouths are out of Taſte to any thing that is *Salutary*, and *Comfortably Pleaſant*. This is directly the Humour of the *Cavalier* here, he takes an *Ape* for his *Favourite*, and at next Word the *Buffon* Rides his *Maſter*.

258. A Bleſſing that Frogs have no Teeth.

THere was a *Thankſgiving Day* appointed by *Boccalini's Virtuoſi*, for the Bleſſed Providence of creating *Frogs* without *Teeth*: for there would be no living otherwiſe without *Buskins*; for a Defence againſt Thoſe Bawling Animals, that are made up of *Mouth*, and *Noiſe*.

The MORAL.

WE have a Common Saying among us, that *Heaven ſends Curſt Cows Short Horns*; which carryes the very ſame *Innuendo* with this Fable. Where there is Moſt *Noiſe*, there is commonly Leaſt *Danger*. But it is the Practice of *Poltrons* however, to ſupply the Want of *Courage*, with *Ribaldry* and *Clamour*; and there is no way of encountring theſe Unmannerly Importunityes, but by *ſaying nothing*, and *Deſpiſing* them.

259. A Plot to make a Cow Calve.

THere was a *Cavalier* taken up in the Late Times for *Treaſonous Practices againſt the State*. The Officer that had him in Cuſtody, bad him *for ſhame give over* Plotting *againſt the* Government. *Plotting* againſt the *Government?* ſays the Priſoner; why when did you ever hear of any Man that *Plotted* to make a *Cow Calve?* Now That's the Short of the Caſe. *The Cow is half way thorough her Reckning already; and when her Time is out, ſhe'll Calve in ſpite of all your Hearts.* And now make your beſt of the *Parable*.

The

The MORAL.

THIS Alluſion was moſt unluckyly adapted to the Preſent Occaſion; when every Thing was working toward a *Change:* as appear'd afterward by the Event. The Application will be This. That *Diſorderly Governments* do as naturally breed *Plots* and *Factions*, as *Cows* do *Calves*; eſpecially when the *Two Supporters* of all *Political Societyes* are *ſubverted*; that is to ſay; *Reward*, and *Puniſhment*.

260. A Short Rule of Life.

IT is the Part of a *Wiſe*, and a *Good* Man, neither to *Say*, nor to *Do*, any Thing that he *may* be the *Worſe*, and *Cannot* be the *Better* for.

The MORAL.

THIS Short Leſſon will do a Great deal toward the Regulation of our Words and Actions, and we can never fail of finding a Place for the Practice of it in the whole Courſe of Humane Life. It ſecures us againſt the Intemperances of Inconſiderate Paſſions; the Temptations of Dangerous Curioſityes; and it keeps us, upon the main, within the Compaſs of Virtue and Diſcretion. How do we trouble our Heads with *Metaphyſical Speculations*, and *School-ſubtletyes*, which might be Honeſtly and ſafely *let alone*, and are yet Dangerous to the higheſt Degree to be *Miſtaken* in. But not to Clog the Morality of This Precept with needleſs Inſtances to uphold it; every Step we ſet, and every Breath we draw, furniſhes Matter to work upon. And it is but applying the *Rule* to the *Example*, to make good the Aſſertion.

261. A Godly Knave.

THE Famous *Harry Martin* was caution'd by a Friend of his to have a care of ſuch a certain Man, for he was an Arrant Knave he ſaid. Nay ſays *Harry*, and that's not the worſt on't neither, for he's a Godly Knave too, and one Godly Knave is worth Fifty Arrant Knaves, I'll be judg'd by the Four *Evangeliſts* elſe.

The

The MORAL.

NOTHING cou'd be Truer, or Sharper in the Humour of a Droll, and betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt: and we ſhall never need to look further for an Emphatical Expoſition of the Text then to *Harry Martin*'s Reference where this Godly Knave is drawn to the Life, beſides Inſtances innumerable in dayly Practice too.

262. A Tedious Holder-forth.

A Tedious Holder-forth, that was already Three Quarters through his ſecond Glaſs, the Congregation quite tir'd out and Starved, and no Hope of Mercy yet appearing; Theſe Things conſider'd, a good charitable Sexton took Compaſſion of the Auditory, and procur'd their Deliverance only by a ſhort hint to the Dr. out of the Iſle: *Pray Sir*, ſays he, *be pleaſed, when you have done, to leave the Keys under the Door*; and ſo the Sexton departed, and the Teacher follow'd him not long after.

The MORAL.

'TIS a good Six Days Work to furniſh one Hours Diſcourſe ſuch as it ought to be for the Seventh; or in Caſe of paſſing that Meaſure, here's an Artificial way of giving to underſtand by a hint, what could not have been done ſo well in Words at Length; for betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt it ſerves both for a Doctrine and a Reproof. Now whether this was actually done or no it matters not: ſo long as the very Fancy of it is Inſtructive, and tells us that when Men will not be reaſon'd out of a Vanity they muſt be Ridicul'd out of it, and many a Man that outfaces the One, will be touch'd to the Quick yet with the Other.

263. If it be not Popery.

A Formal Brother upon the Candles coming into the Room, made Reverence, and after the Old Chriſtian way, Lord, ſays he, *Send us the Light of Heaven*; and

and there he paused a while, 'till upon second Thoughts he followed it with this Condition into the Bargain, [*If it be not Popery.*]

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing to be said against the Christianity of this Custom; the hint is Natural, the Ejaculation Pious, and the Office Short and Easy, which does not yet hinder the Exception all this while prevailing. Profane and Impious to the highest Degree? as if Heaven were no longer Heaven in Popish Company. There are a sort of People in fine, that Govern their Lives by Fancy and Faction under the Name and Pretence of Religion and Conscience.

264. A Ghostly Father and a Penitent.

ONe that had been pumping hard for a Confession, squeez'd it out at last by little and little, one thing after another, that truly he had Stoln This or That, but it was from one that had Stoln as much from him before. The Holy Father told him it was ill done, and bad him do so no more, but for the present, says he, set one against t'other, and be quiet.

The Penitent went further, and told him that he had wounded somebody, but it was one that had broken his Head first, Well! says the Good Man, that's one for t'other again. Ah, says the Penitent, it may do well enough thus far, but there's somewhat yet behind, that I had rather Dye a Thousand Deaths then so much as mention to you; But being brought by degrees to be convinced of the necessity of Confessing it; Nay then, says the Penitent, what must be must be, and so out it came: I have been at least Ten times to Blame with your Reverence's Sister. Very well, says the Holy Man, and I have been Twice as often to Blame with your Mother; and this is but setting one against t'other still.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing so Solemn, but it may be turn'd to Ridicule, no Profession so Sacred, but it may be Abused, and in short,

ſhort, wherever there is Fleſh and Bloud, we may be ſure of Humane Frailty: But the Function, or the Office, all this while is never the worſe for the Abuſe, where an ill Man has the handling of Holy Things, and Diſcharges his Office Irreverently over and above; People are many times inveigl'd into a liking of the Extravagance for the Wit or the Humour ſake, but it is not ſafe however to indulge our ſelves in Liberties that border ſo near upon Divine Duties.

265. An Impertinent Sheriff.

AS a Company of Honeſt Gentlemen were at the place of Execution, to ſuffer Death for their Loyalty to King *Charles* the Firſt, the Sheriff took notice of one among the reſt, that ſeem'd to make a Conſcience of ſaying his laſt Prayer towards the Eaſt. The Head Hang-man told the Priſoner he was a Superſtitious Fop for his Pains. Pray e Sir, ſays the Gentleman, give me leave to Dye my own way, and when you come to be Hang'd another Day, I hope you ſhall have the ſame Liberty.

The MORAL.

THERE are ſome Butcherly Officers that, upon dayly Experience make no more reckoning of the Blood of a Chriſtian, than if it were the Bloud of a Beaſt, and a ſimple Death will not content them neither, unleſs they may involve Body and Soul, Fame and Fortune in the ſame Condemnation. But Innocence ſtands all Tryals, and it is a Comfort yet in this World, that the Reward of Virtue is the Bus'neſs of the next.

266. A Good Woman Robb'd.

A Good Woman was telling how ſhe had been Robb'd of all her Money, Plate, and Linnen, but by great Providence ſays ſhe, the Rogues left me my Crums of Comfort.

The MORAL.

THIS is the way of the World; we ſet our Hearts upon Trifles, and neglect the Main Chance. This ſounds like one of

of *Peter*'s Pulpit Storys, of a Woman that had her Houſe burnt to the Ground, but they had ſav'd all the Beſt Goods ſhe ſaid, why then, ſays a Neighbour to her, your only Child is ſafe I hope. No really, ſays ſhe, I never ſo much as thought on't, and the poor Creature Periſh'd in the Cradle.

267. A Cavalier at the Relief of Pontefract.

AN Officer that had his Horſe Shot under him at the Relief of *Pontefract*, ſaw Two or Three Common Soldiers with their Muskits over him, as he lay flat upon the Ground there to beat out his Brains; the Gentleman defying them at the ſame Inſtant to ſtrike at their Peril, for if they did, By the Lord, he Swore he wou'd not give Quarter to a Man of them. This Freak was ſo Surprizing, that it put them to a little ſtand, and in that Interim the Cavalier had time to get up and make his Eſcape.

The MORAL.

A great many uſeful Hints may be drawn from the *Innuendo* of this Adventure. As it ſhews us in the firſt place, the Charm and Force of a Dignity of Mind, and a ready Preſence of Thought in the worſt of Extremities, even to the diſarming of a Victorious Enemy in the very Poſſeſſion of his Pretences. And it tells us further that Motions of this kind are rather Impulſes than Reſolutions, only the Weak are made Subſervient to the Stronger, and upon the whole Matter, it is but an Act of Prudence in Concurrence with the Mediation of Humane Prudence.

268. Hungry Flyes.

THere was a Pitiful Carrion of a Jade, with hardly a Crows Dinner on the Back of him, or a drop of Bloud in his Veins: This miſerable Tit had the Fortune to fall under the Perſecution of a Swarm of Hungry Flys, that lay Sucking and Teezing of him without Mercy; all that cou'd be done in the Caſe was to Reaſon the Matter with them, and he did it after this manner. 'Tis

'Tis a ſtrange thing for you, ſays he, that have ſo much Choice of Pamper'd Savoury Horſe-Fleſh at Command, to take where you pleaſe; for you to rob the Spittal thus, and to quarry your ſelves upon the Carcaſs of a poor waſted Wretch, that has ſcarce Fleſh to cover his Bones. The Anſwer was, that it was a caſe of Neceſſity, and no Remedy but Patience. As for Horſes for Service, Pleaſure, or Parade Horſes for the Coach, or for the Courſe, they were all ſo Cover'd and Guarded, they ſaid, that there was no coming at them; ſo that they were forced either to play at ſmall Games, or to ſtand out.

The MORAL.

NECESSITY is the common Plea for all Oppreſſion without diſtinguiſhing betwixt the Bloud-Suckers and the Patriot; or I might have ſaid, betwixt the Extravagances of Force, and thoſe of Appetite. Power, in fine, will provide for its own Preſervation, and Support by all manner of Ways and Means, and what the Great ones cannot do immediately by themſelves, they do by their Deputys.

269. Two Favourite Dogs.

THere were Two Favourite Dogs ſo equally match'd for Age, Size, Strength, and Heels, that there was not a pin to chuſe betwixt them: Over and above, if ever Two ſuch Animals cou'd be Friends theſe were the friendly Creatures; they were never well either in Sport or in Company, but together; only one of them was a little apart ſometimes to take a Pique at the other upon a Point of Jealouſy and Honour. Their Names were *Dainty* and *Swallow*. They came in one Day to the fall of a Stag, the Maſter himſelf gave it for *Swallow*; and the Huntſman ſtood up for the other. While this Conteſt was a foot, one of them made the other let go his hold, which he took for an Afront to a Degree of a Contempt, and immediately quitted the Deer, and gave his Companion a Snap by the Thigh:

The

The other leaping upon him at that Inſtant tore the very Fleſh from his Ribs. But ſo ſoon as ever he came to himſelf, and to his Senſes again, and to Underſtand the Miſery he had brought upon his beloved Play-fellow, he caſt himſelf at his Feet, and offer'd himſelf up to his Revenge. The other was ſo ſoftned with the Tenderneſs of his Behaviour, that he laid all the Blame of his Misfortune upon himſelf, ſo that after this Miſadventure they were as good Friends again as ever they had been before.

The MORAL.

THIS is to ſhew us the Force of Jealouſy and Emulation, even upon the ſtricteſt Friendſhips, and that Love and Honour will bear no Rivals; but ſo ſoon as the Heat is over, the tenderneſs of Affection returns.

270. A Currier is the Beſt Trade.

THE Friends and Relations of a Wild Young Fellow, were laying their Heads together what Trade to put him to. Some were for one Thing, ſome for another, but the Youth Himſelf was for That, he ſaid, that would be leaſt chargeable to the Family, and therefore, ſays he, let me be bound to a Currier, for Two Hides will be enough to ſet me up, that is to ſay, my Father's and my Elder Brothers.

The MORAL.

THIS Conceit paſſes for a Story of an *Iriſh* Extraction. The Air and the Humour is Diverting enough, but if it be not Edifying as well as Entertaining, it will not be much to our preſent Purpoſe. This may be ſaid however, that it wou'd have come better out of the Mouth of any other Body then of him that ſaid it, for it is an unmannerly and an Ill-natur'd Liberty, and not allowable upon any Terms from a Son to a Father. This is that we call venturing a Friend for a Jeſt, and it is but the Froth of a Buffon Wit, that tickles an Addle-headed Fancy, and there's an end on't.

271. A Wolfe, a Fox, and an Aſs.

A Wolfe, a Fox, and an Aſs, that had the Honeſty to Repent themſelves of the Lewd Lives they had led, made a Party to go to *Rome* for Indulgences; but upon Second Thoughts, What, ſays the Wolfe, if his Holineſs be out of the way now, or Buſy? Had not we better make ſhort work on't among our ſelves, and ſhrift one another. The Motion was embrac'd at firſt Word, and ſo the *Fox* began with the *Wolfe*.

I do confeſs, ſays the Wolfe, that once in Hot Bloud I kill'd a goodly Fat Sow. Now this unnatural Brute had at the ſame time a Litter of Twelve Pigs, that ſhe left at Home a Starving, and there was ſhe her ſelf gutling of Acorns all this while in an Oak Wood. When the Damm was Dead, it was the greateſt Charity in the World, to put the poor Pigs out of their Pain, and upon that Conſideration I diſpatch'd them preſently. I tell you this with Tears in my Eyes; and I pray'e enjoin me what Penance you pleaſe for't; Why truly, ſays the *Fox*, here are Two Ill Things done, with ſo good a Grace and Intention, that I'll e'en venture to compound them upon very eaſy Terms.

It came now to the *Fox*'s Turn to be taken to Task, and his Confeſſion was a long Story of a Proud, Boaſting, Quarrelſome Cock; ſo troubleſome to the Neighbourhood, that neither the People, nor the Poultry cou'd be quiet for him. I had ſuch an Indignation for the Vanity and Inſolence of this Vexatious Creature, that I took him up one Day, in the very Sight of his Miſtreſs; which ſo exaſperated the Hens againſt me, that I was provok'd to ſerve them with the ſame Sawce. I do acknowledge my Fault, ſays the *Fox*, and I beg pardon for't. The Wolfe was Gracious and impos'd this Penance upon him, That he ſhould eat no Fleſh for the next Three Faſting Days, and now, ſays he, I have been as fair to you as you were to me.

The

The *Aſs*'s Confeſſion came next, which upon the Upſhot was briefly This; I do confeſs, ſays he, that I knab'd a little Straw out of the Saddle of the Groom that kept me, and the Man took Cold upon't, Pray'e deal Mercifully by me. Doſt thou talk of *Mercy*, cry'd the *Wolfe?* Why it might have coſt the Man his Life, like a Villain as Thou art! But thou ſhalt never carry't off ſo, and in that Inſtant they fell on and tore the Miſerable *Aſs* to Pieces.

The MORAL.

ONE Man had better ſteal a Horſe, than another look over the Hedge: But Knaves do as naturally live upon Fools, as Pikes do upon Gudgeons, and where Beaſts of Prey are upon the Bench, the Aſs will be ſure to go to Pot. Craft and Power are join'd in Confederacy againſt Simplicity and Innocence: And what better can be expected, where the Oppreſſors are both Partys and Judges.

272. Three Faithful Servants.

IN the Heat of the Barbarous Outrages and Preſcriptions during the Triumvirat of *Octavius*, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*, There was a Servant, who upon Intelligence that his Maſter was betray'd, and the Bravo's ready to do Execution upon him, went preſently into the Vault where his Maſter lay conceal'd, changed Clothes with him, and in this Habit out he came perſonating the Man they ſought for. The Ruffians taking the Servant for the Maſter, diſpatch'd him upon the Place, without a Word ſpeaking, and the Maſter in this Interim, had time to make his Eſcape.

There was alſo Another Servant, that under the ſame Diſguiſe, convey'd himſelf into his Maſter's Bed where he was deſtroy'd, and his own Maſter made uſe of for one of the Bearers to carry him off. The Cutthroats, by Another miſtake, Murder'd a Servant that was in Bed, without ſo much as ſeeing the Face of him, and ſo left the Maſter to ſhift for Himſelf. To ſay

nothing of other Inſtances, Innumerable
Honour, that even thoſe lewd Times affor

The MORAL.

THIS looks liker Romance than Hiſtory; an
of a Fiction rather then a Tradition of Fact. I
of Mind, in Truth, rather to be Admir'd than
ſo far from being the leſs Glorious for the Qua
ſons, that the very meaneſs of the Inſtrument el
nity of the Exploit. Here is an Inſtance of a
Surmounts all the Weakneſſes of Humane Frai
of a Reſolution ſo Heroical, that inſtead of de
they took pains to find it out. It was, in fine
dent a piece of Courage, that their Maſters th
hardly juſtify the receiving of their own Lives
of ſeeing themſelves ſo much out-done by
Servants.

273. A Nun and a Cavali

BOccace has a Pleaſant Story enough
betwixt a Nun and a Cavalier, the
away to come together it ſeems, and
to paſs a Night or ſo in Conference about
known to Themſelves: But as Ill-Luck
one of the Prying Siſterhood ſmelt out
and told it to Three or Four more of her
and ſo it went forward to the Lady *A*
where it ended at laſt in a direct Plot up
of the Poor Damſel.

The Deſign was laid, that they ſhou
Avenues by Turns, and upon any Diſco
tice to the Governeſs. After a Night o
ing, up comes a Spark in the Dusk of the
his Cloak half over his Face, and the G
him at a Diſtance till he came up to the
ment of his Miſtreſs. When they had
him, they whil'd away the time till abou
the Night, and then divided, Two to ca

to the *Abbeſs*, and the other Two ſtay'd behind to Watch. They Knockt ſo hard and haſtily at the Lady's Lodging, that ſhe her ſelf was not a little ſtartled at it; but out of the Bed however ſhe leaps, whips on her Veil, and ſo to the Door, Locks it after her, and away to the Nuns Quarter, where, without any more Ceremony, they threw the Door off the Hinges, and there were the loving Couple fairly in Bed together.

The Poor Child, though ſtruck Dumb, and almoſt Dead with the Surprize, was yet hurry'd away in the middle of her Confuſion to the Chapter Houſe, and moſt grievouſly School'd there by the Lady *Abbeſs*. But in fine, after a full Hours Preachment, upon the Subject of the Sins of the Fleſh; the Scandal ſhe had brought upon her Family and the Profeſſion, with Twenty Beaſtly Wretches and Filthy Sluts over and above. The Pretty Girl ſaid not one Word in reply, but only begg'd of the *Lady Abbeſs*, *not to be ſo ſevere till ſhe had ſet her Veil Right*. The Lady call'd her, upon this, a Thouſand Impudent Prating Baggages. The other ſaying nothing all this while, but *pray'e Madam ſet your Veil Right*. The harping ſo much upon her Veil, ſet the Nuns a Staring at their Miſtreſſes Dreſs, which they had never ſo much as minded before. And there had ſhe got a Young Fryers Breeches, with the Stockings dangling at them, that ſhe had clapt on in the Dark, and in haſt for her own Veil. The Young Fellow was a Priſoner all this while under Lock and Key, and no Clothes left him to cover his Nakedneſs; upon this Accident they came to a Compoſition, the Lady *Abbeſs* return'd to her *Fryer*, and the Nun to her Sweetheart, after they had been decently abſolv'd firſt, and not one Word more of This Adventure.

The MORAL.

ALL Vows and Profeſſions are to be underſtood in ſome Senſe, with a Power of *Revocation*, at leaſt where the Temptation to break them is too hard for the Reſolution of keeping them. There are certain Reſerves which are Conditions naturally imply'd, more or leſs in all Promiſes. The Old Philoſopher

loſopher hits this Nicety very well, If it be *Juſt*, I *Promis'd* it, If *Unjuſt*, I only ſay'd it. Love has ſomewhat in it of the Courſe of a River; ſtopt the Channel, and it runs over, or if it may not run above Ground, it will work a Paſſage in the Dark, in deſpite of all Oppoſition, as Bolts, Locks, Rules, Diſcipline, Watching and Warding, there's no Reſtraining of it.

The Severity of the *Abbeſs* is but Vice correcting Sin, and the Judgment that befals her here, is but Juſt for being ſo fierce upon the Poor Girl, where the Reproche turn'd rather to her Scandal then Amendment.

The Fryer's Breeches adviſes People to be very ſure of their own Innocence, before they paſs Sentence upon others; and then, 'tis, at the worſt, but caſting in ſome Grains of Allowance for Humane Frailty. The Lady ſhould have done well, in fine, to conſider that *Nuns* are Fleſh and Bloud as well as *Abbeſſes*, without being ſo outrageous againſt That in Another that ſhe practiſed her ſelf.

274. A Fox betray'd by a Cock.

THere was a Fox hamper'd in a Snare; and a Cock at a Diſtance gaping at him. The Fox call'd out to the Cock, in a Civil way, to help him to a Knife: At leaſt my Good Friend, ſays he, do not diſcover me, and I'll try if I can ſet my ſelf at Liberty with my Teeth. Well, well! ſays the Cock, you ſhall not want a Knife; and for my keeping your Council, never trouble your Head about it. So away trips the Cock immediately with the Story of his Adventure to his Maſter; and brings him to the Fox, where Execution was done in a Trice upon the Common Enemy. Reynard had the Man no ſooner in his Eye, but he call'd himſelf all the Fools in Nature, for ever imagining that a Cock won'd be a Friend to a Fox, under ſo mortal an Antipathy; or that he could ever forgive the Murderer of ſo many of his Wives and Children.

The MORAL.

A Promiſe of Liberty to a publick Enemy, in the State of that Enmity is a void Act, and a Man cannot in Prudence, or in

in Juſtice contract ſuch a Tye, which is at beſt but the doing of an ill Thing to a good End, and falls not into this Caſe neither: For the Fox was ſure enough in the Nooſe without it; but there's a great difference at laſt yet betwixt delivering up an Enemy upon a Point of Honour, Equity and Conſcience, and the doing of it in a Spirit of Paſſion and Revenge; the doing of an Ill Thing, 'tis true, that Good may come of it, may make it more Venial, but the doing of a Good Thing it ſelf, with an Evil Intention is not by any means to be juſtify'd; The One qualifies the Offence, the Other corrupts the Virtue.

'Tis good Diſcretion to conſider in Three Caſes; Firſt, The Conſcience of the Thing; Secondly, The Honour of it, as to the Reputation it hath in the World: And Thirdly, To lay Matters together, and upon the Collation to take a reaſonable Proſpect of what may inſue upon it.

Neceſſity excuſes many Departures from Common Rules and Meaſures. A Man wou'd not willingly be put to beg Quarter of an Enemy, or but ſo much as to requeſt a Favour from him; but the Thing being done, the Favour ought in Honour and Juſtice to be acknowledg'd. A Treacherous Fox cannot excuſe a Treacherous Cock: This Fox in the Fable did but what Men of Honour do every Day in the World: If the Cock keeps Touch, he is preſerv'd, and at worſt, he is but where he was. I wou'd not lay my Life at the Mercy of an Enemy upon Choice, but at a pinch, I wou'd not make any Difficulty to receive my Life from that Hand. There's Honour in it apart from the Perſon; and Averſion is no Plea for Injuſtice.

275. Two Penitents.

THere were *Two Penitents*, a Young Fellow and a Wench, one after another upon the Shrift, for the Sins of the *Fleſh*; and their Ghoſtly Father had much adoe to convince them of the Abſolute Neceſſity of Repentance. Alas! ſays the Man, for my own part I knew the Woman to be a *Proteſtant*, and took my Revenge upon *Luther* for abuſing the Pope. The Woman confeſs'd indeed, that ſhe had had one Baſtard, but it was a very Little one.

The MORAL.

THE worſt Things in the World are done with the moſt Specious Pretences, and the Devil himſelf Prefaces all the Evil he does with an *In Nomine Domini*. We are however to lay this down for a Rule, that nothing that is Evil in it ſelf can be juſtify'd by the Pretences of a Good Intention; beſide that, in all thoſe Caſes the Remedy is ſtill worſe than the Diſeaſe; for fear of a falſe Religion many People will have no Religion at all, and no ſuch Cure for an Irregular Government as the Diſſolution of Government it ſelf. There is ſomewhat in this of the Good Lady's Scruple, that had ſuch an Abomination for the Whore of *Babylon*, that *ſhe Proteſted that ſhe had rather lye with Forty Men than hear one Maſs*. And it was ſuch Another Conceit, that of a Certain Prieſt in a bitter Invective againſt Adultery. As I am a Chriſtian, ſays he, I have ſuch a Horrour for that Execrable Sin, that I had rather lye with Fifteen Virgins then with one Wife. Now what is all this but a ſlippery way of Compounding for one Sin with Another.

276. A Preaching Coach-man.

AS a Perſon of Honour was following his Bowle upon a Caſt; and crying out Rub, Rub, Rub to't, a Lay Elderly Coach-man, in all haſt, croſs'd the Green upon him, with theſe Words in his Mouth, My Lord, ſays he, leave That to God.

The MORAL.

'TIS a hard Caſe, that a Man cannot play a Rubber at Bowles without breaking in upon the Function of Providence and Religion, and conſulting the Oracle in the Caſe: But this is a Doctrine ſuitable to the Spirit of ſuch a Doctor. But there are a ſort of People that make a Conſcience of Things indifferent; and yet at the ſame time, they ſhall ſwallow the Seven deadly Sins without a Scruple.

277. A Woman that cou'd not keep a Secret.

IT was with the Senate of *Rome*, upon a certain Occaſion, as it is with other great Councels; the cloſer they Sit, the greater is the Peoples Curioſity to know what they are a doing. The Senate was obſerv'd for one fit to meet earlyer then ordinary, and continue their ſitting, Day after Day with exceeding Privacy, for I know not how long together; which put every body to the Gueſs what might be the Bus'neſs.

While this Humour was a Foot, one of the Senators Wives, a Modeſt, Virtuous Woman (but ſtill a Woman) beg'd of her Husband, with Prayers and Tears, and a Thouſand Wheedling Artifices, only to tell her what the Councel was upon; Swearing and Imprecating her ſelf all the while, that it ſhould never go further. Upon the Man's ſtanding Mute a while; Nay, nay! My Dear, ſays the Wife, if thou durſt not truſt thine own Fleſh and Bloud, there's no more to be ſaid. Come, come, my Life, ſays the Husband, I have not the Heart to deny thee any Thing, but it is upon thy Faith and Honour, that it ſhall go no further.

There is the moſt Dreadful Prodigy yonder, that ever was heard off. An Apparition in the Air of a Quaile with a Launce in his Foot, and a Golden Helmet upon his Head, and the Senators are at This Inſtant conſulting the Augurs what to make on't; They have had it a good while in Debate, whether it betokens Good or Evil. Not a Word of this to any Mortal, and ſo he left her. Away goes the Woman that very Moment into the Town, and takes one of her Maids along with her, Beating her Breaſt, and wringing her Hands with rueful Exclamations all the way ſhe went. What will become of us all; For the Love of Heaven, Madam, ſays her Servant, what is it that Tranſports you Thus! So ſhe up and gives her the whole Story at Length from Point to Point; with this Caution at the wrong end of the Tale, not to ſcatter any words on't. The Maid it ſeems was no better

a Councel-keeper then her Miſtreſs, and ſo carry'd the News to her Fellow-Servant, That Fellow-Servant of her's tells it to her Sweet-Heart. And in ſhort, the Hiſtory of the Quaile was gotten into the Market-place before the Inventor of it, cou'd come thither himſelf; every body asking him upon the way, if he did not hear ſomething Extraordinary that Morning. Why, ſays he, is there any Thing New that is Conſiderable? And then they told him the Story of the Quaile, and that the Senate was juſt upon a Debate upon it. Nay then, ſays the Husband, Well fare my own Dear Wife for a Truſty Confident, and away he goes with the Truth of the Matter, Firſt to the Principals of the Place, and after that to the Good Woman at Home. 'Tis very well, Miſtreſs, ſays he, and are not you a fine Goſſiping Lady, do you think, to twatle your Husband thus out of his Life and Fortune? Now am I to be Baniſh'd, Beggard, and Undone, and all for your Prating. But he told her at laſt, that there was no Hurt done: For it was all a Sham, only he had a mind to try her as they do empty Bottles, whether they be leaky or not, by putting Water into them at firſt, before they will venture to truſt them with Wine.

The MORAL.

THIS is perfectly the Freak of a Twatling Goſſip, Firſt there's no denying her, there's no truſting her. The Itch of knowing Secrets, is naturally accompany'd with another Itch of telling them, which in truth is the very end of asking, and ſhe might as well have ſaid it in Words at length; Pray tell me, that I may tell the next Comer. There is nothing ſo Phantaſtical, but ſhe'll ſwallow it, and then throw it up again.

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